THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj

DEC. 30, 1911 5c COPY

"DAT'S MAH BOY"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

1911 Sales—409,000 Tires

Stop for a moment, Mr. Tire Buyer, on this verge of 1912.
Consider how motorists are coming to Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.
Six times the demand of two years ago—800,000 sold.
Enough sold last year to completely equip 102,000 cars.
Now the most popular tire in existence.

Just because one user says to another—"These tires avoid rim-cutting, save overloading. They've cut *my* tire bills in two."

For the coming year, 104 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires. We've increased our capacity to 3,800 tires daily.

Now make a resolve—to save worry and dollars, to give perfection its due—that you'll make a test of these patented tires.

Upkeep Reduced $20 Per Tire

These are the facts to consider:

No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires. The savings they make are entirely clear.

And those savings are these:

Rim-cutting is entirely avoided.

With old-type tires—ordinary clincher tires—statistics show that 23% of all ruined tires are rim-cut.

All that is saved—both the worry and expense—by adopting No-Rim-Cut tires.

Then comes the oversize.

No-Rim-Cut tires, being hookless tires, can be made 10% over the rated size without any misfit to the rim.

So we give this extra size.

That means 10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. It means an overtired car to take care of your extras—to save the blow-outs due to overloading.

And that with the average car adds 25% to the tire mileage.

All that without extra cost.

Tire expense is hard to deal with in any general figures.

It depends too much on the driver—on proper inflation—on roads, care, speed, etc.

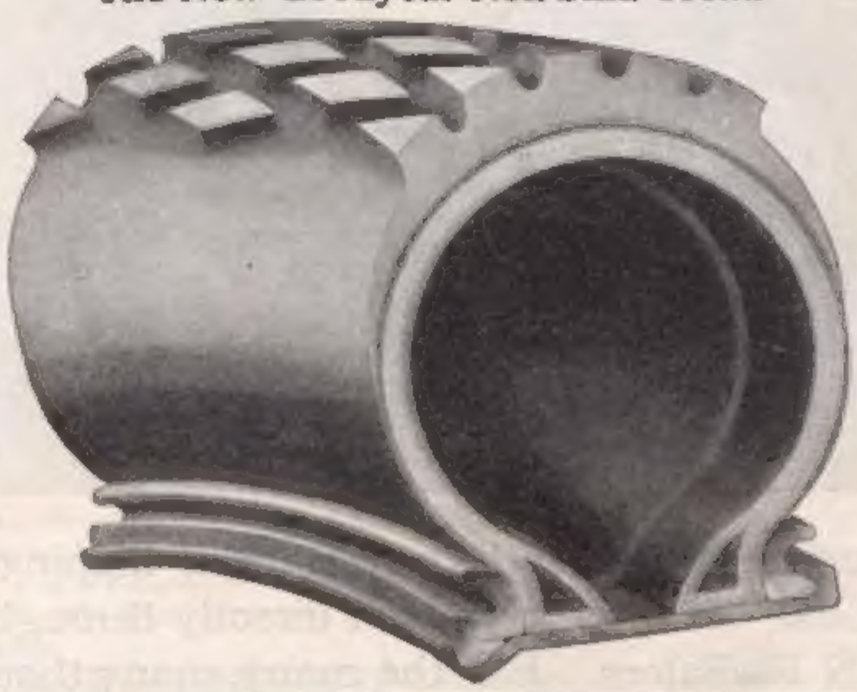
But it is safe to say that, under average conditions, these two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—cut tire bills in two at least.

We figure the average saving—after years of experience with tens of thousands of users—at $20 per tire.

Whether more or less, it means something worth saving. It totals millions of dollars every year to users of these tires.

And you get your share—without added cost—when you specify Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

The New Goodyear Non-Skid Tread



Non-Skid Treads, if Wanted
Double-Thick, Deep-Cut Blocks

The newest addition to No-Rim-Cut tires is this ideal Non-Skid tread. Not a mere makeshift—not a flimsy protection. Not a mere corrugation of the regular tread.

This is an extra tread, about as thick as the regular, vulcanized onto the regular tread. Thus a double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber, reducing danger of puncture by 30%.

The blocks are deep-cut and enduring. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles, so skidding is avoided.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is spread over as much tire surface as with smooth-tread tires.

Note the many ways in which this Non-Skid tread surpasses all the others.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

13 Years Spent Testing Tires

Thirteen years ago we started out to outdo others on automobile tires.

We brought to our factory the best experts we knew, and put them at work in our laboratory.

We gave them carte blanche on expense.

For rubber we supplied them with up-river Para, the costliest and best in existence. For fabrics we gave them the long-fibre Sea Island cotton, at twice the cost of the usual.

To prove out their ideas we built a tire testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions, while meters record the mileage.

There we have compared forty formulas for wear-resisting treads. There we have compared over 200 fabrics.

There every method of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing has been put to infallible test.

And there every competing tire of merit has been compared with our own, under actual road conditions.

We've done this for 13 years.

Whatever proved best was adopted. Then displaced when we found something better.

Thus Goodyear tires have been brought so close to perfection that last year our liberal warrant cost us less than 32 cents per tire.

So it is more than our patents—more than our oversize—which has brought Goodyear tires to such immense popularity. It has been the knowledge that, despite all claims, in the test of time worth alone will prevail.

And our figures reveal the result.

Our new Tire Book is ready—filled with facts which motorists should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

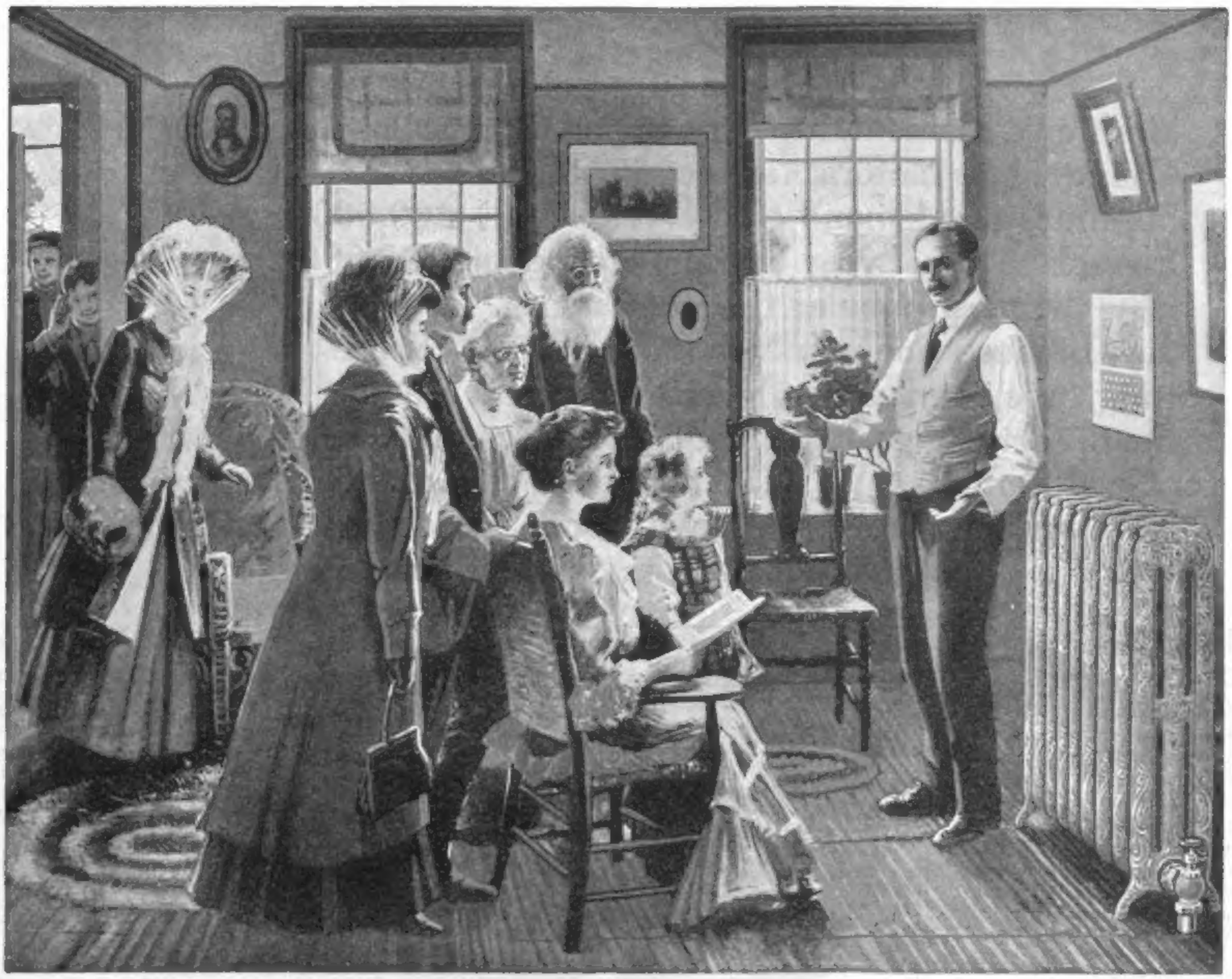
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Seneca Street, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(435)

Be sure to get this heating



This is a typical scene in thousands of homes with the coming of nipping, bitter cold. It is not our advertising that sells our heating outfits. Of course we sell directly through advertising some thousands of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. But the many, many thousands of these outfits being put in annually all over the civilized world—on the farms and in the cities—are sold through the families that bought outfits in the years before and who now enthusiastically tell their relatives and friends of the health-protecting comfort and economies of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

Our advertisements merely serve to remind the several hundred thousand earlier buyers to again and again tell others of the soft, sanitary warmth, the big fuel economy, lessened house-cleaning labor, freedom from repairs, perfect safety, and many, many years of ideal service. When you buy you too will become an enthusiastic spokesman for IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. The more you tell, the more we'll sell. It is this mouth-to-mouth advertising that carries conviction—because the users well know from present experience the comfort, convenience and economies of our outfits—as compared with earlier experiences in paying the bills and suffering the ills of old-fashioned heating.

A No. 2-22-W. IDEAL Boiler and 450 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $205, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Let us give you a list in your locality of those who have bought and you can privately and thoroughly investigate, settling for good and all this most important question of hygienic heating and ventilating in your house, store, school, church, etc. Write to-day for catalog of big heating facts—puts you under no obligation to buy.

Sold by all dealers.
No exclusive agents.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

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Chicago

Public Showrooms at Chicago, New York, Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, Portland, Spokane, San Francisco, Brantford (Ont.), London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Duesseldorf, Milan, Vienna

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ON THE WATERWAGON

What the Scenery Looks Like From the Box-Seat

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

This Attracted the Attention of the Entire Group to My Glass of Water

FIRST off, let me state the object of the meeting: This is to be a record of sundry experiences centering round a stern resolve to get on the waterwagon and a sterner attempt to stay there. It is an entirely personal narrative of a strictly personal set of circumstances. It is not a temperance lecture, or a temperance tract, or a chunk of advice, or a shuddering recital of the woes of a horrible example, or a warning, or an admonition—or anything at all but a plain tale of an adventure that started out rather vaguely and wound up rather satisfactorily.

I am no brand that was snatched from the burning; no sot who picked himself or was picked from the gutter; no drunkard who almost wrecked a promising career; no constitutional or congenital souse. I drank liquor the same way hundreds of thousands of men drink it—drank liquor and attended to my business, and got along well, and kept my health, and provided for my family, and maintained my position in the community. I felt I had a perfect right to drink liquor just as I had a perfect right to stop drinking it. I never considered my drinking in any way immoral.

I was decent, respectable, a gentleman, who drank only with gentlemen and as a gentleman should drink if he pleases. I didn't care whether any one else drank—and do not now. I didn't care whether any one else cared whether I drank—and do not now. I am no reformer, no lecturer, no preacher. I quit because I wanted to, not because I had to. I didn't swear off, nor take any vow, nor sign any pledge. I am no moral censor. It is even possible that I might go out this afternoon and take a drink. I am quite sure I shall not—but I might. As far as my trip into Teetotal Land is concerned, it is an individual proposition and nothing else. I am no example for other men who drink as much as I did, or more, or less—but I assume my experiences are somewhat typical, for I am sure my drinking was very typical; and a recital of those experiences and the conclusions thereon is what is before the house.

I Had Occasional Mornings When I Did Not Feel Very Well

I quit drinking because I quit drinking. I had a very fair batting average in the Booze League—as good as I thought necessary; and I knew if I stopped when my record was good the situation would be satisfactory to me, whether it was to any other person or not. Moreover, I figured it out that the time to stop drinking was when it wasn't necessary to stop—not when it was necessary. I had been observing during the twenty years I had been drinking, more or less, and I had known a good many men who stopped drinking when the doctors told them to. Furthermore, it had been my observation that when a doctor tells a man to stop drinking it usually doesn't make much difference whether he stops or not. In a good many cases he might just as well keep on, for he's going to die anyhow; and the few months he will grab through his abstinence will not amount to anything when the miseries of that abstinence are duly chalked up in the debit column.

Therefore, applying the cold, hard logic of the situation to it, I decided to beat the liquor to it. That was the reason for stopping—purely selfish, personal, individual, and not concerned with the welfare of any other person on earth—just myself. I had taken good care of myself physically and knew I was sound everywhere. I wasn't sure how long I could keep sound and continue drinking. So I decided to stop drinking and keep sound. I noticed that a good many men of the same age as myself and the same habits as myself were beginning to show signs of wear and tear. A number of them blew up with various disconcerting maladies and a number more died. Soon after I was forty years of age I noticed I began to go to funerals oftener than I had been doing—funerals of men between forty and forty-five I had known socially and convivially; that these funerals occurred quite regularly, and that the doctor's certificate, more times than not, gave Bright's Disease and other similar diseases in the cause-of-death column. All of these funerals were of men who

I Slept Like a Child

I Did Not Drink at All Until After I Was Twenty-One

were good fellows and we mourned their loss. Also we generally took a few drinks to their memories.

Then came a time when this funeral business landed on me like a pile-driver. Inside of a year four or five of the men I had known best, the men I had loved best, the men who had been my real friends and my companions, died, one after another. Also some other friends developed physical derangements I knew were directly traceable to too much liquor. Both the deaths and the derangements had liquor as a contributing if not as a direct cause. Nobody said that, of course; but I knew it.

So I held a caucus with myself. I called myself into convention and discussed the proposition somewhat like this:

"You are now over forty years of age. You are sound physically and you are no weaker mentally than you have always been, so far as can be discovered by the outside world. You have had a lot of fun, much of it complicated with the conviviality that comes with drinking and much of it not so complicated; but you have done your share of plain and fancy drinking, and it hasn't landed you yet. There is absolutely no nutriment in being dead. That gets you nothing save a few obituary notices you will never see. There is even less in being sick and sidling round in everybody's way. It's as sure as sunset, if you keep on at your present gait, that Mr. John Barleycorn will land you just as he has landed a lot of other people you know and knew. There are two methods of procedure open to you. One is to keep it up and continue having the fun you think you are having and take what is inevitably coming to you. The other is to quit it while the quitting is good and live a few more years—that may not be so rosy, but probably will have compensations."

I viewed it from every angle I could think of. I knew what sort of a job I had laid out to tackle if I quit. I weighed the whole thing in my mind in the light of my acquaintances, my experiences, my position, my mode of life, my business. I had been through it many times. I had often gone on the waterwagon for periods varying in length from three days to three months. I wasn't venturing into any unchartered territory. I knew every signpost, every crossroad, every foot of the ground. I knew the difficulties—knew them by heart. I wasn't deluding myself with any assertions of superior will-power or superior courage—or superior anything. I knew I had a fixed daily habit of drinking, and that if I quit drinking I should have to reorganize the entire works.

A Slow But Sure Decision

THIS took some time. I didn't dash into it. I had done that before, and had dashed out again just as impetuously. I revolved the matter in my mind for some weeks. Then I decided to quit. Then I did quit. Thereby hangs this tale.

I went to a dinner one night that was a good dinner. It was a dinner that had every appurtenance that a good dinner should have, including the best things to drink that could be obtained, and lashings of them. I proceeded at that dinner just as I had proceeded at scores of similar dinners in my time—hundreds of them, I guess—and took a drink every time anybody else did. I was a seasoned drinker. I knew how to do it. I went home that night pleasantly jingled, but no more. I slept well, ate a good breakfast and went down to business. On the way down I decided that this was the day to make the plunge. Having arrived at that decision, I went out about three o'clock that afternoon, drank a Scotch highball—a big, man's-sized one—as a doch-an-doris, and quit. That was almost a year ago. I haven't taken a drink since. It is not my present intention ever to take another drink; but I am not tying myself down by any vows. It is not my present intention, I say; and I let it go at that.

No man can be blamed for trying to fool other people about himself—that is the way most of us get past; but what can be said for a man who tries to fool himself? Every man knows exactly how bogus he is and should admit it—to himself only. The man who, knowing his bogusness, refuses to admit it to himself—no matter what his attitude may be to the outside world—simply stores up trouble for himself, and discomfort and much else. There are many phases of personal understanding of oneself that need not be put in the newspapers or proclaimed publicly. Still, for a man to gold-brick himself is a profitless undertaking, but prevalent notwithstanding.

When it comes to fooling oneself by oneself the grandest performers are the boys who have a habit—no matter what kind of a habit—a habit! It may be smoking cigarettes, or walking pigeontoed, or talking through the nose, or drinking—or anything else. Any man can see with half an eye how drinking, for example, is hurting Jones; but he always argues that his own personal drinking is of a different variety and is doing him no harm. The best illustration of it is in the old vaudeville story, where the man came on the stage and said: "Smith is drinking too much! I never go into a saloon without finding him there!"

That is the reason drinking liquor gets so many people—either by wrecking their health or by fastening on them the habit they cannot stop. They fool themselves. They are perfectly well aware that their neighbors are drinking too much—but not themselves. Far be it from them not to have the will-power to stop when it is time to stop. They are smarter than their neighbors. They know what they are doing. And suddenly the explosions come!

There are hundreds of thousands of men in all walks of life in this country who for twenty or thirty years have never lived a minute when there was not more or less alcohol in their systems, who cannot be said to have been strictly and entirely sober in all that time, but who do their work, perform all their social duties, make their careers and are fairly successful just the same. Still, the fact remains that with any habit, and especially with the liquor habit—probably because that is the most prevalent habit there is—nine-tenths of the subjects delude themselves about how much of a habit they have; and, second, that nine-tenths of those with the habit have a very clear idea of the extent to which the habit is fastened on others. They are fooled about themselves, but never about their neighbors! Wherefore the breweries and the distilleries prosper exceedingly.

However, I am straying away from my story, which has to do with such drinking as the ordinary man does—not sprees, or debauches, or orgies, or periodicals, or drunkenness, but just the ordinary amount of drinking that happens along in a man's life, with a little too much on rare occasions and plenty at all times. A German I knew once told me the difference between Old-World drinking and American drinking was that the German, for example, drinks for the pleasure of the drink, while the American drinks for the alcohol in it. That may be so; but very few men who have any sense or any age set out deliberately to get drunk. Such drunkenness as there is among men of that sort usually comes more by accident than by design.

My definition of a drunkard has always been this: A man is a drunkard when he drinks whisky or any other liquor before breakfast. I think that is pretty nearly right. Personally I never took a drink of liquor before breakfast in my life and not many before noon. Usually my drinking began in the afternoon after business, and was likely to end before dinnertime—not always, but usually.

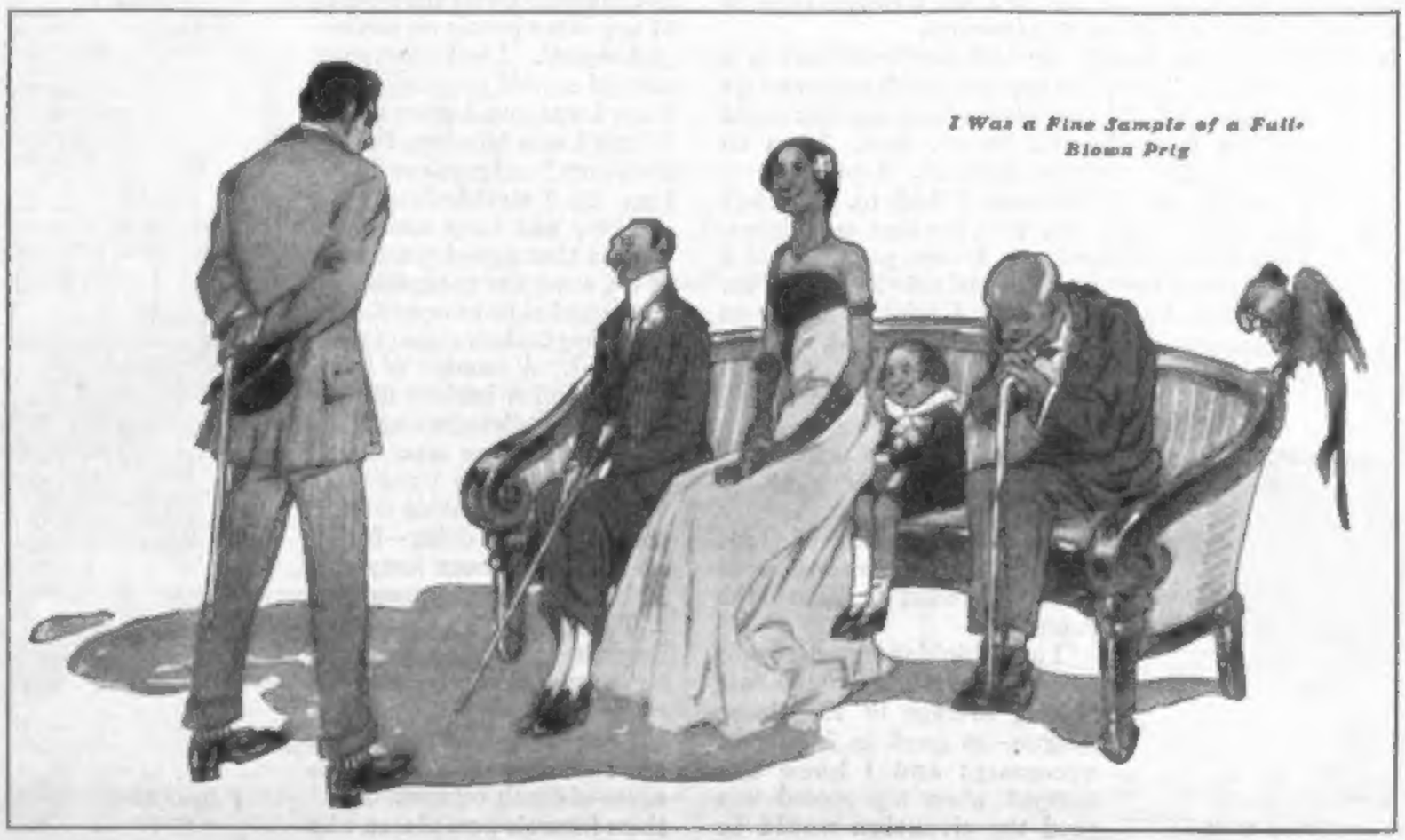
An Analysis of the Game

I HAD been drinking thus for practically twenty years. I did not drink at all until after I was twenty-one and not much until after I was twenty-five. When I got to be thirty-two or thirty-three and had gone along a little in the world, I fell in with men of my own station; and as I lived in a town where nearly everybody drank, including many of the successful business and professional men—men of affairs—I soon got into their habits. Naturally gregarious, I found these men good company. They were sociable and convivial, and drank for the fun of it and the fun that came out of it.

My business took me to various parts of the country and I made acquaintances among men like these—the real live ones in the communities. They were good fellows. So was I. The result was that in a few years I had a list of friends from California to Maine—all of whom drank; and I was never at a loss for company or highballs. Then I moved to a city where there isn't much of anything else to do but drink at certain times in the day, a city where men from all parts of the country congregate and where the social side of life is highly accentuated. I kept along with the procession. I did my work satisfactorily to my employers and I did my drinking satisfactorily to myself.

This continued for several years. I had a fixed habit. I drank several drinks each day. Sometimes I drank more than several. My system was organized to digest about so much alcohol every twenty-four hours. So far as I could see the drinking did me no harm. I was well. My appetite was good. I slept soundly. My head was clear. My work proceeded easily and was getting fair recognition. Then some of the boys began dropping off and some began breaking down. I had occasional mornings, after big dinners or specially convivial affairs, when I did not feel very well—when I was out of tune and knew why. Still, I continued as of old, and thought nothing of it except as the regular katzenjammer—to be expected.

Presently I woke up to what was happening round me. I looked the game over critically. I analyzed it coldly and calmly. I put every advantage of my mode of life on one side and every disadvantage; and I put on the other side every disadvantage of a change in procedure and every advantage. There were times when I thought the present mode had by far the better of it,



I Was a Fine Sample of a Full-Blown Prig

(Continued on Page 42)

Bulwarks of Business Policy

The Spirit of the Company—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY F. L. FITHIAN

In storm or wreck, the track and line men of railroad, trolley, telephone and telegraph forces flock in, keen for work; and hardship, exposure, fatigue and abnormal hours are counted no more than they would be in an army corps during a critical battle. This spirit of the company is by no means confined to the large business organizations. Many a small concern has it. On the other hand, some organizations lack it utterly.

ONE winter night some years ago a new downtown telephone exchange in a large Eastern city was to be "cut over."

The cutting over of a new exchange is dramatic. Some business concerns may find it cheaper to move than pay rent—but not a telephone company; for thousands of dollars' worth of complicated underground cables run into an exchange, and the plant grows steadily and must not be disturbed. When a new exchange becomes absolutely necessary, by reason of growth or the shifting of business and traffic, a new site must be purchased after a thorough study of traffic tendencies, a new building put up and a wholly new plant installed in it. While the old exchange continues operation, cables are run into the new, their thousands of little wires laid open on the spreading frame and led to new switchboards upstairs.

Finally comes the cutting over. This is usually done at midnight, when there will be the least interruption to traffic. The operating and wire chiefs' staffs leave the old exchange and go to the new; and at an appointed moment, by simply switching, traffic is diverted from one to the other. The busy old exchange is closed forever—and the new one begins an activity that will persist day and night, Sundays and holidays, year after year, without a break, unless one of two contingencies happens—that it be either burned down or pulled down. The public knows nothing of the change, but to the staff it is an impressive occasion.

At nine o'clock that night the superintendent went through the new plant for a final inspection. Everything was finished and ready. All through the place, though, linemen, cablemen, splicers and mechanics from the plant department generally were loitering at petty jobs. The cable room was full of them, and they were scattered all round the switchboards. For two weeks work had been pushed night and day. The men were worn out, yet intensely interested in the cutting over. The superintendent told them to go home; but in half an hour, when he came back that way, there was as big a crowd.

"You men can go now," he repeated. "We won't want you again until tomorrow morning."

Yet only a few obeyed. Twenty minutes later there were as many loiterers.

"Here," he ordered, "we want this place cleared! You fellows are in the way—go home and get some rest."

The Boss That Was Kind to a Cat

TOWARD eleven o'clock, passing through the empty cable room, he saw a dim shadow in one of the alleys. Turning on a lamp, he discovered Mike Donovan, a plant man who had been with the company longer than himself.

"Mike, why don't you get out of here?" asked the superintendent severely. "There's nothing more to do tonight. Now, clear out, will you?"

"Oh, Mr. Lynch," pleaded the mechanic, "it's only another hour now! Please let me stay and solder just ten more connections!"

This loyalty and interest is found pretty widely in business. When a fire or any other emergency puts a pressure on telephone organization during slack hours, for instance, the girl operators who have gone home are certain to come back to the exchange for extra duty or call in over the nearest telephone to ask if they are needed.

A production engineer was called in to investigate a manufacturing business. It was a large enterprise and had made a fortune for the owner; but he was now well along in middle life and wanted to sell out and retire, and it had been discovered that the business no longer made sufficient profit to warrant a satisfactory sale. The engineer was asked to study conditions, find out what was wrong and set things right.

In talking with this manufacturer, the engineer could find no outstanding reason why profits should have fallen off. Equipment was up to date, methods seemed to be thorough, the salesforce was active, the management careful, and the product was sold to excellent customers. One day's investigation at the factory, however, showed what was wrong.

On his way there the first morning, the engineer overtook the manufacturer and found him carrying a homeless kitten he had picked up on the sandlot back of the big fence. When he got to his office the manufacturer called the porter, gave him a quarter and told him to buy a bottle of milk and feed the waif—and give it a home. The engineer saw that he was dealing with an unusually tender-hearted man.

Five minutes later the porter was called back and scolded because the office was too cold. Then the sales manager was called in and upbraided for some petty oversight. After the boss had looked over the mail he started through the plant on his daily tour of inspection. In every corner somebody was brought up on the carpet for a scolding or criticism, or a cursing. The boss proved to be profane as well as exacting, and explained that unless this jacking-up were gone through with regularly nothing would be done.

By-and-by, however, when they got back to the office, the tender heart was again uppermost. Anger had vanished; and, after asking about his kitten, the boss sent for those employees who had received the harshest reprimands and talked kindly with them in ways that conveyed indirect apologies.

Just one thing was wrong with that business, the investigator found. He called it a "tendency." That tendency was the boss. Each morning he systematically took all the loyalty and snap out of his organization. He would scold because orders were not up to the average, curse a foreman hampered by some shortcoming beyond his control, and at least once a month discharge all hands and hire them over again. His people understood that his anger was but momentary and that he would be a father to any of them in trouble. Yet his methods were wearing and the organization had not an atom of company spirit. That business did not become marketable until the tendency had been removed.

Company spirit is peculiarly a matter of policymaking.

A certain factory organization in one of our cities was almost notorious for the slack character of its girl and women employees. The plant, to begin with, was located in a slum. The building was old, dirty, poorly lighted, overrun by rats and bugs—and a horrible firetrap. Work was done on a piece system that permitted employees to earn fair wages; but there was absolutely no stability to the force and the management wanted none. Each girl who came to work was taught some petty operation and given no idea of its general relation to the product. It was held, as an ideal of organization, that the girl who quit this morning must be replaceable with any other girl who happened along at noon, and the preference was for newly arrived immigrants. At night these girls and women left the plant and sought pleasure and amusement in tough dance halls.

A new factor came into the management of that factory. Fire-escapes were installed and the lighting put on a modern basis. Dances were organized among the employees, and held in a decent section of the town. The work was broadened so that the girls had more interesting operations to perform, calling for better training and making them less easily replaceable; and, to link this new scheme with the product as a whole, shoptalks were given by heads of the various technical departments, showing why a thing was done and what it meant to the company's output.

The Old Guard Surrenders

IN A FEW months there was a remarkable change in the tone of that factory. Slatternly working clothes gave place to neat suits and clean shirtwaists, and with the old clothes went slatternly talk and habits. Girls and women were not ashamed to work there then, but proud of it and of the company and its product. Before long a committee from the women's clubs of the city came hurrying out to the plant to see why the factory was drawing all the most capable girls from domestic service.

In the management, however, there was still a headstrong Old Guard of conservatives. They had been responsible for the former conditions. After watching skeptically, they finally gained courage to protest.

"Here," declared the Old Guard, "this factory is not a philanthropic institution! Let us chuck the society and college folderol and go back to making straight goods for the money there is in it. That's what we're in business for."

"All right," agreed the new element in the management. "If more money can be made that way we're with you; but, first, suppose we see how many goods were made then and what the output is now. Let's compare the real figures."

And, behold! it was found that the factory had never had such an output in its history nor made goods at more reasonable cost or of higher grade. The Old Guard surrendered. Three times before it got an infusion of company spirit that concern was in reorganization difficulties. Today it is paying good dividends.

Company spirit is really a feeling of security on the part of employees and pride in the concern they work for; but creating it is a matter of no set rule or method. The policymaker of one concern will get it in one way and the president of some other concern in quite a different fashion.

A certain manufacturing company in the Middle West has a president of the "mixer" type, and his plant is a personality organization all through, in that the eye of the executive seems to be on every detail and that he knows all his men.

The question of what to do about accidents came up. The average manufacturer still trusts pretty largely to liability insurance and his attorneys in dealing with injuries

(Concluded on Page 44)

The Kitchen Side of the Door

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THE City was celebrating New Year's Eve. Spelled thus with a capital C, know it can mean but New York. In the Pink Fountain Room of the Newest Hotel all those grand old forms and customs handed down to us for the occasion rigidly were being observed in all their original quaintness. The vandyked man who looked like a Russian grand duke—he really was a chiropodist—had drunk champagne out of the pink-satin slipper of the lady who behaved like an actress—she was forelady at Schmaus' Wholesale Millinery, eighth floor. The two respectable married ladies there in the corner had been kissed by each other's husbands. The slim, Puritan-faced woman in white, with her black hair so demurely parted and coiled in a sleek knot, had risen suddenly from her place and walked indolently to the edge of the plashing pink fountain in the center of the room, had stood contemplating its shallows with a dreamy half-smile on her lips, and then had lifted her slim legs slowly and gracefully over its fern-fringed basin and had waded into its chilling midst, trailing her exquisite white satin and chiffon draperies after her and scaring the goldfish into fits. The loudest scream of approbation had come from the yellow-haired, loose-lipped youth who had made the wager and lost it. The heavy blonde in the inevitable violet draperies showed signs of wanting to dance on the table. Her companion—a structure made up of layer upon layer and fold upon fold of flabby tissue—knew all the waiters by their right names and insisted on singing with the orchestra and beating time with a rye roll. The clatter of dishes was giving way to the clink of glasses.

In the big bright kitchen back of the Pink Fountain Room Miss Gussie Fink sat at her desk, calm, watchful, insolent-eyed, a goddess sitting in judgment. On the payroll of the Newest Hotel Miss Gussie Fink's name appeared as kitchen checker, but her regular job was goddessing. Her altar was a high desk in a corner of the busy kitchen, and it was an altar of incense, of burned offerings and of show-bread. Inexorable as a goddess of the ancients was Miss Fink and ten times as difficult to appease. For this is the rule of the Newest Hotel, that no waiter may carry his laden tray restaurantward until its contents have been viewed and duly checked by the eye and hand of Miss Gussie Fink or her assistants. Flat upon the table must go every tray, off must go each silver dish-cover, lifted must be each napkin to disclose its treasure of steaming corn or hot rolls. Clouds of incense rose before Miss Gussie Fink and she sniffed it unmoved, her eyes, beneath level brows, regarding savory broiler or cunning ice with equal indifference, appraising alike lobster cocktail or onion soup, traveling from bluepoints to brie. Things *à la* and things *glacé* were all one to her. Gazing at food was Miss Fink's occupation, and just to see the way she regarded a boneless squab made you certain that she never ate.

"Sometime When There's No Ladies Round I'll Tell You What I Think She Looks Like"

In spite of the I-don't-know-how-many—see ads—New Year's Eve diners for whom food was provided that night, the big busy kitchen was the most orderly, shining, spotless place imaginable. But Miss Gussie Fink was the neatest, most immaculate object in all that great clean room. There was that about her which suggested daisies in a field, if you know what I mean. This may have been due to the fact that her eyes were brown while her hair was gold, or it may have been something about the way her collars fitted, high and tight and smooth, or the way her close white sleeves came down to meet her pretty hands, or the way her shining hair sprang from her forehead. Also the smooth creaminess of her clear skin may have had something to do with it. But privately I think it was due to the way she wore her shirtwaists. Miss Gussie Fink could wear a starched white shirtwaist under a close-fitting winter coat, remove the coat, run her right forefinger along her collar's edge and her left thumb along the back of her belt and disclose to the admiring world a blouse as unwrinkled and unsullied as though it had just come from her own skillful hands at the ironing board. Miss Gussie Fink was so innately, beautifully clean-looking that—well, there must be a stop to this description. She was the kind of girl you'd like to see behind the counter of your favorite delicatessen, knowing that you need not shudder as her fingers touch your Sunday night supper slices of tongue and Swiss cheese and ham. No girl had ever dreamed of refusing to let Gussie borrow her chamois for a second.

"I Seen Her Lookin' at You When You Served the Little Necks, and She's Some Lovely Doll, Believe Me"

Tonight Miss Fink had come on at ten P. M., which was just two hours later than usual. She knew that she was to be on until six A. M., which may have accounted for the fact that she displayed very little of what the fans call ginger as she removed her hat and coat and hung them on the hook by the desk. The prospect of that all-night, eight-hour stretch may have accounted for it, I say. But privately and *entre nous* it didn't. For here you must know of Heiny. Heiny, alas! now Henri.

Until two weeks ago Henri had been Heiny and Miss Fink had been Kid. When Henri had been Heiny he had worked in the kitchen at many things, but always with a loving eye on Miss Gussie Fink. Then one wild night there had been a waiters' strike—wages or hours or tips or all three. In the confusion that followed Heiny had been pressed into service and a waiter's coat. He had fitted into both with unbelievable nicety, proving that waiters are born, not made. Those little tricks and foibles that are characteristic of the genus waiter seemed to envelop him as though a fairy garment had fallen upon his shoulders. The folded napkin under his left arm seemed to have been placed there by nature, so perfectly did it fit into place. The ghostly tread, the little whisking skip, the half-simper, the deferential bend that had in it at the same time something of insolence were well assumed, and "Yes, miss," and "Very good, sir," rose automatically to his untrained lips. Cinderella rising resplendent from her ash-strewn hearth was not more completely transformed than Heiny in his rôle of Henri. And with the transformation Miss Gussie Fink had been left behind her desk disconsolate.

Kitchens are as quick to seize upon these things and gossip about them as drawing rooms are. And because Miss Gussie Fink had always worn a little air of aloofness to all except Heiny the kitchen was the more eager to make the most of its morsel. Each turned it over under his tongue—Tony, the Crook, whom Miss Fink had scorned; François, the entrée cook, who often forgot he was married; Miss Sweeney, the bar-checker, who was jealous of Miss Fink's complexion. Miss Fink heard, and said nothing. She only knew that there would be no dear figure waiting for her when the night's work was done. For two weeks now she had put on her hat and coat and gone her way at one o'clock alone. She discovered that to be taken home night after night under Heiny's tender escort had taught her a ridiculous terror of the streets at night now that she was without protection. Always the short walk from the car to the flat where Miss Fink lived with her mother had been a glorious, starlit, all too brief moment. Now it was an endless and terrifying trial, a thing of shivers and dread, fraught with horror of passing the alley just back of Cassidey's buffet. There had even been certain little half-serious, half-jesting talks about the future into which there had entered the subject of a little delicatessen and restaurant in a desirable neighborhood, with Heiny in the kitchen and a certain blond, neat, white-shirtwaisted person in charge of the desk and front shop.

She and her mother had always gone through a formula upon Miss Fink's return from work. They never used it now. Gussie's mother was a real mother—the kind that wakes up when you come home.

"That you, Gussie?" Ma Fink would call from the bedroom at the sound of the key in the lock.

"It's me, ma."

"Heiny bring you home?"

"Sure," happily.

"There's a bit of sausage left, and some pie if ——"

"Oh, I ain't hungry. We stopped at Joey's downtown and had a cup of coffee and a ham on rye. Did you remember to put out the milk bottle?"

For two weeks there had been none of that. Gussie had learned to creep silently into bed, and her mother, being a mother, feigned sleep.

Tonight at her desk Miss Gussie Fink seemed a shade cooler, more self-contained and daisylike than ever. From somewhere at the back of her head she could see that Heiny was avoiding her desk and was using the services of the checker at the other end of the room. And even as the poison of this was eating into her heart she was tapping her forefinger imperatively on the desk before her and saying to Tony, the Crook:

"Down on the table with that tray, Tony—flat. This may be a busy little New Year's Eve, but you can't come any of your sleight-of-hand stuff on me." For Tony had a little trick of concealing a dollar-and-a-quarter sirloin by the simple method of slapping the platter close to the underside of his tray and holding it there with long, lean fingers outspread, the entire bit of knavery being concealed in the folds of a flowing white napkin in the hand that balanced the tray. Into Tony's pale eyes there came a baleful gleam. His lean jaw jutted out threateningly.

"You're the real Wissenheimer kid, ain't you?" he sneered. "Never mind. I'll get you at recess."

"Some day," drawled Miss Fink, checking the steak, "the house'll get wise to your stuff and then you'll have to go back to the coal wagon. I know so much about you it's beginning to make me uncomfortable. I hate to carry around a burden of crime."

"You're a sorehead because Heiny turned you down and now ——"

"Move on there!" snapped Miss Fink, "or I'll call the steward to settle you. Maybe he'd be interested to know that you've been counting in the date and your waiter's number, and adding 'em in at the bottom of your check."

Tony, the Crook, turned and skimmed away toward the dining room, but the taste of victory was bitter in Miss Fink's mouth.

Midnight struck. There came from the direction of the Pink Fountain Room a clamor and din which penetrated the thickness of the padded doors that separated the dining room from the kitchen beyond. The sound rose and swelled above the blare of the orchestra. Chairs scraped on the marble floor as hundreds rose to their feet. The sound of clinking glasses became as the jangling of bells. There came the sharp spat of hand-clapping, then cheers, yells, huzzas. Through the swinging doors at the end of the long passageway Miss Fink could catch glimpses of dazzling color, of shimmering gowns, of bare arms uplifted, of flowers and plumes and jewels, with the rosy light of the famed pink fountain casting a gracious glow over all. Once she saw a tall young fellow throw his arm about the shoulders of a glorious creature at the next table, and though the door swung shut before she could see it Miss Fink knew that he had kissed her.

There were no New Year's greetings in the kitchen back of the Pink Fountain Room. It was the busiest moment in all that busy night. The heat of the ovens was so intense that it could be felt as far as Miss Fink's remote corner. The swinging doors between dining room and kitchen were never still. A steady stream of waiters made for the steam tables, before which the white-clad chefs stood ladling, carving, basting, serving, gave their orders, received them, stopped at the checking desk and sped dining-roomward again. Tony, the Crook, was cursing at one of the little Polish vegetable girls who had not been quick enough about the garnishing of a salad, and she was saying over and over again in her thick tongue:

"Aw, shod op yur mout'!"

The thud-thud of Miss Fink's checking stamp kept time to flying footsteps, but even as her practiced eye swept over the tray before her she saw the steward direct Henri toward her desk just as he was about to head in the direction of the minor checking desk. Beneath downcast lids she saw him coming. There was about Henri tonight a certain radiance, a sort of electrical elasticity, so nimble, so tireless, so exuberant was he. In the eyes of Miss Gussie Fink he looked heart-breakingly handsome in his waiter's uniform—handsome, distinguished, remote and infinitely desirable. And just behind him, revenge in his eye, came Tony.

The flat surface of the desk received Henri's tray. Miss Fink regarded it with a cold and businesslike stare. Henri whipped his napkin from under his left arm and began to remove covers dexterously. Off came the first silver, dome-shaped top.

"Guinea hen broiled," said Henri.

"I seen her lookin' at you when you served the Little Necks," came from Tony, as though continuing a conversation begun in some past moment of pause, "and she's some lovely doll, believe me."

Miss Fink scanned the guinea hen thoroughly but with a detached air, and selected the proper stamp from the box at her elbow. Thump! On the broad pasteboard sheet before her appeared the figures $1.75 after Henri's number.

"Think so?" grinned Henri, and removed another cover. "One candied sweets."

"I bet some day we'll see you in the Sunday papers, Heiny," went on Tony, "with a piece about handsome waiter runnin' away with beautiful s'ciety girl. Say, you're too perfect, Heiny, even for a waiter."

Thump! Thirty cents.

"Quit your kiddin'," said the flattered Henri. "One endive, French dressing."

Thump! "Next!" said Miss Fink dispassionately, yawned, and smiled fleetingly at the entrée cook who wasn't looking her way. Then as Tony slid his tray toward her: "How's business, Tony? H'm? How many two-bit cigar bands have you slipped on to your own private collection of nickel straights and made a twenty-cent rakeoff?"

But there was a mist in the bright brown eyes as Tony, the Crook, turned away with his tray. In spite of the satisfaction of having had the last word Miss Fink knew in her heart that Tony had "got her at recess," as he had said he would.

Things were slowing up for Miss Fink. The stream of hurrying waiters was turned in the direction of the kitchen bar now. From now on the eating would be light and the drinking heavy. Miss Fink, with time to spare, found herself blinking down at the figures stamped on the pasteboard sheet before her, and in spite of the blinking two marks that never were intended for a checker's report splashed down just over the $1.75 after Henri's number. A lovely doll! And she had gazed at Heiny. Well, that was to be expected. No woman could gaze unmoved upon Heiny. "A lovely doll ——"

"Hi, Miss Fink!" It was the steward's voice. "We need you over in the bar to help Miss Sweeney check the drinks. They're coming too swift for her. The eating will be light from now on; just a little something salty now and then."

So Miss Fink dabbed covertly at her eyes and betook herself out of the atmosphere of roasting and broiling and frying and stewing; away from the sight of great copper kettles and glowing coals and hissing pans into a little world fragrant with mint, breathing of orange and lemon peel, perfumed with pineapple, redolent of cinnamon and clove, reeking with things spirituous. Here the splutter of the broiler was replaced by the hiss of the siphon, and the pop-pop of corks, and the tinkle and clink of ice against glass.

"Hello, dearie!" cooed Miss Sweeney in greeting, staring hard at the suspicious redness round Miss Fink's eyelids. "Ain't you sweet to come on here in the headache department and help me out! Here's the winelist. You'll prob'bly need it. Say, who do you suppose invented New Year's Eve? They must of had a imagination like a Greek 'bus boy. I'm limp as a rag now and it's only two-thirty. I've got a regular cramp in my wrist from checkin' quarts. Say, did you hear about Heiny's crowd?"

"No," said Miss Fink evenly, and began to study the first page of the winelist under the heading "Champagnes of Noted Vintages."

"Well," went on Miss Sweeney's little thin, malicious voice, "he's fell in soft. There's a table of three, and they're drinkin' 1874 Imperial Crown at twelve dollars per like it was Waukesha ale. And every time they finish a bottle one of the guys pays for it with a brand-new ten and a brand-new five and tells Heiny to keep the change. Can you beat it?"

"I hope," said Miss Fink pleasantly, "that the supply of 1874 will hold out till morning. I'd hate to see them have to come down to ten-dollar wine. Here you, Tony! Come back here! I may be a new hand in this department, but I'm not so green that you can put a gold label over on me as a yellow label. Notice that I'm checking you another fifty cents."

"Ain't he the grafter!" laughed Miss Sweeney. She leaned toward Miss Fink and lowered her voice discreetly. "Though I'll say this for 'm, if you let him get away with it now an' then he'll split even with you. H'm? Oh, well now, don't get so high and mighty. The management expects it in this department. That's why they pay starvation wages."

An unusual note of color crept into Miss Gussie Fink's smooth cheek. It deepened and glowed as Heiny darted around the corner and up to the bar. There was about him an air of suppressed excitement—suppressed because Heiny was too perfect a waiter to display emotion.

"Not another!" chanted the bartenders in chorus.

"Yes," answered Henri solemnly, and waited while the wine cellar was made to relinquish another rare jewel.

"O you Heiny!" called Miss Sweeney, "tell us what she looks like. If I had time I'd take a peek myself. From what Tony says she must look something like Maxine Elliott, only brighter."

Henri turned. He saw Miss Fink. A curious little expression came into his eyes—a Heiny look it might have been called, as he regarded his erstwhile sweetheart's unruffled attire and clear skin and steady eye and glossy hair. She was looking past him in that baffling, maddening way that angry women have. Some of Henri's poise seemed to desert him in that moment. He appeared a shade less debonair as he received the precious bottle from the wine man's hands. He made for Miss Fink's desk and stood watching her while she checked his order. At the door he turned and looked over his shoulder at Miss Sweeney.

"Sometime," he said deliberately, "when there's no ladies round I'll tell you what I think she looks like."

And the little glow of color in Miss Gussie Fink's smooth cheek became a crimson flood that swept from brow to throat.

"Oh, well," snickered Miss Sweeney to hide her own discomfiture, "this is little Heiny's first New Year's Eve in the dining room. Honest, I b'lieve he's shocked. He don't realize that celebratin' New Year's Eve is like eatin' oranges. You got to let go your dignity t' really enjoy 'em."

Three times more did Henri enter and demand a bottle of the famous vintage and each time he seemed a shade less buoyant. His elation diminished as his tips grew greater, until as he drew up at the bar at six o'clock he seemed wrapped in impenetrable gloom.

"Them hawgs sousin' yet?" shrilled Miss Sweeney. She and Miss Fink had climbed down from their high stools and were preparing to leave. Henri nodded drearily and disappeared in the direction of the Pink Fountain Room.

Miss Fink walked back to her own desk in the corner near the dining-room door. She took her hat off the hook and stood regarding it thoughtfully.

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Slowly and Gracefully Had Waded Into Its Chilling Midst

BLUFF

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"'This is the Easiest Poker Game of the World—This New York'"

AS HE passed the Farragut statue in Madison Square, walking aimlessly, he was dimly aware that a straight, stalwart young man, threading the fashion parade of lower Fifth Avenue, had looked in his direction. Mr. Tripp noted him with but half attention; his mind was set on other things. It started him into full consciousness, however, when the other man nodded and smiled. Mr. Tripp returned the bow with a nod; and he fell to speculating incuriously on the identity of this stranger. Neither the face nor the figure rang any bells in his mind.

Then some one tapped his shoulder, and a voice said:

"From your look you don't remember me, Mr. Tripp—isn't this Terhune W. Tripp, known to the police of Omaha as Terry? My name's Cunningham—Frank J. Cunningham—does that jog your memory?"

Mr. Cunningham was a young man of about thirty. He was straight of figure, definite and rugged of feature. His dress betrayed careful prosperity, albeit the plaid of his suit was a little overloud, the diamond-and-platinum pin which finished his Alice-blue neckwear a trifle too aggressive. He stood, one hand still on Mr. Tripp's shoulder, smiling down at him with a twinkling eye.

Mr. Tripp came out with the truth.

"I've tried to place you," said he, "since you nodded a minute ago, but I haven't found the answer yet. Curious—I don't remember the name either."

"Well, you'd know the name if you were in the advertising business," replied the stranger confidently. "Say, honest, this is no con touch. I haven't looked up your name on the hotel register. I'm not going to spring your Uncle Hiram that I knew in Malariaopolis. As a matter of fact, I met you just once. When you were working for Golden & Baker I brought you a letter from your old pal, Johnnie Stevens, out in Omaha. You'd been in New York just two years, and I was giving a successful impersonation of the young man seeking his fortune in the great, wicked metropolis. Remember now?"

"Not your particular case," said Mr. Tripp. "I've met the young person you describe, though, about seven thousand times. The boys used to send me people with letters right along in those days."

"Don't remember taking me to lunch?" continued Cunningham. "I remember that the size of the check you paid for the eats nearly took my breath away."

"Can't say for sure that I do," Mr. Tripp replied. "Look here," he proceeded, a smile and a pleasant manner drawing what sting there might have been in his words, "you've been living in New York since that time, I figure. You know as well as I just how much there is of that kind of thing—how many people we meet, and how it's touch and go. Especially in my business."

"In every business," replied Cunningham heartily. "Now don't you think I'm offended. Gee-whiz!" he burst out; "you could kick me in the slats and you wouldn't hurt my feelings! You couldn't—because it's you. Did you ever meet a good fairy?" Unaccountably Cunningham stopped short on that and then repeated musingly his last phrase: "Did you ever meet a good fairy?—say, let me get that down. It's good—that's what it is." He drew an envelope from his coat, took out the chatelaine effect which anchored his watch-chain to his lower left-hand waistcoat pocket, unlimbered a gold pencil and jotted down the phrase. He looked up to meet the frank curiosity in the eyes of Mr. Tripp. "You've forgotten, of course," he said; "but advertising is my line—advertising writer and counselor. Busy for ten minutes? I want to get this off my system. Of course you don't remember the advice you gave me?"

"No." A curious smile flitted across Mr. Tripp's face. "What was it? I'd like to listen to any advice I gave in those days."

"I called on you right afterward to thank you," pursued Cunningham, "but you'd gone West for your firm. And I just put it off—well, you've said yourself that it's touch and go in New York. Don't see your best friends twice a year unless they're in your line. Sit down!"

He brushed aside two of the shabby loungers who make contrast of Madison Square and disposed himself at the foot of the statue, whence his roving eye could survey the end-to-end procession of smart automobiles along the asphalt and the parade of exotic fabrics, feathers and cosmetics on the sidewalk across the way. And so he began to talk:

"When I came to you," he said, "I was up against it. We'd all heard in Omaha how you'd made good in the real-estate business. I didn't know you, but I knew all round you. The job had flattened out in Omaha—not my fault, either, because I'd really been doing things. That was my cue to try New York. And I struck you before I'd done rubbernecking at the skyscrapers. You came right down to cases. You said: 'Do you know how to go about getting a job in New York?' Well, I hadn't thought about it in that way at all. Seemed to me you got a job in New York just as you did in Omaha. I suppose I said so, for you answered: 'Bluff, my boy—bluff! Throw out your chest. This is the easiest poker game of the world—this New York. They haven't time to call you. Pays them better to take chances and to win out next time if they're stuck this one. In New York your abilities are the envelope of the balloon. Bluff is the gas. You don't rise unless you blow it up with bluff. See? There's just one bluff that doesn't go here—and that's the humble one.

"I'm Asking for a Place—to Make Good. I Must Make Good!"

Bluff Dressed Them and Rendered Them Beautiful

What they're looking for is the best that is. If you say you're a poor young fellow, but hope to do better, they'll introduce you to the elevator man. If you say you're the original big scream, and make a noise like it, they'll listen to what you have to say.'

"Then I guess you must have asked me what I did. I told you I was an advertising writer and intended to start by doing piece-jobs. You said: 'Charge 'em the limit! If you revise the regular price, revise it upward.' That's about all I remember; but it was enough. I had my eye on the Calicotte Company—I had watched their style of doing business from Omaha and it struck me as nifty. I got to the head of the firm; and, once I had him on the ropes, I emitted the following modest yelp:

"'I am the only big thing that Omaha ever produced. They point with pride to me first, and to the river improvements second. I've been too busy advertising other people to advertise myself, or my name and picture would have percolated into your intelligence long ago. I do things!—that's what's the matter with me. And I've come to do them for the Calicotte Company. I'm starting small—for me. Just give me the toughest copy you have—and all of it—and watch the goods sell themselves!'

"I suppose Ephraim I. Calicotte got a hand loose from my clinch for half a second; for he asked me what I'd done.

"'Done!' said I, giving him the best punch in my repertoire right away—'Done! Have you ever read the Crowell Corn Catsup ads? No, I suppose you haven't, because you're watching only the Eastern mediums. A thousand Western papers, from boiler-plate to St. Louis dailies—and I handled 'em all! But you know the line: "The Corn that Bill Grew." That's mine! Don't think I'm a highbrow either. I write ads—yes. Lots of people do that. But I sell things! Keep your ear on that.'" Mr. Cunningham paused to laugh proudly at himself.

"Well, in a way of speaking, I'd been talking with my eyes shut—just taking your advice and slamming it through. It struck me, when I got near the finish, that I was making some fool of myself. If a man had talked to me that way in Omaha I'd have had him examined for insanity. I was fairly flabbergasted when old Ephraim I. took the count. He said:

"'We've got a particular customer—the Sparkling Syrup people. Suppose you see what you can suggest for them.'

"'Business is business,' says I. 'Is that an order?' Lord knows I was ready to jump at the chance;

but I'd started to play the red and I was going to play it through, doubling bets at every throw, and bust the bank or bust myself.

"'It is,' says he.

"'Then what's in it?' says I. 'Sorry to bring in vulgar coin; but that's what we're here for - and I've other offers.'

"I've forgotten what he offered. That was a long time ago—about three years now—and prices weren't what they've become since—especially mine. But I said right away: 'Not enough.' And he said: 'How much then?' And I tacked on fifty per cent, expecting every second that lightning would strike me dead. 'All right,' he said, and I nearly fainted. Talk about filling your balloon with bluff! When mine went up I'd used the last cupful of natural gas I had.

"I took that job home to the hotel, and I didn't do much sleeping for a week; and—well, what's the use? When I left the Calicotte Company—I held a steady job in three months—to set up for myself, they gave me this scarfpin and an engraved testimonial to the effect that I was the original Napoleon of advertising. All came from you. See?" Mr. Cunningham paused long enough to give Mr. Tripp an affectionate slap on the knee. "Just acting on your tip did it. I've passed that advice on twenty times since, and where the man has the goods it always works. Long time before I figured it out. You see, New York's the city of success. The successful are the only people you ever see here. The others have disappeared long ago or they're living in hall bedrooms on Third Avenue while they wait for the fare back to the old home. If you don't look successful they figure right away that something's the matter with you. And you can't lay on the bluff too thick, provided you've got the goods to back you. They're used to miracles. The city of success ——" He stopped here, pulled out the chatelaine again and set the pencil in its socket. "That's a line. Do for the new correspondence schools. 'The City of Success'—eight-point blackface—Singer tower to the right, crowd pouring into it, at the bottom of the layout. 'The City of Success—How did they arrive?' No—want it snappier than that! Well, anyhow, the headline's good. 'City' catches the Hirams—those are the people we're after—and 'Success' catches everybody. Say, I'm full of ideas today ——" He broke off here. "I haven't given you much chance to talk, have I? Seems like I generate just so much talk in the course of twenty-four hours, and I have to get it off my system or give the doctors money! How goes it with you? I've heard of you a little. You've set up for yourself, like me. Staten Island real-estate proposition, wasn't it?"

Mr. Tripp had been looking and listening with all his eyes and ears. And the curious smile still lingered. There came into his expression a certain gravity as he replied:

"Yes. Going fine too!"

"That's right!" exclaimed Cunningham. "Of course. Had to be. Any one that sized up New York as you did is bound to get there with both feet. Say, I'll tell you what you do: My car's coming at four to take me up to Shoreham—didn't know I was married, did you? Yep! Went out and got her as soon as I saw New York was my oyster. Come along up—overnight."

"I'm sorry," replied Tripp; "but I'm going out of the city on business tonight."

"Well, some other time," breezed Cunningham. "Now that I've got you again I want to hold on to you." With another of his quick motions he pulled out his watch. "Two-thirty!—Gee! The Peerless Pure Foods are waiting for me at the shop now. Goodby. Here's my card and address. Ring me up and come to lunch sometime. Take care of yourself. Whatever you're after, hang to it like a pup to a root!" He was gone, making a plaid streak up Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Tripp watched him disappear round the corner; and his own expression was mixed. Once he began to smile, but it was the same curious smile, with a dash of bitter. And at last he let his jaw drop, as in despair. Finally he turned, sat again at the feet of Admiral Farragut, and rested his body that he might give all his powers to the revolution then proceeding in his mind. "A hall bedroom in Third Avenue!" he repeated mentally. "How he struck it!"

His first consecutive and sustained thought was that this meeting had come just in the nick of time. "Bluff!"—"Front!"—he had lost them! New York, which absorbs

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A Woman Justice of the Peace

By MARION HAMILTON CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

JUDGE Groesbeck, of Laramie, Wyoming, asked me: "Have you met Mrs. Garrett—Judge Garrett—first woman justice of the peace in the United States? Well, you must! Most remarkable woman in the county. Power in politics. She can do anything—cook a dinner, shoot a wolf, shoe a horse. You go out there and interview her—tell her I sent you, but don't tell her you're a tenderfoot. She'll show you how the pioneers and the ranchers live in this country—God's country, far from the effete East. Go and see how woman suffrage works out here—and don't put on any airs!"

The judge dictated a letter of introduction and I took the afternoon train. I went a "little way up the railroad"—fifty miles!—as per his instructions, got off at a coal-chute where all the transcontinental Union Pacific trains stop to feed engines; stayed overnight in a twenty-house, four-saloon town playing hop-scotch over some square miles of plains; saw a dozen really, truly cowboys cavorting round; gulped long breaths of a whining wind that had come from mountains.

"I Have Been Gone on Horseback Through Heavy Snowstorms to Reach Some Lonely, Remote Cabin"

Next morning I took the buckboard—they called it a stage—that carries the United States mail, up three days and down three days a week to the heart of the Rockies.

It was early—seven o'clock—when we started across the plains—endless, tawny stretches, polka-dotted in sagebrush, an endless, wonderful blue-sky bowl inverted over them, fitting close except where the edges were nicked by the purple mountains north and south. I saw a wolf behind a sagebush. He walked away as we passed, looking amused and unconcerned. I saw hawks, circling above unsuspecting gophers surveying the landscape from their little doorways. A badger scampered across the road, his fat body flat in the dust. There were great bunches of cattle and horses everywhere and silly calves that got in the road and ran for their lives ahead of our horses, not knowing enough to step off to one side. Among the chalk bluffs, the driver said, "scads of antelope" were grazing. I kept a sharp eye for them, but saw none. In the afternoon the driver slept and dropped a rein. The horses galloped round in a circle till the boy waked, jumped over the wheel and caught a bridle, yelling "Whoa!" and some other things. Later we got in among the mountains and he stayed awake. He had to—or die.

There was no brake on the buckboard, and when we went downhill—as we seemed to be doing with blood-curdling frequency compared to the times we went up—on a road six inches wider than the wheeltracks, with a pile of rock on his side and a sheer drop on mine, he lashed the horses to a mad gallop with a blacksnake that stung their ears, and I looked straight ahead and held on with both hands and my toes wedged under the footrest. "I got to keep them horses ahead o' the buckboard," he drawled when I remonstrated at the end of the second hour, "'cos if the buckboard got goin' faster than the horses an' clum onter their backs they might git frightened an' run away."

I told him he was simply trying to frighten me because he thought I was a tenderfoot, but he'd made a mistake—I was as willing to die that way as he was. He replied with convincing sincerity: "It ain't no treat to me to frighten a lady. I drive a gol-darn sight worse'n this when I ain't got a passenger, and I ain't been killed yet—I ain't been throwed out more'n half a dozen times."

We came to a big bunch of sheep on the road and side hills. They scattered before the horses and left three dead lambs. The herder hailed us and said a coyote had just run through, killing for the fun of it. The man had a dying lamb in his arms. He said nobody could say it was his fault—he'd been walking round and round all the time—and asked for tobacco.

Toward evening we topped a ridge and there lay before us a long, long emerald strap—alfalfa and willows—bottled up with stark gray rocks, Laramie Peak looking down, his head circled in clouds that might shed snow on his brow by night. This was the ranch and its setting. We rattled up to the door of a low, long log cabin surrounded by sheds and corrals.

Mrs. Garrett knew me for a tenderfoot and was kind. She had to help me off the buckboard, to which I still desperately clung. She had to help me to the house, for the ground bobbed up and hit one foot, and sank a mile or more under the other. The house steps jumped when I went to put my foot on them. I apologized in a sickly way for my awkwardness and she laughed. She said she had come out on the stage often enough to know how I felt, and rushed off for a cup of tea.

Next day she said she thought I'd like sage chicken for supper, and we drove miles, with not a house to be

seen—just piled rocks and sagebrush. We saw a bunch of sage chickens strutting to water. She leaped over the wheel, pulled the shotgun from the back of the buggy and got two on the wing as they rose, one with each barrel.

Next day she was asked to go to a ranch twenty-five miles away to make a will for a dying woman, and she took me with her.

When we were about twelve miles from a house we saw two men in a carriage. They had guns and a tent.

"I believe those fellows have been hunting antelope," said the judge, who is also game warden, and followed them up. Their rig showed nothing suspicious, and she passed the time of day with them and drove on.

"Suppose they had had an antelope?" I asked. "What would you have done?"

"Arrested them, taken them back to the ranch and fined them for illegal shooting."

"But suppose they'd refused to go?" I suggested, remembering how big and burly and hard-faced they were, and armed with heavy-bore rifles, while we were two lone women miles from a house.

The judge merely looked at me in a meditative way. Being a tenderfoot, I repeated the question.

"His Side Was That Her Cooking Wasn't Fit to Eat"

"I can't suppose it," she said finally. "If I'd arrested them they'd surely have had to go along with me."

I knew when she spoke that, big and hard-looking as they were, armed to the teeth, too, they'd have followed her back that twelve miles and paid their fines if she'd said so. That was the woman I had crossed the plains to interview.

At noon we got to the ranch where the woman was dying. I did not go into the room where she lay, but heard through the open door her moan: "If you can't save me nobody can. You will, won't you? You've helped me through everything the last ten years—you'll help me through this—you won't let me die?"

The judge came out after a while, tears in her eyes. "I'd give my right hand to save her," she said. "It's the first time in the ten years I've known her that she's called on me for help and—I've failed her in her last hours."

The woman died in the evening after we left, and Mrs. Garrett's daughter, a girl of seventeen, rode over alone on horseback to lay out the body.

Such was the life I had come out to—life in the raw; humor and pathos, hard work, tragedy and sport; isolation and an immense, all-pervading friendliness; unlimited hospitality through the summer, and in the winter long months without the sight of a human being but the family, except such few men as could get through the snowdrifts on horseback. "I have seen times in the winter," Mrs. Garrett once told me, "when I'd give my best steer to sit down and talk with a woman for an afternoon."

A Solomon in Skirts

I HAD gone for three days. I stayed a month. I borrowed a tent and slept on a pile of alfalfa. The judge and I fished and hunted in the afternoons when her work was done, and we sometimes cooked over a campfire or ate late suppers of fried birds and gooseberry tarts. Many a time she turned to and after that made bread, which came out of the oven about three o'clock in the morning! I estimated that we rode and drove over three hundred miles, hardly ever seeing a house, and when I came away the prized memento of my trip was a game license, issued by the first woman justice of the peace in the United States to "the first woman tenderfoot" in her precinct, she flatteringly said, who "could shoot a bird and roast it over a campfire."

The first time I came to the point of my interview and asked her what it was like to be a woman justice of the peace, she answered: "Why, I don't know—I suppose it's about like anything else." She thought it strange that I should take so much interest in it, it was so entirely a matter of course to her. "Out here in Wyoming," she explained, "women voted before the territory became a state, and we think no more of it than we do of getting in a load of groceries for the winter—not half so much, sometimes, when we have to send a four-horse team seventy-five miles across the plains to Laramie to bring back a ton of stuff.

"Women are eligible for any political position in the state, even that of governor, so the fact that a minor position like that of justice of the peace is held by a woman does not excite the comment it probably would in the East, where you women do not have the power the vote gives to us, and do not have the same recognition our men give to us."

I suggested that conditions in Wyoming were very different—which she readily admitted, pointing out that the settled population is largely composed of ranchers, many of whom were pioneers in the early days. Even the homesteader is a pioneer in a way that the Eastern farmer is not; for the farmer buys his land outright, and then he may go or come, succeed or fail as happens; but the homesteader must make good on the lines the Government has laid down for him, or he cannot prove up on his hundred and sixty acres and get his title.

Unmarried women, widows, and women separated or divorced from their husbands have the same homestead rights as men; and many women have taken up claims, working their own hayfields, grubbing sagebrush, riding after their cattle and roping and branding them, and sharing men's lives in the open. Naturally they have shared men's political interests.

"Why shouldn't we?" asked the judge. "Why shouldn't a woman hold any office if she is fit for it and wants it? I have served four consecutive terms—eight years—and I enjoy it. It is a great study in human nature—I'd get the worth out of it if I didn't make a cent.

"My precinct covers about three hundred square miles and lies partly on the plains, partly among the mountains. There are comparatively few families in it, however, and they are widely scattered, as a large part of this land is not only uninhabited but uninhabitable. For miles and miles there is nothing but rocks and sagebrush and thin grass that the stock eats.

"Raising stock—cattle, sheep and horses—is the only industry carried on in my precinct; from which it follows that most of my cases have to do with cattle, and the next largest group with neighborly quarrels.

"One of my early cases was alleged cattle theft. Out in this country the cattle are all branded, the brands being registered at the courthouse in Laramie. This is the only way a man can tell his own cattle, for they feed on the public range until he is ready to sell them. But it is the custom, where you have gentle milch cows coming twice a day to the corrals to be milked, to let their calves run without branding until they are yearlings.

"Now one of my neighbors, a man named Flyter, who lived some few miles away, started with one ancient cow. At the fall round-up nine calves with his brand appeared—supposed offspring of his one cow.

"This set all the neighbors guessing and examining their own bunches of cattle to find out where Flyter had mavericked the calves.

"There was another ranchman, Ashley, who lived about twenty miles from Flyter, and was one of the large cattle owners. He concluded that six of the calves belonged to him. He had no evidence except the resemblance of the calves to six calfless cows that he knew had come in that spring; so the following season he set a trap for Flyter, and Flyter fell into it.

"Ashley had a beautiful Jersey milch cow that produced a fine heifer. On the inside of the calf's hindleg he made a slit and slipped a silver dime under the skin. He left the calf unbranded to run with its mother in his pasture. I saw the calf and mother in his barn myself, and he had several other witnesses.

"When the calf was about nine months old it disappeared, but turned up later running with its mother with Flyter's brand on its flank.

"When Ashley came to me about it I told him the best thing would be for him to put the calf and mother under lock and key, so that if Flyter took it we could get him on the charge of breaking and entering, and I would issue a warrant for his arrest.

"Ashley said he would do it, but was afraid. Flyter bore a rather bad reputation for being the desperate character of the community. Stories—I do not know how true—were told of his reckless gunplay. According to them he had shot several men, and killed one—in self-defense. Self-defense was his great standby, and he went everywhere with a big six-shooter bulging out of his belt. Ashley got to thinking it over and decided he'd rather lose the calf out of the pasture, if he had to, than have Flyter shoot up the ranch in 'self-defense' while he took the calf out of the barn. Ashley didn't tell me this till after he went to Flyter and asked him if he owned an all-red Jersey calf with a white star on its forehead.

"'Certainly I do,' said Flyter. 'She's my old Jersey cow's calf—born this spring—got my brand on her flank. Who claims her?'

"'Well, I do,' said Ashley, and I imagine he was quaking in his boots. 'You've branded one of mine by mistake, Mr. Flyter.'

"Flyter said he'd see about it and there was some conversation between them, but nothing heated, and Ashley rode off and came down to ask me what he'd better do next, since Flyter claimed the calf, but he—Ashley—could prove it his by the dime under the skin of its hindleg.

"Ashley was no sooner out of sight than Flyter jumped on his horse, a fast one, rode across country and through a trail in the hills, and had the calf out of the pasture before Ashley got home.

"When Ashley came back with this news I issued a warrant and had Flyter arrested, and the case came for trial at my house. There was no calf!

"The court was called to order and the defendant got up and asked for a change of venue—which I refused.

"He had with him a friend, Barrett, who was fighting Ashley all the time over other matters. As soon as I refused Flyter the change of venue, Barrett rose and said he had come to plead the case for his friend Flyter and see that he got justice in my court.

"I said: 'Mr. Barrett, Mr. Flyter and every one else will get justice in my court on the merits of the case without your help. You are prejudicing the case. If you speak again during the proceedings I shall hold you in contempt and fine you.'

"'All right, your Hon-ah,' he said with beautiful sarcasm, and sat down. I confess I was trembling a little with excitement.

"The plaintiff now rose and demanded the calf, claiming that it was a material witness. I therefore had to adjourn the hearing and send the constable out to Flyter's to bring in the calf. Flyter admitted he had taken it, but stoutly claimed it as the offspring of his antique cow. The constable hunted everywhere—the calf had disappeared, hide and hoof.

"At that time I owned a fine Hereford bull and a bunch of Hereford cows from which I had six fine bull calves, born that spring and still running with their mothers in my fenced pasture. I had contracted to sell these for fifty dollars apiece; they were to be raised for breeding purposes."

Working to Get Even

"A FEW days after the adjournment of Flyter's case, Flyter's son and a young cowpuncher, working for Flyter, roped my six bull calves in my pasture, changed them into steers and cut off all their tails. So I lost the sale of my young bulls. I kept them three years on the public range and sold them for beef at sixty dollars a head, and was rather better off than I should have been had I sold them as I originally intended.

"About a week after the tail-cutting prank a team of horses was shot in my pasture, one of them the most beautiful mare I owned.

"It was then that I fortunately discovered that in Wyoming law, as it then was interpreted, stealing a calf valued at fifteen dollars is grand larceny, stealing a coat valued at twenty dollars is petty larceny. This is on the theory that calves have no one to watch them, while coats supposedly have. I was thus able to send the case for trial to Laramie, the county-seat, on the charge of grand larceny, where it hung fire for several years. But I lost no more stock. Not long ago I learned that Flyter had butchered the calf, burned the hide and distributed veal among his neighbors on the day I sent the constable out.

"I have had a good many cattle cases since then, but none where gunplay was to be feared, and I am glad to say I have settled them all without any more bobtailed calves as the result.

"After I had snubbed Barrett in court he took every opportunity to work against me. He was a very peculiar and soured character. He had a housekeeper on his ranch, a woman whom none of the rest of us cared to have anything to do with.

"As it neared the time for my reelection to a second term, Barrett and this woman drove about the precinct telling the voters that I had decided not to run for office or have anything more to do with politics, and he was putting up his housekeeper in my place.

"It takes some time for news of this sort to travel over the country, for the neighbors see each other so seldom. But the women were up in arms at the idea that this woman should run for office and that I was giving it up. I had nursed many of them through confinements, for we are seventy-five miles from a doctor and his visits cost from fifty to a hundred dollars. We women have to do for each other at such times, or in death or other troubles. But as soon as they heard I was to withdraw they sent or came from miles round, begging me to reconsider if only to keep out the other woman. This was the first I knew of my withdrawal or the opposition candidate.

"Barrett had his housekeeper nominated, and I ran against her and was elected by an overwhelming majority.

"After this he avoided me all he could, but it was not long before he had to bring a case before me himself. I could see by his manner, though he dared not openly say so that he expected small justice at my hands, which made me the more anxious to settle the case impartially, though my sympathy was on the other side.

"He had a man working for him, Ed Mapleson, a big, powerful, willing fellow and splendid worker, but so ignorant he could not keep account of his wages even.

"Mapleson had a homestead claim some miles off, which his wife was holding down while he worked out; but he went home every Saturday to spend Sunday with her. On his way he passed the store and always got some groceries to last her for the coming week. These were charged to Barrett and paid for by him out of Mapleson's wages every month. The goods were delivered on a standing order made out and sent to the store by Barrett.

"One Saturday, Mapleson, knowing that his wife was ailing, took home a larger order than usual, including some delicacies. The bill amounted to $14.85—which he claimed was due him in wages.

"When he reached home he found his wife very sick and stayed with her. He worshiped the woman—she was all he had in the world.

"After a week had passed and Mapleson did not appear, Barrett sent for him. Mapleson refused to leave his wife and Barrett got angry. The ranch pupils had left and Barrett had no one to help him. He sent again, and when Mapleson still refused to return to work, Barrett sued him on the charge of obtaining groceries under false pretenses.

"When the case came up Mapleson told his story, crying over his poor little wife's sickness.

"'Did that man think I'd leave my sick Mamie to work for him or any other —— man?' he asked. 'I thought he owed me wages, and I think so still, but I can't reckon it up an' I ain't got no proof. Anyhow, I don't care if he didn't owe me a cent—I'd 'a' done it just the same an' I'd do it again sooner than see my Mamie starve. That's the truth! Now do what you want with me, an' when this case is over I'll take him out an' punch his head all over the ranch.'

"The tears were rolling down his cheeks, big, husky fellow that he was. I almost felt like crying myself, it was so pathetic.

"I said to Barrett: 'I really think this is only a mistake—he didn't know he was taking more than his wages would cover.'

"I asked the storekeeper, who was one of the witnesses, whether he did not have an order from Barrett to deliver groceries to Mapleson—he said yes; and I asked if the order had ever been countermanded—and he said no. I pointed out to Barrett that he should have stopped the order when he knew there were no wages due, and having failed to do so part of the responsibility lay on him, the rest on Mapleson's ignorance of figures.

"I asked Mapleson if he would be willing to pay Barrett. He stammered out: 'I'm willin' to pay—I'd be —— glad to pay him, but I ain't got a dollar. I ain't got a quarter even to my name. I ain't got a cent to buy medicine for Mamie.'

"I told him I thought I could help him if he would acknowledge judgment and costs, which he did."

Neighbors All

"THEN, turning to the witnesses, I said: 'We're all neighbors together and Ed's in hard luck; let's take up a collection.' I laid a bill on the table, and Barrett, who was feeling pretty well ashamed by this time and washing himself at home, matched it; the nine witnesses made up the balance in a hurry.

"Poor Mapleson was so overcome he didn't know which way to turn—he'd expected six months in jail.

"'Now, Ed,' said I, 'shake hands with Mr. Barrett and show him that everything is pleasant and friendly between you before you leave the room'—which he did cordially. Barrett himself grasped my hand as he was leaving and said he was glad I had managed the case as I did, and that he valued my friendship more than that of any one in the county; and that was the end of all hard feelings between us.

"I have a good many petty larceny cases and cases where I have to issue writs of attachment to secure the payment of debts, but I find I can settle a large part of them out of court—at the dinner table. I like to do this wherever I can, because in a community where one has so few neighbors quarrels among them do not help anybody and often develop, as time goes on, into very ugly situations. Men drive up to the ranch sometimes knife mad at each other.

"On days when I have cases set I always cook an extra good dinner. Many of the men who come in on assault and larceny cases have been 'baching'—a Western word that means keeping bachelor's hall and their meals are made up of just about what you might expect—soda biscuits, bacon, flapjacks fried in grease, potatoes and canned stuff, all of it pretty badly cooked. A good dinner of fresh meat and fresh garden vegetables—I have one of the best gardens in the county—makes a great difference in their feelings, besides giving me a chance to find out what spleen they show toward each other.

"I remember one time in particular, when I was so full of laugh I could hardly keep it in. I had both the men at the table, one beside me and the other opposite, and I'd say: 'Mr. Carr, will you please pass the potatoes to Mr. Bailey?' 'Sure!' 'Mr. Bailey, will you kindly pass the bread to Mr. Carr?' 'Why, certain!'

"They looked daggers at each other, but they had to be civil to me, and they were afraid of showing bad feelings and prejudicing their cases. By the time I cut the pie they were talking together as pleasantly as possible.

"It was one of the most interesting cases I have tried. Bailey had rented a ranch and bought some furniture of Carr—about eighty dollars' worth—which he promised to pay for on a certain date. When Carr went for the money Bailey put him off. Carr went back on the date set and was put off again. He went again, and when he was put off the third time he got mad and said: 'I'll get it out of you somehow, today—I ain't agoin' to be kep' ridin' across the plains after it all winter.'

"Bailey laughed and told him he couldn't 'get blood out of a stone,' and Carr replied by slapping his face.

"Seeing that Carr was furious, Bailey got frightened and ran to take refuge in the bunkhouse, whereupon Carr drew his gun and fired at him twice, one bullet entering the bunkhouse door close to Bailey.

"According to Bailey's version of the story, his two little children were playing in front of the bunkhouse when Carr fired. But Carr said that no children were anywhere about, and he brought two witnesses to prove that the children were up in the hills a mile away.

"I thought the case pretty serious. If men want to shoot each other, that's their lookout, but shooting round little children is a different matter; so I was prepared to give the heaviest sentence possible if what Bailey said was true. Carr also claimed that he had fired in the air to frighten Bailey, who he believed was running to the bunkhouse after a gun.

"One of Carr's witnesses was a boy named Alec Murray, and while we were all at the dinner table it came over me that I could get the truth out of him.

"I examined the witnesses separately, and when Murray was sworn in I asked him: 'Alec, do you fully understand the meaning of this oath you have just taken—that you are to tell me the truth and you have called God to be your witness?' I talked to him a while and read him from the statutes the punishment for perjury. 'Now,' said I, 'tell me, just as you would to your own mother, what happened.'

"He told the story straight, precisely as Bailey had told it, confessing before he was through that Carr had coached him, and afterward hired him to work on the ranch."

Mrs. Carr Puts Her Oar In

"MRS. CARR had come along with her husband. She was a huge German woman and had considerable property when Carr married her. She had ridden thirty miles on horseback to see him through, and she was in no condition to do it. I allowed her to sit beside me during the proceedings, though she had no part in the case.

"After Alec Murray had given his testimony I said to Carr: 'This is a pretty serious offense you're charged with, Mr. Carr. You have not only attempted a man's life, but you have risked the lives of two helpless children that your own witness says were playing close to the man you fired at.'

"Before I could say another word Mrs. Carr broke out at her husband: 'I hear enough aboudt you! Vat you do dot for, you *verdammt* fool? Vat you shoodt dot liddle veak-kneed critter for venn he runs avay from you? You vas big enough to knock him all to liddle bits mit your fists, an' you orter done it mit him. But you go und shoodt mit a gun like you vas afidt off dot scoot! Ugh! I am ashampt off you—I am ashampt I be vife to a man vat can't use his fists, but got to fire off guns by liddle children playin' by bunkhouses! Ugh! Vat are ve comin' to in der community?'

"Carr looked as though he'd like to sink through the floor. He hadn't been prepared for this sort of attack from his wife; for, of course, he'd told her only his version of the story.

"Before I could speak she turned to me, and all in a breath she cried: 'Mrs. Garrett, I vant you to fine him goot und hardt—so he gets a lesson he don't forget aboudt shoodting venn he could use his fists for it. Und I pay you der fine myself. I write you check right off now—how much is it?'

"So I fined him and she paid, thanking me with tears in her eyes for the 'good lesson' I had given her man; and she invited me to come down to her place and spend a week hunting deer and bring my friends and have 'von grand time.'

"I once put my good-dinner-first theory to a very practical test in a legal separation case. A young couple, living about twenty miles off, drove over to consult me about the steps they must take in getting papers, for they had decided, so they said, to go their separate ways, she keeping the baby.

"They arrived late in the forenoon as I was about to get dinner, so I sent the man out to do some chores about the corrals and attend to his team and had the woman help me with dinner. This gave me a chance to hear her side. Her man, she explained, was gadding about and staying on other ranches—wasn't providing right for her and the baby—wouldn't chop wood or pack water—so there was no use trying to stay with him any more—not a bit—they must part; and she cried at the thought of leaving him and said she'd 'love him through everything,' even if he left her.

"I left her peeling potatoes and went out to talk with him. His side was that her cooking

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"'Mrs. Garrett, I Vant You to Fine Him Goot und Hardt—So He Gets a Lesson'"

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Hidden Tenant—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

If the law has made you a witness, remain a man of Science; you have no victim to avenge, no guilty or innocent person to ruin or save. You must bear testimony within the limits of Science.—BROUARDEL.

WHETHER we believe man is a spirit or a fungus, that manifestation of him which we call his consciousness is a profound mystery.

The realm of the mind is of all countries the least known and the least explored. What takes place in this dark region shut in on every side from human inquiry can at best be only a matter of conjecture. It is as though every man sat in an inclosed and darkened cell, able to communicate with his neighbor only by a system of involved and intricate signals.

No idea of the sequestered tenant can be obtained except by the interpretation of these signals. All other methods, whether proposed by the charlatan or the professor of psychology, that pretend to disclose what the tenant in his cell is doing are mere fancies of the family of witchcraft.

With pains, with unending care and with prodigious labor men have endeavored to arrive at a correct interpretation of these signals, and all those who urge fanciful short cuts have their shoulders against the structure of human knowledge.

It is important to carry this in the mind when one comes to consider insanity as related to the question of the administration of the criminal law. It has never been the policy of any civilized country to punish those who are irresponsible, and the primary question always has been to determine whether a person was mentally responsible or not. Now here, as in all questions of right and wrong, proper and improper, and the like, the law must run some arbitrary dividing line. The early English courts undertook to run that line. If one examine the expressions of these judges he will be struck by the sound common sense of them.

Lord Mansfield said in Bellingham's case that the question was the ability of the prisoner to judge between the right and the wrong. Lord Lyndhurst said: "Did the prisoner know it was an offense against the laws of God and nature?" Lord Brougham said that if the perpetrator knew what he was doing, if he had taken the precaution to accomplish his purpose, if he knew at the time of doing the desperate act that it was forbidden by law, that was his test of sanity. He cared not what judge gave another test, he should go to his grave in the belief that his was the real sound and conservative test.

Legal Standards of Sanity

WHEN questions of uncontrollable impulses and curious and dangerous fancies begin to be set up for defenses the great English judges met them with firmness and equanimity.

Baron Anderson said in the case of Reg. vs. Pate: "The law does not acknowledge the doctrine of an uncontrollable impulse if the person was aware that it was a wrong act he was about to commit."

And Lord Onslow said in Arnold's case:

"It is not every kind of frantic humor or something unaccountable in a man's actions that points him out to be a madman as is exempted from punishment; it must be a man who is totally deprived of his understanding and memory and doth not know what he is doing any more than an infant, a brute or a wild beast."

And, finally, when the House of Lords inquired of the English judges upon the question of mental unsoundness as a defense to crime in McNaughten's case, Chief Justice Tindal said:

"To establish a defense on the ground of insanity it must be clearly proven that at the time of the committing of the act the party accused was laboring under such a defective reason from disease of the mind as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was committing, or, if he did know it, that he did not know that he was doing what was wrong."

This rule, shortly after its publication in 1843, was adopted by Chief Justice Hornblower, in New Jersey, in the case of the State vs. Spence, and has remained, as a later judge has said, so imbedded in the administration of the criminal law as to be no longer subject to challenge.

But the defense of insanity has developed. There is hardly a desperate criminal case in which it is not in some degree indicated. It is the safeguard of the peculiar and the degenerate, and under such vague terms as paranoea, and the like, all the landmarks of the English judges have been removed and the courts have entered a country of confusion. It ought to be pointed out that such omnibus terms may mean any kind of peculiarity and under them anything may be set up as a defense to a crime, from the fact that one fingers one's waistcoat to the fact that one cannot remember the dog's name.

Eskridge, in what is perhaps the best textbook on legal medicine recently produced in this country, has pointed out how vague and dangerous these terms are. Mark this statement:

"It [paranoea] really conveys no special meaning of itself when applied to any particular form of insanity. It is not more definite when employed to designate a certain chronic mental derangement than the words in common parlance 'cranky' and 'crack.' . . . It is rather difficult to understand why it has come into so general use."

How few sane persons there are under the definition of such a term as this! Socrates and St. Paul, Napoleon and Goethe and Doctor Johnson were all insane. Lincoln was insane, for he is said to have had a number of delusions. Descartes, Luther, Wesley and Knox would have come within the classification, while Mohammed, Joan of Arc and Emanuel Swedenborg were actually paranoeics.

A Sailor Feigning Madness Persisted in Attempts to Cast Himself into the Sea

The administration of the law cannot be maintained against a mere mass of peculiarities. It must return to the sound doctrine laid down by the English judges. It may be that in some cases this will work hardship, but the law is a human device, the line must be run somewhere, and it cannot be better drawn than it was by Judge Tindal in the McNaughten inquiry. The reason is that there are no tests that can be safely applied except in what are well-defined cases of insanity.

The great serious medical authorities have said:

"The symptoms that prove the impairment or destruction of the mental integrity of the individual are the only positive evidences of insanity."

It is this destruction of the mental integrity of the individual that is to be ascertained. The symptoms that indicate this destruction have been studied and grouped so that today all forms of real insanity, such as in fact destroy the mental integrity of the individual, are definitely known and their symptoms definitely known, so that it is impossible for any man successfully to pretend any well-established form of insanity.

This may appear to be a sweeping statement. But no reputable alienist can be found who is prepared to deny it.

No doubt to the ordinary criminal it seems comparatively easy in a desperate position to feign madness. How can any one say whether or not he is insane? But, unfortunately for him, as long as the courts insist that only established and well-known forms of insanity shall be received as defenses the criminal is merely wasting his time, for no man has the ability or the intelligence to present the symptoms of any established form of insanity unless he is really insane. Gorget said that no person who had not made the insane a subject of study could simulate madness so as to deceive a physician well acquainted with that form of the disease. Connolly said that he could hardly imagine a case that would be proof against an efficient system of observation; and Haslam declared: "To sustain the character of a paroxysm of active insanity would require a continuity of exertion beyond the powers of any sane man."

The difficulty in most of the cases is that the physician called in to examine the prisoner is not himself sufficiently acquainted with the symptoms of the determined forms of insanity. It is the uncertainty of the incompetent expert that proves the criminal's greatest safeguard.

William Barr, a native of Ireland, by occupation a peddler, was convicted of robbery in the Court of Sessions in the city of New York on December 16, 1870, and sentenced to prison for ten years. On the first day of February, 1877, Barr, while at work clearing snow from the sidewalk on the street in front of the prison, refused to obey the keeper and killed him with a shovel.

Mistakes of Those Who Feign Insanity

WHEN he was removed to the county jail he began to act in a foolish manner, made incoherent replies to questions and mumbled about spirits and devils. He pretended a complete loss of memory respecting himself and the most recent events, and shouted and whistled. This man had once been confined in the asylum and there was no lack of persons who believed that he was insane.

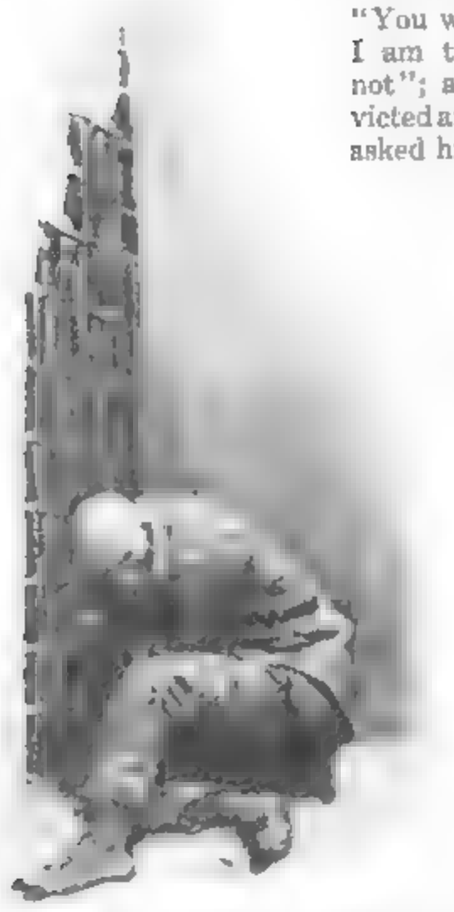
The experts who examined him did not convince these persons; they pointed out that the man was clearly an impostor and one of them said of this case:

"If we take the prominent features of a given case of real lunacy and group them together the result is a consistent whole which can be classified in some one of the recognized forms, and to imitate which with any degree of success, even for a short time, would require the dramatic powers of an accomplished actor, and then the physical symptoms would still be wanting. On the other hand, the feigner, as a rule, to which Barr's case is not exceptional, having no conception of the order or sequence of the symptoms, or of the forms of the disease he is trying to simulate, presents but a medley of inconsistencies, which almost invariably leads to his detection. He merely supposes that a lunatic is one who has, to use a common phrase, 'lost his mind,' hence he tries to show that his own mind is gone by conducting himself in the most absurd manner. He pretends not to know the simplest facts about himself, such as his age, nativity or civil state; fails to recognize his nearest and familiar acquaintances; says he cannot count or tell the day of the week, and frequently reverts to the subject of his pretended delusions or hallucinations; he avails himself of every opportunity to attract attention, and his symptoms seldom fail to assume an unusual degree of activity whenever he is conscious of being observed. Unlike the genuine lunatic, he tells you that he is insane, or 'out of his head,' and is not offended at being 'accused of lunacy.'

"The real lunatic, when you accost him, will summon his wits together, brighten up, and for the time seem less insane than he really is. The impostor, on the contrary, dismisses his wits altogether, and is more absolutely and abjectly insane when you speak to him than at any other time." (Vol. 35, American Journal of Insanity.)

Nevertheless, Barr constantly maintained his pretense of insanity, and but for the fact that a note which he endeavored to pass to a prisoner in a neighboring cell fell into the hands of his jailer persons about him might have continued to believe him insane. This note ran: "Friend Thorp, I have got a hard time of it; they have tried to hang me, but they are not smart. I am obliged for a cigar. Barr."

Barr was, in fact, as the experts pointed out, not only perfectly sane but he was a courageous criminal. He said



He Made Two Careful, Desperate Efforts to Escape

to Thorp, who was under sentence to be hanged for murder: "You will soon know whether I am to join your band or not"; and after he was convicted and the Deputy Warden asked him why he had refused to recognize him in the courtroom, he said: "Well, Captain, I wasn't recognizing anybody."

He afterward hanged himself from the crossbar of his cell door, but before that he made two careful, desperate efforts to escape by cutting the iron bars of his cell door. In one of his attempts he succeeded in removing an entire section of the door and to do this he had to saw through four iron bars, each two inches wide by one-half inch thick, and the only implement with which he effected this tremendous work was a small shoe-knife with irregular edge. In the second attempt he made a half-inch cut in one of the bars with a wire that he had removed from the rim of his soup-basin and he readjusted the tin so cleverly that the guard did not discover that the wire had been removed. (Ibid.)

Sometimes the criminal, in his selection of a form of insanity, feigns a mental disorder for which the remedy is heroic. Jean Gerard, a prisoner at Lyons, immediately after his arrest ceased to speak altogether. He lay nearly motionless and his hearing seemed to be defective. The physicians who were directed to examine him concluded that if this were actually what it appeared to be, a paralysis of the nerves of the tongue and ear, a cautery applied to the soles of the feet would be a probable remedy. As the remedy did not meet with success the physicians applied the cautery to the back of the neck. For two days this criminal bore the torture of the cautery, but on the third day he gave up, admitting that he was an impostor.

There is also the common impression that persons who take their own lives are always insane. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Suicide seems often to be the result of the soundest mental process. Men who are perfectly sane, moved by a motive to defraud, have often committed suicide after the most careful consideration of all the aspects of the situation, and, as is usual with all criminals, they generally undertake to make things so sure that their sanity is thereby demonstrated.

How Malingering is Detected

SUCH was the result in the case of Ritter vs. Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York (70 Fed. 954). It was here that the decedent, who carried a large insurance on his life, shot himself under circumstances that he hoped would indicate his insanity; but unfortunately it developed that just before he took his life he wrote an exact business letter to his executor named in his will, giving a particular account of his liabilities and a list of his insurance policies, and directing how the insurance should be applied. The letter was written so close to the time of the act, it was so exact, accurate and businesslike, that no one could doubt but that the man was sane.

Those who have feigned insanity have usually been no more successful than King David when he scribbled on the wall, or the Greek tragic poet who declaimed in the marketplace, or Ulysses when he yoked an ox and a horse together and plowed the seashore. He was the shrewdest of the Greeks, this Ulysses "of many wiles," but he was not shrewd enough to act out successfully the part of a madman, for when one set the infant Telemachus in the way of the plow he turned out of the furrow.

Fodere had a case of which he was in doubt, and in the presence of the person he informed the keeper that if the patient were not better on the following day he would apply a red-hot iron between the shoulders. Fodere reports that on the following day the case was better.

In another case a sailor feigning madness persisted in attempts to cast himself into the sea; finally he was permitted to do so, whereupon he swam for his life and called loudly for help.

Pitres cites a case where a man whose business it was to take the part of an anesthetic subject in a show and who night after night gave exhibitions of being able to endure the pricks of pins and needles without showing the slightest manifestation of pain, nevertheless when he undertook to simulate anesthesia for another purpose he was at once discovered by Pitres to be feigning.

Tamassia unmasked the feigning of subjects by the trick of mentioning in their hearing certain symptoms that ought to appear and that they usually managed subsequently to develop. Honig, observing simulators who showed no evidence of pain at the prick of the needle when they knew the test was to be applied, discovered that if they were suddenly, without any intimation, deeply pricked they would give some evidence of the pain; and Field had a patient who gave no sign of sensitiveness when sprinkled with cold water when the water was applied by some one standing in front of the patient, but when the cold water was sprinkled upon him unexpectedly from behind he winced.

But it is not usually by such tricks that the criminal agent feigning insanity as a defense is to be detected. It is not infrequently more successful to investigate the case after the manner of an intelligent cross-examination in court. It was by this method that the experts detected the simulation of John Gaffney.

Splitting Off Personalities

ON THE seventh of May, 1872, in a quarrel over cards, John Gaffney shot and killed Patrick Fahey. The prisoner pretended insanity. He received visitors with a volley of oaths and abuse, did not recognize any one, kept up a steady flow of incoherencies, talked about matters entirely irrelevant to topics introduced. He constantly complained that some one was poking him in the head with a pole through the bars of his cell. He had a wild stare, the eyes widely open and seldom fixed upon anything.

Local physicians examined him; some of them said he was insane, others frankly admitted that they could not determine. The governor of New York ordered the man to be examined by two experts of the State Lunatic Asylum.

These experts observed that Gaffney's utterances consisted of a lingo or jargon of words without relation or meaning, which he repeated with the deviation of scarcely a word. This formula he uttered sometimes in a low, mumbling voice and again in tones loud and monotonous. It is significant that these experts did not endeavor to resort to any trick. Their method was to press Gaffney rapidly with a volley of questions. It was nearly two hours before they were able to break in upon his jargon, but finally he forgot himself and answered; immediately, however, he tried to retrieve the error by shouting his formula in a louder tone. The experts then told him that he was caught and that instead of acting his part well he was in fact a miserable bungler, whereupon he suddenly ceased his jargon and attempted to strike one of them.

Gaffney was convicted of murder and hanged on February 14, 1873. One of the experts called upon him after the verdict and he said: "Well, Doctor, I hope you don't blame me for trying to save myself." (American Journal of Insanity, Vol. 35, 534.)

It may be valuable to remember that the authorities on the subject of mental diseases point out that feigned insanity is always attended by some motive and that it usually arises suddenly, while in fact the forms of insanity most frequently feigned develop slowly. The impostor is sure to overact, to omit symptoms that should be indicated and to feign others not to be found in the form of insanity that he is endeavoring to imitate. He will make his symptoms obtrusive when he is being examined, he will give the wildest and most incoherent answers that he can to questions, as Barr did when he replied that he did not know his own name, or the country in which he was born, or his mother's name, and constantly answered: "The devil is all the time talking to me." And as the impostor did in the case reported by Morel, who when asked his age replied: "Two hundred and forty-five sovereigns; thirty-five centimes." Now the fact is that the really insane in their replies to a question usually answer something that in a vague way at least is responsive; as though the enfeebled mind made an effort to perform its proper functions.

The impostor usually grows worse when visitors are present, and requires to be held on the bed; but if he is not held on he seldom falls off and injures himself. He will find himself unable to meet the numerous accurate physical tests that an expert alienist will apply for the purpose of determining whether or not he is really insane.

If the courts of this country, following the early English judges, would refuse to entertain any other than the established and known forms of insanity as a defense to crime, there would be little difficulty in the trial of such cases. But when the gate is opened to a mass of eccentricities, peculiarities, and the like, there is needless confusion.

The English courts do not favor such omnibus defenses. It is believed that no English court has ever yet recognized the term "paranoea" that is so common in criminal trials in this country, and even the French courts have very clearly distinguished between mania and what they consider mere peculiarities or eccentricities.

In 1861, when a Portuguese died in Paris, leaving a will with seventy-one codicils, one of which was, "I leave for the Atheneum of Paris 10,000 francs and one-half interest shall be paid to a professor of natural history, who shall lecture on the colors and patterns of dresses and on the character of animals," and directing that his funeral should take place at three P. M., because it was "the hour at which the rooks of the Louvre come home to dinner," the court merely said that these were the absurdities of a vain man. (Ibid.)

But the courts in this country are not exclusively to blame for this confusion on the subject of mental diseases. There exist in the medical fraternity certain writers who claim that a human identity may be disassociated or broken up into various sub-identities, and that thereby one may become an entirely different individual, so that acts accomplished under the domination of one personality are not known to or are refuted by this same person when dominated by another personality. And one finds a professor of psychology in a leading university gravely accepting such a theory and speaking of "splitting off personalities."

One can see the end of the administration of justice in a criminal tribunal if such theories were ever to be taken seriously.

The fact is that the persistence and unity of nothing in this world is so certain as that of a human identity. Now it does not matter whether we consider consciousness to be in some fashion a product of the physical organism, or whether we consider the physical organism to be merely a transmitting machine for the purpose of permitting consciousness to manifest itself in a material world, as a pane of glass permits light to enter a dark room, or whether we believe that a Psyche dwells in the machine. Wherever we may stand among these theories, it is certain that all mental disorders are the result of some derangement of the physical machine, and that no disarrangement indicates a new consciousness or a different consciousness, but merely the same consciousness defectively manifesting itself.

Thus when a wagon loses a wheel we do not have "disassociated" wagons, but the same wagon wabbling as it moves. Nor when a dog loses a leg do we thereby "split off" a new dog; we have only the same dog limping. Thus when we are led to criticise the law courts for the absurdities that creep into criminal defenses we should remember that the courts must not only supply common sense to meet the quack and the empiric, but also to meet the absurdities of the pseudo-authority on mental disorders.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The fifth will be printed in an early issue.

Owning the World

THE late Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, was at a dinner one night where a lady—one of the guests—was telling of her acquaintance with some of the editors of the World.

"The fact is," she said, "I can get anything I want printed in the World."

Mr. Pulitzer rose in his place and made the lady a low bow.

"Madam," he said, "I congratulate you. I cannot get anything I want printed there."

Just Before He Took His Life He Wrote an Exact Business Letter Directing How the Insurance Should be Applied

THE CROOKED DEAL

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

OLE RELIABLE STARTS THE EXCURSION TO AFRICA

THE Trojan floated her sailing signal at the dock. Thin smoke curled upward from her funnels. Seamen laced her loins with many a ring and eyelet; deckboys rubbed her windows and polished her brasses. Electricians, mechanics, cooks, and quick-stepping lads in white jackets hurried through hidden passages within. Black-faced men in her grimy depths toiled at her boilers and bunkers, heedless of what went on above, like coral insects that build beneath the waves. Officers ran their eyes along spar and rigging, tested every lifeboat and davit—grooming their racer for the long, long track. Alertly still she lay, keel and wheel, breathing from the bottom of her lungs, holding her steely muscles in leash; calm without, but trembling through every nerve and fiber like a thoroughbred at the starter's post.

In contrast with her crew's discipline, masses of unorganized, undirected people surged back and forth across her deck and dock. Like breakers they ebbed and flowed, congested in the corners and rushed out again. A mingled stream of comers and goers jostled on her gangplank—restless, excited people who spoke all tongues and wore all garbs. Some for the first time launched their adventures upon the deep; others, drawn by the lure of intangible horizons, longed for strange lands and craved the salt-sea odor in their nostrils.

Through that motley throng upon the dock came a ruddy-faced man, with a broad white Panama covering his gray hair, and a linen suit that flapped like sailcloth around his sturdy legs—Colonel Beverley Spottiswoode, cotton planter, of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Beside him walked two top-hatted Englishmen, men of affairs in the tight little island.

At the head of the gangplank the Colonel turned. "Zack!" he called. "Where's Zack?"

"Comin', suh."

A middle-aged negro, built on the economical plan, tore himself through the crowd as if he were getting through a wire fence, an orange in one hand and a yellow suitcase in the other. New store-bought clothes hung on him in corrugations; a new flaming red necktie rode the back of his neck. He took out a new handkerchief, removed a new hat and mopped the same old bald territory underneath.

"Cunnel, I never stopped a minute—jes got dis orange—whole drayload of trunks had me blocked off. Reckon dey don't know who I is! I'm gwine over to larn dem niggers in Africky."

"Get aboard, Zack—unless you want to swim."

Both Englishmen deferentially indicated the gangplank and stood aside for the Colonel to descend. After them came Zack, followed by a couple of side-whiskered servants with the hand-luggage.

"Nuthin', Nuthin' 'Cept Water. Dis is a Mighty Good Place for Baptists"

"May I venture to suggest, Colonel, that we inspect your cabin at once? Lord Meadowcroft instructed us to see that you were made comfortable."

The Anglo-American coalition inspected in force. The cabin was more than comfortable; it was luxurious. The Englishmen dissected it in detail—even to seeing that the magazines were the very latest.

"We hope you like your cabin, sir."

The Southerner glanced around him—sleeping room, sitting room, bath, and quarters for Zack. "I don't need all this. This is no wedding trip."

"Lord Meadowcroft's instructions, sir. Our Government is your debtor, sir." And the Englishmen bowed.

"His lordship hopes, sir ——" The older Englishman indicated a stack of books, pamphlets and official reports, piled upon the table. "His lordship would be pleased, sir, if you would examine these reports on our cotton-planting experiments in Nigeria, Uganda and the Sudan. Then, sir, you might advise our honorable board of governors more intelligently on the affairs of our new syndicate in the Sudan."

The Englishman stepped back while Colonel Spottiswoode ran through these documents. "I've read most of these. Your trouble seems to be lack of water, and trifling labor. I never saw an irrigated cottonfield—we have too much water; overflow, you know; levees break—and nobody can understand a labor problem until he gets on the ground. That's why you long-distance planters go broke."

"Yes, sir," agreed the Englishmen; "our honorable board of governors are a jolly good bit away from their plantations; but you will set all that to rights, sir."

Zack stood in the middle of the sitting room, holding his gripsack and pasting down the edges of a hotel label. "Huh!" he muttered. "Dat Irish feller didn't want to paste no tag on my gripsack—huh!"

"Zack," remarked the Colonel, "there's your room; walk in and hang up your hat."

At first, Zack only peered into the servant's quarters; then, like a pet 'coon, he began to projick with its glittering appliances. "Dis sholy is one curious washbowl—got hinges, an' er spout like er pitcher. Seliny ain't never gwine to believe dis."

"Here, Zack," the Colonel called; "let's go up on the guards and see her shove off."

On deck again, his English friends plied him with mature and deliberate suggestions to promote the growth of cotton under the British flag, while Colonel Spottiswoode curiously watched the arrival of belated passengers. A tall young man, dressed in the extreme fashion, halted at the upper end of the gangplank. Two servants carried his small bags, while another held in his arms a bored-looking bulldog with spike-studded collar. The young man paid attention to nothing but the dog. His man inquired:

"Shall I put your luggage aboard, sir?"

"No; beastly nuisance!"—he addressed the dog. "Jack, old fellow, do you want to go? I leave it to you."

The dog seemed more satiated than the master, with no hopes for a novelty on either side of the Atlantic.

"Warren," asked the young man, "is it going to rain?"

"I think so, sir."

"Put the luggage aboard," Mr. J. Blair Eaton ordered wearily. With languid indifference he and his dog descended the gangplank. Behind Mr. Eaton stepped Joe Sloan, the gambler. While Eaton hesitated whether to go or stay, this man never removed his shifty eyes from him. Joe Sloan's nose wasn't straight with his face and Joe wasn't straight with anything. Nature never put such a crooked sign on straight goods. Mr. J. Blair Eaton didn't believe in signs.

At the lower end of the gangplank waited a burly man with a blue cap and hand-satchel. "You're late, Joe," he growled. "I thought your fellow had flew the coop. I was fixing to get off this boat."

"Yes, Cap; he changed his mind forty times in twenty minutes—slippery fish, but mighty good when you catch him."

"Well," whispered the big man, "cabin's all ready; cigars and liquor—brands that he likes. We've got to make a killing." Cap Wright strolled off while Joe leaned casually against the rail. In passing back, Cap nudged his partner. "Look who's here!" pointing to Colonel Spottiswoode and the Englishmen.

"Changed a Heap, But I'd Know Him"

Joe slanted his crooked nose in that direction.

"Well, who is it?" he asked.

"Who? Why, don't you know Prince Jim?"

"Prince Jim!" Joe Sloan almost exclaimed aloud; the younger gambler gazed admiringly upon a man of whom he had long heard as the acknowledged king of their craft—who had enriched their traditions with monuments of skill and daring.

"Don't he put up a stiff front!" whispered Cap. "'Tain't no other man in the business would be smooth enough to bring them respectable-looking blokes to the steamer and stand them up before everybody. Them's his letter of credit. There's good picking on this ship; Prince Jim ain't no tin-horn piker."

Reflecting upon Prince Jim's exploits, Cap's reminiscence mill went to work: "Well, well! I ain't seen him for twenty years. Once in a while we'd get word of him working the P. & O. steamers out of Sydney to Ceylon. He's changed a heap, but I'd know him: linen clothes, Panama hat, southern planter style—that's Prince Jim."

Zack did not mean to get separated from the Colonel, but those people were doing so many interesting things it was like watching a parade. He just naturally drifted along deck and got caught in a jam at the foot of the gangplank. People shoved him backward until a timid voice spoke at his elbow: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am in your way." Miss Stanton wriggled around until she saw his black face, then she laughed.

"Oh! it's you, Uncle."

Zack beamed. "Yas'm, it's me; how come you know 'twuz me?"

The young girl laughed again. "I heard that gentleman speak to you—the one in the linen suit; both of you are from the South, aren't you?"

"Sho is. We's from Vicksburg, Mis'sippi. You cum frum down yonder too—I knowed dat de fust minute you spoke 'Uncle.'"

Doris Stanton only nodded: "Aren't these people rough? I'm afraid they'll break my violin."

Zack saw that she was hugging a violin case, so he reached out a lean arm and braced himself against the rail. "Stand still, missy; dey ain't gwine to shove you no mo'."

"Thank you, Uncle."

"'Tain't nothin' 'tall, missy, an' not much o' dat. Is you gwine on dis scussion?"

"Yes; I am going on the excursion, Uncle—what is your name?"

"Zack Foster, miss; but everybody, white an' black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

Miss Stanton giggled, which opened Zack's confidences. "Yas'm; all dem big-bug white folks, up and down Cherry Street, dey knows me reel good; and 'tain't nary one of 'em but what gives Ole Reliable a mighty good name. You know, missy ——"

"Hush!" she said. "Look!"—pointing to the dock.

Last night Miss Stanton had heard a wonderful Italian woman singing her farewell to America amid a glitter of lights, a deluge of flowers and an audience that cheered like mad. How the girl's heart beat! Now she maintained her position at the gangplank to watch this famous singer come aboard the Trojan.

Others were waiting. The dock bristled with leveled cameras like cannon from a fortress. Dozens of reporters stood with notebooks ready: the world hungered to hear what this woman wore, how she talked and walked, what colored ribbons were on her dog. Was Castelleone really her husband, or was she going to marry Reifenstein?—everything—anything.

"Look, Uncle Zack!" Miss Stanton gasped as men began to clear a passage for the diva. She was going to see

The World Hungered to Hear What This Woman Wore, How She Talked and Walked

her off the stage. The second officer waved his hand for people to stand aside. A retinue of menservants stumbled along beneath their boxes, bags and bundles, which had been forgotten until the last moment. Others came with armfuls of flowers; gorgeous roses dropped their petals and made a path for the singer's feet.

A shrill-voiced duenna gave orders to the maids; Count di Castelleone held aloft a haystack of American Beauties, marching in the van of her ladyship's escort. Signorina Aurora bowed herself along between a swarthy young Italian, with her pet dog, and a blonde German who bore her parrot in a cage. Click! click! click! went the cameras. Aurora smiled and bowed so that the American newspapers might print pretty pictures of her pretty self. Miss Stanton clapped her hands and joined in the general cheer.

When Castelleone put his foot upon the deck he turned to make some gallant remark to the signorina; but he did not dare. She was tired of his following her from Italy all over America—and he knew it.

"Look, Cap," said Joe Sloan; "I saw those three fellows rollin' 'em mighty high in Washington. Maybe the Prince is after them."

"Hope so; then he'll let us alone."

The great singer being safely aboard, an officer gave the order: "All ashore!" Miss Stanton watched the tearful, laughing, hysterical goodbys; husbands were separating from wives, parents from children, friends from friends—with farewell gifts of roses, boxes of candy, bundles of magazines. She glanced at the crowded dock. "There's nobody here to tell me goodby; nobody cares!" A stream of people poured back to the dock; a late passenger tumbled over them to get aboard. Chains rattled, ropes creaked—the vessel began to move—a thousand handkerchiefs went fluttering. Everybody was waving to somebody.

For a moment her eyes blurred. "Doris Stanton, you're a fool; you're going to cry!" She gulped in her throat and lifted her head defiantly.

The ship began to tremble and groan. The hazy smoke from her funnels changed to dense black. A widening crevasse yawned between deck and dock. The jagged skyline of New York became visible—a vague and spectral city against a vague and spectral sky. Miss Stanton wormed her small self away from the rail, got clear and fled with the violin. On the way to her modest cabin she passed an open door; the odor of flowers stopped her. She paused and stared inside—a wilderness of roses, masses of carnations, beds of violets—a profusion of orchids, silk hangings, silver trappings. The singer's maids were setting things to rights.

"I don't care; I don't care—I'm happy!" she insisted, then rushed into her own room and snatched a shriveled bouquet from the basin. These were not the kind of flowers that florists bind with purple ribbons, but the kind that come from country gardens tied up by country girls. Doris remembered every bush and knew where every blossom had grown. She darted to the right-hand deck, which was almost deserted, hastily picked her flowers to pieces and began scattering petals on the water. One by one they fluttered down and her dim eyes followed them drifting past.

"Dat's jes fer luck, ain't it, missy?" Zack's sympathetic face looked very homey. He understood.

"Yes, and for pluck too—we all need pluck."

"Dat's jes what Seliny keeps a sayin' to me. She argufies dat I sets too much sto' on luck. But, Lordy! missy, when I gits in hard luck it mought rain twenty-dollar golepieces an' ketch me wid boxin' gloves on."

Miss Stanton laughed merrily. Zack responded to the encore.

"Ole man Aaron he prophesy to me one time: 'Zack, ef luck's agin yer, you might jes as well lie down flat er yo' back an' say: "Here I is, Luck; what yer gwine do wid me?"'"

Miss Stanton flung the last of her bouquet overboard and straightened up: "Now! I'm all right again!"

"Yas'm! It warn't nothin' but luck when I seen you comin' round here wid dem flowers, an' sumpin' sez to me: 'Missy is feelin' po'ly; Zack, you go an' talk to li'l missy; she ain't likin' it much 'bout gwine so fer away.'"

Miss Stanton listened gladly and made a fatal mistake, unless she wanted Zack tagging along. He immediately deserted the Colonel to follow some one who would laugh at his timeworn stories.

When Colonel Spottiswoode stuck his head out of a door, glanced up and down the deck and beckoned for Zack, the negro never saw him. Zack had his hat in his left hand, gesticulating with his right; Miss Stanton, half a yard ahead, kept turning and laughing as she walked. "Missy, I'm gwine to wait right here till dis here boat makes her fust landing; I wants you to see how dat mate gwine to boss dese rousters."

"The first landing? We won't land for six or seven days!"

"Six or seven days! Lordy! missy, I sho would love to be a roustabout on dis boat—or git de job o' callin' stations. I got a friend what's porter on de A. & V., an' I 'lowed he had er snap; but, Lordy! calling stations on dis boat would be all right, all right."

"So you don't like hard work?"

"Yas'm, missy, I ain't skeered o' work. Like Uncle Aaron; he say about a triflin' nigger: 'Dat nigger ain't what you call skeered o' work; he'll lie down beside the biggest kind o' job an' go to sleep jes ez calm!' Huh! you know Cunnel ain't gwine to take me 'way yonder to Afriky to larn dem niggers how to hoe cotton, 'cept I's a mighty good worker myself."

"Who is the Colonel?" Miss Stanton inquired.

"Lordy! missy, he's jes de Cunnel. How come you ain't heerd o' Cunnel? Whar you been all yo' life?"

"I live in Virginia—in the mountains."

"Must be mighty high mountains and mighty fer, ef you don't know Cunnel. Most everybody knows Cunnel what knows me—all dem rich white folks up and down Cherry Street."

"Cherry Street? Where is that?"

Zack looked at her, first with a benevolent pity—then the smile broke. "Shucks, missy; now you's pranking wid me."

"No, really!" Miss Stanton settled herself in a steamer-chair and felt deliciously guilty at listening to the gossip of a servant. Zack gave an enthusiastic sketch of his most intimate friend, Colonel Spottiswoode, with personal details of the rich white folks up and down Cherry Street. Then he launched into a description of Sherwood and Kathleen Plantations, cotton and negroes, bear hunting and levees breaking.

Neither of them noticed that the vessel had passed into the open sea. On each side, before, behind, was the shoreless water—nothing but water. Zack looked up, glanced out, then ran to the rail, gripped it with both hands and stared.

"Lawd! missy, levee's done broke; river's all over everything; never seed such a overflow! Dat's why dem folks was all huddled in N'Yawk. 'Scuse me, missy, I got to run an' tell Cunnel."

Zack disappeared through a doorway and dived down the stairs. Then Miss Stanton had half an hour to herself.

When Zack sneaked up the staircase again and poked his black face out of the door there was a humorous twitching at the corners of his mouth. He gave a sidelong glance around him before venturing on deck.

"Dat sho is one big buzz on me—huh! I oughter knowed 'twarn't no overflow, 'cause 'tain't no houses and no levees; no trees ain't floatin' down—nuthin', nuthin' 'cept water. Dis is a mighty good place fer Baptists."

Zack grinned to himself and watched for Miss Stanton. Then he leaned over the rail and gave himself up to a contemplation of the sea. "Well, well, well! 'Tain't nobody seed de beat o' dat. Jes like ole Mis'sippi was runnin' up and down and sideways too—every-which-way! Ef dis levee did break it's been a mighty long time ago, an' things got kinder settled down."

Zack hung over the rail and watched the fog that swirled upon the sea; a fine mist blew from the south. A barefoot sailor, with a squeegee, scraped the water from the deck—a deck as clean as Selina's kitchen table. Zack scarcely dared to step upon it. Other sailormen were beginning to hang strips of sail cloth from the roof and lash the flapping bottoms to the rail. The deck looked like those dripping lanes of canvas that lead to the sideshow: Zack couldn't remember the time when it hadn't rained on circus day in Vicksburg. Suddenly he straightened himself and paid no more attention to the water; Miss Stanton came tripping along with a violin case under her arm. In order to shut off all allusion to overflows, Zack took first shot at the conversation:

"Missy, is you gwine to play? Oughter hear ole man Jake play dat fiddle on Sherwood Plantation—he jes naturally sets dem niggers crazy wid dancin' itch."

"No, I am not going to play; I want to be sure that my violin is not strained—the case was bent this morning."

"Yas'm; dat's de time when I kep' em from shovin' you."

Doris Stanton wore a little fur turban, so softly brown that it seemed a part of eyes and hair and suntanned face. Zack rambled along to the music room, stepped one foot inside the door and halted. The room was all of white and gold and crimson, sparkling with pendants and mirrors; the furniture was so gilt and bench-legged, the carpet so crimson, and Zack's foot sank so deep that instinctively he drew back. "Huh! Mighty few white folks oughter go in dere—an' no niggers 'tall." But nobody said a word to him. Miss Stanton had disappeared in a corner behind some kind of a gingerbread screen. Zack glanced around him cautiously, deposited his hat on the crimson carpet, passed inside the door and followed her—picking up one foot after the other like a rooster walking in deep mud.

The violin case lay open on the table; Doris was taking out a green cloth. She wiped the instrument affectionately and began to look it over in every seam and string and crevice. Zack turned his head this way and that, craned his neck and twisted his eyes in harmony with her movements. She drew her sigh in the treble and Zack drew his in the bass: "It's all right; ain't it, missy?"

"Yes," she nodded, then drew the bow ever so lightly across a string and laid it down again. "What a tone you have!" she whispered, and patted her best-beloved friend. The instrument rested against her shoulder and she caressed it with her chin; two slender fingers danced along

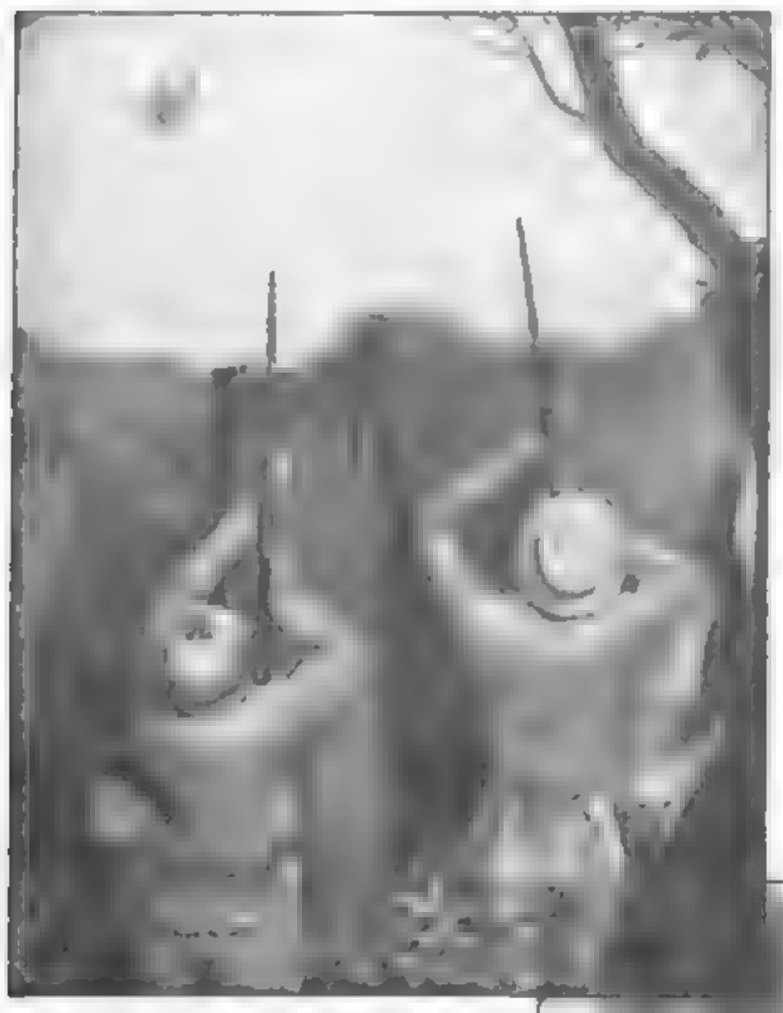
(Continued on Page 45)

"Missy, Play Ole Black Joe—Jes a Teeny Bit"

Shooting Big Game and Guides

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



Steve and I Fired Together and Instantly the Chattering Ceased

[NOTE—A glance at the pages of any of the periodicals devoted to fishing and shooting shows that even the actual bagging of the game is but secondary to writing an article about the hunting trip for one's favorite field and stream magazine upon one's return to town. The writer made his first and only trip into the woods recently and now understands the returning hunter's yearning to let folks know all about it. It's a natural vanity. When through hard experience one gets to be a crackerjack, one owes it to his fellows to tell how the thing was done.]

JUST where and how I should spend my late autumn and early winter vacation, which I was to start on as soon as the boss got back to New York from his annual hay-fever holiday, was answered for me when one day I happened across a nature book called How to Tell the Wild Flowers From the Large-Mouth Black Bass, by a Mr. Oliver Herford. Scattered through the work were attempts by the author either to be facetious or, it may be, to write down to the so-called popular intellect; but enough of the great outdoors remained in the book to cause me to decide to go into the north woods to shoot some moose, caribou, bear, venison, canvasback ducks and other wild game, and to catch some salmon, brook trout, weakfish, bass—both large and small mouth—and other fish on rainy days when the woods would be too damp to enter without one's umbrella. And, I may caution the amateur right here, hunting in the rain is folly. The thick woods tear your umbrella so badly that in a few moments it is next to useless, and the noise of the ripping silk often has a tendency to frighten off moose.

We Increase Our Knowledge of Nature

MY WIFE'S oldest brother, Steve, who was to spend his vacation with me, had suggested that we devote at least a part of our holidays to a Knights of Pythias reunion at Wilmington, Delaware. But when Steve had read the nature book he, too, was fired with the ambition to bag messes of moose, caribou, venison and the other game and fish I already have listed. My wife put her foot down on our shooting bear because of the possible danger. Steve pleaded that as he never had tasted a bear he would like to shoot at least one. My wife threatened to take our guns away from us, however, unless we promised to shoot only moose, caribou and venison among the larger animals we had selected to get. So we promised.

Fishing, as we already knew—even a layman knows—is merely a matter of casting a baited hook into the water and then drawing the fish into the boat by simply cranking the reel. Good shooting, however, requires some knowledge of how to shoot. We were fortunate in that we already had guns. A cousin of mine who lives at Patchogue, Long Island—he's in the livery business—promised to lend me his shotgun, and Steve owned a Springfield rifle belonging to the Seventh Regiment, which he had forgotten to return when he resigned from the regiment at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. With these two arms Steve, so we agreed, on alternate days could bring down grouse, woodcock and other game birds while I was securing fresh supplies of larger game each day with the rifle. Fortunately, too, directly beneath our offices in lower Broadway is a large sporting-goods shop, the manager of which we had met upon our return from a trip over the Fourth to Atlantic City. Steve's private office is directly over the sporting-goods manager's office, and as Steve had hurried out of his office to go to Atlantic City without remembering to turn off the faucet of his washstand we became acquainted with the manager because of this when we got back to town. So now Steve and I sought out the manager again, and although at first he said—rather coldly, we thought—that he could give us no hunting or fishing advice, he did recall, while Steve was buying the half-dozen rods and the assorted landing nets that a clerk showed us how to use with each rod, a number of things that would help us. We invited him to lunch with us at the Lawyers' Club to make out a list of sporting goods for us, and before the luncheon was over the manager had relieved our minds by writing out a compact list on the backs of some menu cards. Also—his name is Scozer and he comes, I think, from Dayton, Ohio—he gave me enough working rules about marksmanship to enable me to grasp at least a good theoretical knowledge of shooting long before the waiter had given Steve the check.

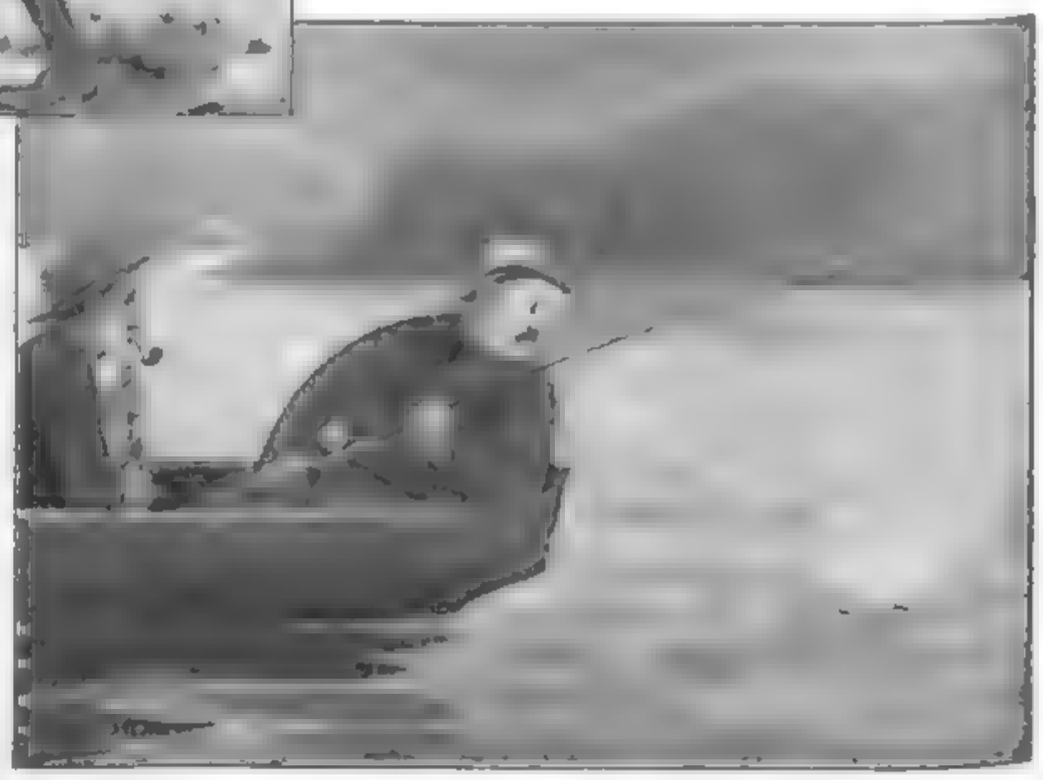
"You Wouldn't Fire on the Grand Old Stars and Stripes?"

That evening at home we had the good luck to run across a magazine article by a man named Richard Harding Davis, entitled My Camping Trips With the Czar, the Kaiser and the King, which was meaty with suggestions about everything needed in the woods, from pith helmets down to wrist watches; and we added these things to our lists of equipment. One realized after reading the article that about the only thing to do now was to enter the woods and put all this knowledge into practice.

My wife suggested, however, that on the following Sunday we might put in our last day at home profitably by studying, at the aquarium in Battery Park, the individual characteristics of the various kinds of game fish we had decided to catch—the profiles, complexions, and so on, of the fish—and then spend that afternoon picking out the different kinds of big game in the zoo from the illustrated catalogue. We convinced my wife that the trip to the aquarium would be wasted, inasmuch as it would be unnecessary for us first to stalk game fish—"stalk" is a technical term for which there is no synonym that the lay reader will understand—before catching the fish, whereas an entire Sunday could be spent profitably at the Bronx Zoo. So my wife and my married daughter—Mrs. Cale Durkin, of Upper Montclair, New Jersey—and Steve and I went up to the zoo right after church.

Getting Pointers at the Zoo

IF YOU have a good working zoo in your town, study the animals there as we did first until you know them by sight without seeking the aid of the illustrated catalogue. My wife, who did post-graduate work in pedagogy at college, first of all decided that we each should get one of the twenty-five-cent catalogues. While Steve was buying a number of them at the gate my wife explained that she now would lead the way from one animal department to another, and as we picked out the various specimens that we had decided to shoot in the woods Steve and I were to check each kind off in our illustrated catalogues for further study at home that night. My wife could find no moose department in any of the aisles of the zoo, but she selected some beautiful ermine, mink, blue fox, marten and a set of white fox, which she especially asked us to try to match in the woods for our second daughter, Bertha, who has half decided to become a trained nurse. We promised to try to do so and also to look out for a chinchilla stole and muff—I mean, of course, that in case we came across a bevy of chinchillas in the woods to bring down enough of them to make a stole and muff. Secretly I checked off a small tawny deer with white spots on its flanks—secretly so that my wife would be all the more surprised over her new automobile coat when the time should come upon our return from the woods to unpack our cases of heads and hides. And while my wife hurried two aisles to the right and one to the left to ask one of the managers whether there was a moose department in the zoo, Steve, cautioning me to silence, checked off two kinds of bears. I could see that, promise or no promise, Steve's mind was made up.



Many Fish Were Frightened Away Just as They Were About to Eat the Bait

At home that evening my wife took our catalogues away from us, so we couldn't cheat, and examined us. Steve and me she placed opposite her at the library table, where we could see the pictures of various animals in the zoo catalogue while she blotted out the printed names of the animals with her forefinger. Then Steve and I were to write down on slips of paper three guesses for each picture. Deer, it almost goes without saying, nearly always can be told because of their horns, but it's surprising how often one is mistaken in the names of other game, especially in the small fur-bearing animals that my wife wanted.

We were letter perfect by ten o'clock that night and all ready for our start on the following morning. We ran over

The Noise of the Ripping Silk Often Has a Tendency to Frighten Off Moose

the lists of things catalogued in My Camping Trips With the Czar, the Kaiser and the King magazine article, and found that we were equipped with everything needed, even down to the few books suggested in the article—Van Bibber, Gallagher and Other Stories, Soldiers of Fortune and A Year From a Correspondent's Notebook. We found that a large trunk apiece for clothing, and so forth, and a steamer trunk to hold the ammunition, were more than sufficient for our needs. This baggage we shipped ahead to Eustis, Maine, where already was waiting for us our guide, old Fred Allen, the prematurely gray old young man of the mountains, champing at his eating tobacco and ready to lead us from this last stop at the north side of civilization northward over the Buckboard Trail to the Enchanted Lake country some place beyond in the wilderness.

On a morning, then, Steve and I took a last look at our trunks piled in the corridor of the little hotel at Eustis—Fred Allen had told us the night before that it would be next to impossible for him to carry the trunks over the twenty-five miles of rough trail from Eustis to Upper Enchanted, so we left them at the hotel and started northward afoot. Fred, with a .44 strapped to his belt, placed me at the head of the line -I was carrying the shotgun on this first day—and back of me he placed Steve, who carried the Seventh Regiment gun at full cock. Fred followed about a block and a half to the rear, so that the large American flag that he held aloft as he marched would not, he explained, scare away any game we might come upon.

The flag, he further explained, he always carries whenever he's guiding so that none of his party will mistake him for a deer.

"You wouldn't fire on the grand old Stars and Stripes?" he asked us.

I reproved him for even thinking of such a thing.

"Not even if you thought it was a moose carrying the flag?" he persisted. The question seemed ridiculous, but we calmed his fears and entered the woods. And so with guns cocked we soon were swallowed in the half-light of the trail. That gloom beneath the natural Gothic arches of evergreen caused a bit of sentimental catch at the throat, a gripping such as once before I had felt while listening to several great orators one night at the end of a campaign, pleading with an audience for our nation's very life blood in the assembly room of Tammany Hall, which is on the north side of Fourteenth Street, New York, a few doors west of Third Avenue and next door to Tony Pastor's old theater. There came to me, too, a feeling of sadness as I thought of the crack of the rifle and the bang of the shotgun so soon to come, the mighty crash in the thicket, the blood-red, dying eyes of the moose, caribou, venison, and so forth, as the beautiful wild things of the woods, gazing up at us with reproach in their big eyes, rolled over and perished. *(Concluded on Page 30)*

The Best Place From Which to Send Several Bullets Crashing Through the Bear's Spine

The Progress of a Sane Young Man

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IT WAS hot in Washington on Wednesday, the second of August last—so hot you could fry an egg on the pavement at Ninth and F if so be your taste ran to fried egg *à la* asphalt; and it was even hotter than on that torrid corner in the glass-ceilinged chamber of the House of Representatives.

Only a few wilted statesmen were present at noon, and the chaplain languidly besought that they should be purified from all guile and let it go at that. It may have been there was a feeling that some of those statesmen—reposing coatless and within the zones of influence of the electric fans in the various committee rooms -should have their guile removed too; for no sooner had the chaplain concluded his thirty seconds of prayer than the absence of a quorum was suggested. The heated statesmen came pouring in from all sorts of places, shoving themselves sulkily into their coats, and answered to their names as the roll was called. Two hundred and thirty-three of them responded, each asking his neighbor: "What's up?"

It wasn't long before they all found out. After Mr. Burke, of South Dakota, had corrected the Record to show he voted in the negative on a certain proposition instead of answering "Present," Oscar W. Underwood, the Democratic floor-leader, and by the same token the majority floor-leader, was up. Also, Oscar W. Underwood was cool. Two hundred and thirty-two statesmen were moist to the point of saturation and heated to the point of liquescence; but Underwood was cool. Not a bead of perspiration gemmed his brow; not a sag was in his collar and his shirt-bosom preserved its pristine gloss.

He had a newspaper in his hand; and as he rose the gasping patriots on both sides took notice and shoved up their temperatures a degree or so by clapping vigorously.

"The gentleman from Alabama is recognized," said the Speaker, leaning forward eagerly as if he knew what was coming.

"Mr. Speaker," began Underwood calmly, evenly, dispassionately and coolly—which is most important—"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of personal privilege." The Democrats applauded some more. The Republicans grinned. It was no affair of theirs, save as a show.

He asked that the clerk read from the newspaper he held in his hand, and sent a page-boy scurrying up to the desk with it. The clerk read in that singsong manner in which all reading clerks read. It was a telegraphic dispatch from Lincoln, Nebraska, and it began: "The recent activity of Representative Underwood in defeating the attempt by Champ Clark and others to reduce the steel and iron schedule has met with the disapproval of W. J. Bryan."

The reading clerk paused here, as if to let the enormity of this sink into the parboiled perceptions of the perspiring patriots, and began again: "Today Bryan authorizes the following statement: 'The action of Chairman Underwood in opposing an immediate effort to reduce the iron and steel schedule reveals the real Underwood. Speaker Clark and other tariff reformers tried to secure the passage of a resolution instructing the Ways and Means Committee to take up other schedules, including the iron and steel schedule; but Underwood and Fitzgerald, of New York, succeeded in defeating the resolution.'"

There was more of the statement, but that is enough to show its general tenor. It charged Underwood with being tainted with protection and having an individual interest in the iron and steel business, and was a very pointed and personal assault on one big Democrat by another. After the clerk had finished reading the statement there was a moment of silence. Underwood stood looking directly at the Speaker, who still half leaned across the big desk up under the flag. Then Underwood began speaking slowly, dispassionately, evenly and gravely.

"The statements contained in that article are absolutely false!" he said. Instantly the entire Democratic side broke into a roar of applause.

"If the reflections that paper contains rested only on myself I should not take the time of this House to answer them; but the statements contained in that article are a reflection on the only body of Democracy that is in control of this Government, and as the representative leader on the floor of this House, of this majority, I should be untrue to my party if I did not rise here and stamp those utterances with the brand of falsehood!"

Underwood continued. He asserted he had asked the committee to take up the iron and steel schedule first because he comes from an iron and steel district, and appealed to his Democratic colleagues on the committee to support this statement, which they did. He said the committee had deemed it wiser to take up the woolen and the cotton schedules first because the iron and steel schedules had been cut in the Wilson, the Dingley and the Payne Bills—and wool and cotton had not been revised for many years. Mr. Kitchin, of North Carolina, corroborated what Underwood claimed; and Underwood further proved his case, explaining his connection with the iron and steel business—he is a stockholder in a company that makes pig iron—and having a telegram read from Mr. Bryan, dated April twenty-third, to Ollie James, in which Mr. Bryan asked James to convey his congratulations to Underwood.

"Mr. Speaker," said Underwood, "Mr. Bryan did not say I was protectionizing the Democratic party when I brought in the free-list bill. Not until I differed with him on the woolen schedule did he have one word of criticism so far as my conduct was concerned. . . . I had to write a woolen schedule that would protect the revenues of this Government, and because I did so and did not obey the command of the gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. Bryan, he is endeavoring to make the country believe I am not an honest Democrat in favor of an honest revenue tariff."

There was some more of the speech, but not much. It was delivered earnestly, but without heat and without an attempt at oratorical flourish. There was no frenzy of denial, no protesting of innocence, no beating about the bush. A sane young man made a sane denial—and proved his case. That was all there was to it—except one thing.

That one thing is this: When Underwood finished that statement and sat down, amid the applause of the House, the state of Alabama had a candidate for the Democratic nomination for president. Underwood didn't know it; nor was it the fact that he had assailed Mr. Bryan that made him a candidate. Assaults on Mr. Bryan are as common as Mr. Bryan's assaults on other people—and about as effective. What gave the state of Alabama a presidential candidate was this: Here was a man with the highest type of political courage—independence. Here was a man who did not attempt to palter with a situation, and a delicate one politically, but met it calmly and proved his contention. Here was a man who, as floor-leader of the House majority, was endeavoring to do what seemed best for the Democratic party and the country, and not for the benefit of any individual or the theories of any individual; and the country applauded and began to ask: "How about this chap Underwood? He seems to have stuff in him."

Of course the Bryanophobes seized upon the circumstance to laud Underwood, and equally of course the Bryaniacs would have seized on the circumstance to laud him had he praised Bryan. That isn't the point. The personal equation of it was negligible. The mere fact that Underwood rose to a question of personal privilege and denounced Bryan meant nothing in the sober thought of the people; but the independence with which he did it, the calm and convincing manner in which he made his proof, the fact that the entire majority supported him—coming as it did after an arduous session of Congress, in which this same Underwood had displayed qualities of leadership and

generalship and saneness that had caused a wakening of interest in him among the people—pushed that good opinion which had been formative to form, and naturally put Underwood in the light of being available for the Democratic nomination for president.

Hence, unless conditions change very materially before the Democratic national convention is held, Alabama, first on the rollcall, instead of yielding to some other state farther down the list when it is time to place favorite and favored sons in nomination, will send an orator to the platform in her own right and present for the consideration of the delegates the name of Oscar W. Underwood, of Birmingham, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the Sixty-second Congress and floor-leader of the Democratic majority in the House.

A great many men wise in public affairs have held that the Fathers who made the Constitution would have builded even better than they did if they had included in that document a provision that no man is eligible to the presidency in this country unless he has served a certain length of time in the legislative branch of the Government. It was urged for Mr. Taft that he was extraordinarily well qualified for the presidency because of his long experience in Governmental matters. Granting that Mr. Taft had long experience in the executive end of the Government, he was wofully deficient in knowledge of the legislative end; and this has been apparent all through his term. So with Mr. Roosevelt. The tragedy of the death of Major McKinley will hold his name high among the names of our presidents; but, considering him critically, no historian at all familiar with the facts can deny he was an expert president, a capable president, a president who could secure results, a president who knew how to deal with the Congress which makes the laws he must execute, because of his long experience and service in the House.

Underwood's Methods Like McKinley's

NOW, when you talk of a man as a receptive or an aggressive candidate for a presidential nomination you tot up his qualifications; and, no matter whether Underwood's name ever gets before the convention or not, no matter if it receives no votes save those of Alabama, the fact is he is highly qualified so far as the mechanics of the Government is concerned. He has served in the House of Representatives for seventeen years. When he took his seat, in December, 1895, he was thirty-three years old. He was placed on the Committees on Public Lands and Expenditures on Public Buildings. In the Fifty-fifth Congress he was promoted to the important Committee on Judiciary, and in the Fifty-sixth went to Ways and Means. He was on Rules and the Irrigation of Arid Lands in the Fifty-seventh Congress, on Appropriations and Irrigation of Arid Lands in the Fifty-eighth, and in the Fifty-ninth went back to Ways and Means, where he has since remained, arriving at the chairmanship in the present or Sixty-second Congress, when the Democrats gained control of the House.

In all these years he has been a quiet, systematic, steady worker—not demonstrative, not flashy, but studious and industrious; and the mere reading of the names of the committees on which he has served will show how wide his experience has been. He has touched all phases of the legislative side of the Government and mastered them. So far as the mechanics of this Government is concerned—the knowledge of how to do the things that must be done—there is no man in Congress who is the superior of Underwood. And, without laying myself open to the charge of booming Underwood, the more knowledge of the mechanics of the Government that is brought to the White House by its four-year resident the better things will be for the country at large.

Somebody asked me once if I didn't think Underwood is a good deal like McKinley in many ways. Laying aside whatever criticisms there may be of McKinley, the fact is as I have said—he was a most expert and effective president because he knew how to do things. I think the comparison fairly apt. McKinley was a Republican and a protectionist—and Underwood is a Democrat and a believer in tariff for revenue; but the two men had many traits in common. McKinley was, and Underwood is, a student of tariff economics. McKinley got his results by compromise, by conciliation, by smoothing difficulties away, by a polite consideration of the claims of others, by being willing to give and take, by suaveness and civility that masked a real determination—and so does Underwood. McKinley recognized the vast complexities of the legislative machine and knew how to harmonize difficulties that were pressing; knew how to straighten out tangles and avoid pitfalls—and so does Underwood. McKinley knew when to recede and when to advance, and when to stand stock-still in a position—and so does Underwood. When McKinley talked of the tariff, for example, he knew what he was talking about—and so does Underwood; but McKinley was, and Underwood is, tolerant of the opinions of others, and is ultimately concerned in getting what seems best for his party. I make no comparison here of the men other than a comparison of their methods. McKinley was effective—and so is Underwood. These are the reasons why.

Underwood's position when the Sixty-second Congress was called into special session by President Taft last April, for the purpose of passing reciprocity legislation, was a position of tremendous difficulties. He was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He had been second to Champ Clark on the Democratic minority of the committee in the Sixty-first Congress, in which the House had a Republican majority and passed the Payne-Aldrich tariff law; and third in the Fifty-ninth Congress, when the House was also Republican and when he was ranked on the minority side of this committee by Champ Clark and Bourke Cockran. Cockran was out of Congress when the Democrats came into control of the House and Clark was made Speaker. Without protest, Underwood succeeded to the chairmanship of the committee.

Underwood was in the House, though not on the Ways and Means Committee, when the Dingley tariff was made, and he was on the Ways and Means Committee when the Payne-Aldrich law was constructed. Though the Congress had been called into session for the specific purpose of passing reciprocity legislation, to which the Democrats were favorable, the House was Democratic mainly because of the dissatisfaction of the people with the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, the election that made the House Democratic being the first opportunity the people had to express that dissatisfaction tangibly.

The Democrats had a majority of nearly seventy. They had not had possession of the House for sixteen years. They were politically hungry and politically thirsty. They needed sustenance. They thought they had a chance to elect a president in 1912 and get full swing at all the perquisites and prerogatives of the Government; and each man of the two hundred and twenty-eight Democrats was full of schemes for making this chance a certainty. They were all anxious to revise the tariff in order to keep faith with the people, but they had many plans for revision and many shades of opinion as to how it should be revised. They felt their power and importance. They were eager, avid, enthusiastic and none too prudent.

Underwood was made leader of these men. His task was to hold them in line, to keep them together, to get them at work intelligently and cohesively—to get results. He knew that the Democratic party, if it was to have any response from the people in its demand for the election of a Democratic president in 1912, must show the people it is trustworthy and fit for confidence. He knew of the varying opinions as to what should be done with the tariff; knew of the enthusiasm and lack of judgment, the partisanship, and even the fanaticism of some of his followers; knew they had been so long outside that the attainment of the inside position might lead to excesses in legislation. He chose his lieutenants well and went at the job.

His task is not yet completed. The president vetoed the tariff bills that were formulated in the House under Underwood's direction and intrinsically his, though changed in many particulars in the Senate and in conference. There will be more tariff legislation in the House in this session. The president has demanded it and the Democrats are willing to go at it again in their own way. What Underwood must do again is to hold his party in line to meet as complex a situation as he had to meet in the extra session that ended last summer—and never forget for a minute that there is a presidential election next year that undoubtedly will be largely decided upon the tariff question.

Judging the future by the past, he will do it. It is a situation charged with dynamite. Many of his Democratic colleagues are anxious for radical action in many ways. The Congress will not adjourn until just before the first national convention is held. The record of the present House will figure largely, not only as to the individual fortunes of Underwood but also as to the fortunes of whomsoever shall be nominated by the Democrats for president and that candidate's success at the polls.

Oscar W. Underwood, Representative From Alabama. Chairman Ways and Means Committee

Underwood's Own Tariff Platform

THE tariff cannot be put in the background in the coming presidential campaign. It will hold a strong place in the fight, no matter what may be the outcome of the present session of Congress. In this situation the tariff views of Underwood, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee that will frame and present first whatever tariff legislation is to be attempted at this session, are important. This is his tariff position—in his own words:

"The urgent necessity for a revision of the present tariff laws of this country is apparent to all. In the first place, the present revenues are again running behind expenditures and are not sufficient to support the Government. In the next place, development of improved business methods and advances in the processes of manufactures due to improved machinery have made the taxes levied under the present Payne Bill and the Dingley Bill out of adjustment with the present needs of the business interests of the country.

"In many instances these taxes have prohibited importations to such an extent that they do not produce revenue and have become a direct injury to the great productive interests of the nation.

"The differences that exist between the two great parties are not upon the issue of protection against free trade; but the true issue is one that desires to write a protective tariff that leans toward prohibition of imports, and the other a revenue tariff that favors competition. Though we occasionally find a free-trader within the Democratic party, the great rank and file of the party do not favor the doctrine of free trade. There has never been a platform of a Democratic national convention since the organization of the Democratic party that has advocated free-trade theories; they have always maintained the true position of the party was in favor of a tariff for revenue only. There never has been a tariff bill enacted into law by the Democratic party that has not favored the doctrine of a tariff for revenue only as opposed to a tariff levied along free-trade lines, such as the revenue laws of Great Britain.

"The most distinctive Democratic tariff bill ever written on the statute books of the country was the Walker tariff of 1846; and, though the duties levied under that tariff did not exceed thirty per cent ad valorem, they were levied almost universally on articles imported into this country from abroad, very few importations being allowed to enter this country free of duty.

"The true distinction between the two great parties of this country, to my mind, is the difference between a prohibitive tariff bill and a competitive tariff bill. The Republican party favors a tariff that will raise some revenue to support the Government, but at the same time will prohibit as much foreign merchandise as possible from coming into the country to raise revenue at all. Though the Republican party has repeatedly declared it favors a tariff to protect the difference in cost of production at home and abroad, in fact it favors a protection of the manufacturers' profits; and the Republican party has continually fixed the rates levied at the custom house so greatly in excess of the difference in cost of production at home and abroad that in many cases the rate has become prohibitive, and no importation was allowed to enter at all. The Democratic party has always declared for a tariff for revenue only.

"It is true that any tariff taxes that are levied which allow some imports to enter the country

(Continued on Page 33)

THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"You Don't Know What it Costs; You Don't Know What They Have to Pay for It!"

XV

THOUGH Miss Covington insisted on extra rehearsals for The Wine of Life Company there was a feeling of unrest in her associates that did not escape even Una. The older actors, the girl noticed, wore veiled and troubled faces, as though they carried secrets too unpalatable to be made a matter of discussion.

Una had felt that she alone was the ill-used and unhappy member of that company. This feeling had not diminished when, after looking through the five daily papers which contained reports of the performance, she found that her name was not once mentioned. It was in the more leisured columns of a weekly called Saturday Night that she discovered a mildly eulogistic paragraph mentioning her as a newcomer and giving a brief analysis of what was described as her "comedy bit."

"This young lady," the paragraph continued, "has a keen appreciation of ironic humor. The strokes were broad, but there was sensitiveness behind them. There may have been moments of uncertainty, but the spark was there—the promise of future power. The one puzzling thing is that a young lady so beautiful as Miss Carberry could reconcile herself to a makeup so hopelessly hideous!"

This paragraph acted like wine on the girl's tired body. She read it and reread it, staring at her own name until it fell to pieces under her eyes—until its utterance came to mean nothing. She cut out the column and decided to buy a dozen more papers. Then she suddenly asked herself where they could be sent. Her first thought was of Jim Sayles; but Jim Sayles had passed beyond all memory and all care of her petty little struggles.

It came home to her, as she sat brooding-eyed above the outspread paper sheets, how friendless she actually was; how few persons in the world cared whether she failed or succeeded; how few she would have to share in her future triumphs when those triumphs were finally achieved. She felt that sometime later in life she would have more leisure for establishing the ties of affection and gratitude with those about her. As things were now, it was all worry and work and struggle to show that she was not a failure. Sometime, somewhere, there would be more of a chance for the softer and milder things of life.

Then, of a sudden, she thought of Hempel. An undefined sense of shame crept over her as she remembered him. The hurly-burly of the last two weeks had wiped him out of her consciousness. She had not even called to see him or sent him a word of explanation or farewell.

She marked the paragraph in the column which she had cut out and under it wrote: "This is my only excuse." Then she folded it and put it in an envelope, addressing it to Hempel's Twenty-third Street studio. Yet, once she had parted with the clipping, she felt that she had parted with some pillar of moral support. This feeling of deprivation eventually drove her to buy another copy of the paper. In it, from time to time, she kept reading the paragraph which spoke of "the promise of the future" and of "the spark" being there. She went over it again and again, until the words seemed to wear out like the pages of a club-room paper too often rend. They deliquesced into a mere jangle of sound. Yet, even in that jangle, she could detect a vague and dreamy undertone of music.

It was that same afternoon she met Steger, not fifty yards from the theater door.

"Why so blithe, little one?" he asked with his heavy yet not unkindly smile.

"It's good to be working," she said, unconsciously repeating a phrase she had heard fall from the lips of an older actress the night before.

Steger stood looking down at her with his habitual half-studious, half-admiring stare. It was a mannerism to which she had become reconciled. It no longer touched her into a vague and inarticulate uneasiness.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked her.

"What is it?" she said, her apprehension aleap at the unusual solemnity of his round and wrinkled face.

"You dig out Weinert and draw what you can from him," Steger advised; "for, between you and me, this company's goin' to close on Saturday!"

Una, as her own place and her own performance became more fixed, had begun to feel that the play would pull through; that the ill luck of an untoward first night was already being forgotten. Of the goodness or badness of the play as a whole she had no means of judging. All possibility of perspective had long since departed. She could not see the forest for the trees.

The very fact that she was so submerged in it, that she had become so intimately a part of it, filled her with a quick sense of injustice at the thought of some power above and beyond its originators being able to stop it.

"Closed!—for good?" she cried, incredulous. It had taken so much labor to get it under way, it had been so bulky and unwieldy to start into motion, that she felt its sheer momentum should carry it on, crushing through every puny accident and obstacle.

"Weinert's goin' to step from under," Steger confessed to her. "Covington thinks she can carry it on. But she's not strong enough. Of course you'll get your fare back to New York; but you deserve more than those other people out of this. You just go to Weinert and tell him you've got to have money! Tip him off to what you know—but don't ever say I put you wise. He'll weaken all right. He'll have to! And, say, don't let the old boy crab those two gowns o' yours! Get 'em into your trunk! Your money paid for 'em and they're yours!"

So Una, fortified with the indignation of the basely deceived, sought out Weinert, who astutely and vigorously denied that the company was going to close. He threw up his hands at Una's demand, drew her aside and haggled for time; and, realizing that equivocation was out of the question, finally compromised on one week's salary.

One-half of this sum Una took back to Steger. A dull color spread over his face as she handed him three five-dollar bills folded together.

"What's this for?" he said, unfolding them and holding them fanwise between his fingers.

"You paid my fare to New York," Una answered without a tremor. "That's what I still owed you."

He held the money out to her. His stare was almost an angry one.

"What's the good o' goin' back to that?" he demanded. "I don't want this money and I won't take it!"

"You've got to take it!"

Something about the impersonal firmness on her face made him waver.

"Why, you'll hit New York on Sunday with about six dollars to the good!" he protested.

"I'll get along," she announced with her quiet and sober smile.

Steger looked down at her with an answering sobriety.

"I'm no archangel," he solemnly averred; "but, say, I'd give a good deal to make good with you!"

"You have!" answered Una, moved by that declaration into an attitude of letting bygones be bygones.

Steger saw the softer light come into the lucid hazel eyes. She stood before him, beleaguerингly alim and girlish, strangely unlike the women with whom he had lived and worked and idled. There was, in that moment of passing mildness, something bewilderingly soft and melting about her.

Over his face spread that same veiled hunger which she had once seen in Hempel's eyes.

"I don't suppose you could ever think o' marryin' me?" he said with a laugh that was quite without mirth.

She shook her head slowly from side to side.

"I—I could make it a blamed sight easier for you," he explained hesitatingly. "There'd be things I could throw your way."

She was still shaking her head as she looked ponderingly up into his many-wrinkled and puffy eyes. Her calmness seemed to help him to a readjustment of his own feelings.

"Well, I don't blame you," he announced with humorous self-abasement. "And I'll bet it's single harness for yours this next five or six years!"

Una pondered repeatedly over that last prophetic statement of Steger's from time to time; and the more she thought over it the more restive-minded and perplexed it seemed to leave her.

XVI

UNA'S return to New York, ignominious as it was in many features, was not without its consolations. She came back with a new born confidence in herself. She felt older and more experienced. There was no longer a touch of timidity to the level gaze of the deep and wide-set hazel eyes. She had passed through her baptism of fire.

Nothing could now rob her of the claim that she was at last a "professional." She went back to Broadway like a soldier going home from active service, outwardly worn and shabby, but inwardly proud and happy.

One of her first tasks was to order a hundred professional cards. These she had printed in imitation English script on bulky pasteboard at a cost of fifty cents. She waited in the little shop off Broadway while they were run through a small motor press, surveying the result with much satisfaction. Her card read:

Miss Una Carberry

With
The Wine of Life Company

She suffered a momentary qualm of conscience at the thought that The Wine of Life Company was no longer in existence; but in a case of shipwreck such as this, she finally assured herself, she was justified in catching at anything that offered support. And she stowed the cards away with a satisfaction not unlike that of a slave who is at last the possessor of his papers of emancipation.

Then began again the wearying rounds of the offices and the agencies. She was more experienced by this time; more adroit in her manner of approach; more assured in her method of address. The result of this was a more businesslike directness on the part of the men to whom she applied for work; a more active interest in what she was able or willing to do; a more apparent willingness to take down her name and address. She was told again and again that the season was late; the year was proving an unprofitable one; there was no part open that would quite suit the ingénue of The Wine of Life Company.

Before the end of the first week she was compelled to sell her two stage gowns, still as good as new, to a Sixth Avenue dealer, at a calamitously low price. The following week she had to turn to her list of artists' addresses and go about seeking work as a model. She thought of Hempel many times during that week, but some vague shame kept her from going to his studio. She wished to avoid explaining, she kept telling herself, the failure of the production in which she had figured. Yet she knew at heart that her reluctance to meet Hempel lay on more personal grounds.

Twice during the next month she secured "extra" work in city performances. This brought her eight dollars a week. Averse as she was to appearing *en masse* and speaking lines only as one of a mob, she was alert and conscientious in going through her foreordained movements and speeches, and in the second production was openly proclaimed by her stage manager as a good "worker."

She was by this time quite fixed in her determination to adhere to "the legitimate." She could never willingly forsake drama for musical comedy. She had heard and seen enough of that branch of theatrical work denominated "musical" to realize the gulf that separated the two. Drama, she knew, was more respectable. It had not that Dionysian taint which seemed to attach itself to its lyric derivative, with its "show" women and dancers and pony ballets and chorus girls. She was virginal by instinct. Her abhorrence for the unsavory side of Bohemianism was innate. She met with an occasional affront and an occasional temptation from time to time, for she was too young and too attractive to pass unnoticed in a world where physical appeal was the primary asset; but these she both ignored and evaded. She was too set in her purpose, too preoccupied on her remote yet ever-alluring ends, to be greatly troubled in spirit by the casual uncleanness of the road over which she was hurrying.

Steger sent for her at the beginning of the New Year and jubilantly announced that he had "copped" a great part for her.

"It's a 'medium' in The Airship Girls," he explained, "and it's good for thirty a week. You'll do a month of one-week stands; then Chicago till the end o' the spring. Then we're boiling it down to bring to New York for a roof production. That'll keep you goin' all summer long—and a chance to show these Broadway sheep what you're good for!"

Una shook her head. "I can't take it," she announced.

Steger seemed nonplused.

"But it's good for a straight six months—and thirty a week right through!"

"It was kind of you to think of me," was Una's answer. "But I can't take it!"

Steger groaned audibly. He repeated her phrase, "to think of me," with an expression of disgust on his face.

"Why, I've been pullin' wires for three weeks to get you that part," he grimly confessed. He was less flippant of manner than of old, and there was something that amounted almost to hunger on his flabby-cheeked face as he sat studying the girl in front of him.

"I'm sorry," was all she could say. She realized, as she stared back at him, how ameliorating were the influences of purely business relationships. She had been able to condone much in him as an active agent in The Wine of Life Company. Now that their lives had nothing in common, she was keenly alive to the grossness of the body before her, to the significance of the flabby-lidded eyes.

"Say," he said out of the silence that hung heavy between them, "what's the matter with you havin' dinner with me tonight?"

Again Una shook her head.

"I'm sorry; but I can't!"

"Then tomorrow night?" he demanded as if it were an issue he had determined to settle one way or the other.

She could afford to smile at him with her slow and wistful smile. This smile had the trick of sobering rather than lightening up her face. It seemed to touch her youth with a melancholy and autumnal pensiveness. There was a forlornness in its beauty; it was like late October sunlight on misty wheatlands. It stabbed through the blinking Steger with the poignancy of possession denied. And it might have been his once, he remembered, if he had only played his cards differently!

It Came Home to Her How Few Persons in the World Cared Whether She Failed or Succeeded

"You can't imagine," the girl was saying, "how busy this looking for parts keeps me!"

"A part isn't the only thing in the world!" ventured Steger out of a ponderous bitterness.

"It is for me," said the girl with her forlorn little ripple of a laugh as she rose to her feet. And in her final smile and bow, as she turned to go, there was something wordlessly valedictory; something which made even the stolid and self-satisfied Steger realize how far apart their two worlds lay.

"Well, good luck to you!" he called out after her almost blithely, with the abandonment of enforced relinquishment; for he felt at heart that their circles of activity would never again come together. And no road other than their work, he knew, could ever unite them.

It was, oddly enough, the same representative who had sat beside Steger on the opening night of The Wine of Life who early the next month somewhat startled Una with a request to come to his office.

When Una in due time appeared before him—there was no wait this time in the outer office—he shook hands with her, swung a chair about on its heel, told her to sit down, and began talking to her as though Una Carberry and her career were the subject of his daily meditations.

"By-the-way, are you engaged?" he finally and offhandedly inquired. She had found out, in the office below, that his name was Uhlmann.

"I'm considering an offer for musical comedy," was Una's equally offhand reply, but her heart was going like a pneumatic riveter.

"You're thinking of musical comedy?" And Uhlmann's surprise was exaggerated for his own personal ends. She was thinking, as he spoke, of her wasted labors with poor Jim Sayles, of the nights of drill in chorus work, of the dancing steps so slowly learned.

"Why shouldn't I?" temporized the girl.

"Because you're cut out for the other kind! I have said that ever since I saw you doing that crying act up in Toronto!"

Una waited a little guiltily until he went on again.

"And I've got the greatest little part for you that ever happened. We're working over an English comedy called Lady Wantage's Release, making it American and calling it The Sleepwalker. There's a part in that—no bit, remember!—the part of a slavey who's held down and imposed on and overridden and abused until every ounce of spirit in her seems broken. She cries and whimpers through a whole act and a half. Then, all of a sudden, the worm turns—turns! Do you get that? D'you get the drama of it? She has her big crying spell; then, out of a clear sky, she lets out at 'em. She gives 'em a flood of billingsgate that makes their back hair stand on end. Oh, it's great—great!"

"And you wanted me for that part?" Una inquired without enthusiasm.

"My dear girl, that part was made for you. I've been nursing it and hiding it away for you for the last six weeks. You can make up thin and you can make up young. And you can cry—you've proved that! It'll bring you on Broadway in four weeks' time. It'll make you!"

Una, as she sat there fusilladed by his factitious enthusiasm, was thinking that all life's triumphs come with a tinge of disappointment—that so many victories in some way seem involved with a secret defeat.

"Er—there's just one drawback," Uhlmann was explaining. "The cost of this production is something fierce. It's keeping us tied down in the matter of salary list. We can't do what we want to, especially this spring."

He had been fussing with a pile of papers on the table before him. He suddenly wheeled about in his chair and shot the question at her: "Miss Carberry, what would you play this part for?"

Una thought the matter over. There was no show of either haste or excitement in her voice as she answered him.

"For fifty dollars a week," she said, "with gowns supplied."

His gesture of mingled surprise and incredulity was of the essence of that profession for which he so sedulously labored.

"Fifty dollars!" he cried. "Why, in an off season like this I can get ex-stars for a figure like that!"

"But they wouldn't be young," retorted Una with her slow and pensive smile. "And very few of them would be thin."

"I could get twenty women inside this office in an hour who'd snap up this part for less than that figure—women with Broadway reputations."

"The figure seems a rather low one to me," was Una's retort. "And, as I say, I've had this other offer."

"Are they paying you fifty dollars a week?" challenged Uhlmann.

"I'd refuse to play with them for less," was the girl's quiet-toned answer.

Uhlmann essayed a gesture of impatience.

"Look here—let's get down to business! I'll give you forty a week, supply gowns and draw up a contract in ten minutes' time!"

Una was firm. There was no wave of intoxication to bewilder her judgment. She could afford to be definitive. It was not the sort of part she wanted. It was not the character of stagework she had hungered for. But she was almost at the end of her rope—and beggars, she acknowledged, could not always be choosers.

Uhlmann's practiced eye saw that argument was useless.

"All right then," he conceded—"fifty dollars!" And his right hand went out to a contract blank, on which he began scrawling heavily inked lines.

"And gowns," added Una.

"And gowns," he echoed as he continued to write.

"When do rehearsals begin?" Una casually inquired. She wondered why the fire, the rapture, had gone out of it all. It seemed a matter of mere business, of exactions and counter-exactions.

"Monday, at ten," Uhlmann answered as he stood up and made room for her at the table. "Sign here! And here, please!"

She took the pen in her hand, studied the written additions he had made to the printed form, pondered over them for a moment or two, and signed her name without a tremor.

"We expect great things of you, Miss Carberry," said Uhlmann as he blotted the signatures.

"I'll do my best," answered the girl a little absently. She was, in fact, wondering why she could be so listless and diffident. Was it, she asked herself, that she was growing older—that she was already old, if not in actual years, at least in spirit—in something more tragic than mere time itself?

"Monday, at ten," repeated the curt and businesslike voice of Uhlmann as his finger touched the electric button on the side of his desk.

XVII

FROM the first hour of its first rehearsal Una had small love for her part in The Sleepwalker. She was still too much a novice to have any definite idea of its dramatic possibilities. She still had the beginner's passion for something that was "sympathetic."

When she heard her fellow actors designating her rôle as a "Rube part" she even grew to abhor it—to abhor it as only a young woman keenly alive to personal ridicule can despise that which leaves her the butt of ceaseless laughter.

"I Don't Want This Money and I Won't Take It!"

Yet this very abhorrence and the listlessness in which it resulted only seemed to add to the effectiveness of her interpretation. The part, it is true, came to her already fixed in character, thanks to its earlier success on the London stage. There were no exacting demands for originality. But her sense of mimicry was strong; she soon learned to reproduce the attitudes and the antics of an English stage manager who knew what he wanted done and just how it was to be done. Her memory, too, was good and she was scrupulously attentive to details. There was a certain acidulated pleasure, as the actors became letter perfect and the play rounded out into shape, in hearing the titters and guffaws of her companions as she rehearsed her scenes. She went through these scenes with a vague sense of shame and the thought that she was clowning for the mere sake of fifty dollars a week.

The Sleepwalker's six days on the road were little more than a week of dress rehearsals. It was a week of ceaseless toil and contention, of revisions and counter-revisions, under the ever-argumentative scrutiny of the firm-heads and the play-doctors from New York, with alterations and additions and subtractions enough to bewilder the oldest actor in the cast. Una noticed that her part, on the whole, showed a tendency to expand. She became very tired and nervous toward the end of the week, and even had a few sharp words with the English stage manager as to the reading of one of her lines. It was the smiling and placative Uhlmann who brushed aside the quarrel with a whispered word or two in the manager's ear—but Una adhered to her reading. Uhlmann came to her later and praised her work. He said it was not the sort of thing to go well on the road -it was especially meant for the metropolitan audience. Misinterpreting the cause of her depressed spirits, he tried to cheer her up by wise shakes of the head and cryptic warnings to watch out for what she was going to do to New York.

Weary as Una was in mind and body that opening night of The Sleepwalker on Broadway, she could not escape the infection of febrile excitement that had already crept through the company. She felt, as she heard the preluding orchestra through the drop, the same impulse to key up, to give out in one supreme effort everything she could - to strain every nerve to crown her work with sincerity. Yet, as she made her entrance, with her smudged face and her tightly braided pigtails, studiously toeing in as she carried her great pile of crockery plates, the roar of derisive laughter that came from the audience sent a wave of bewildering nausea through her spare young body. So complete was her surprise she dropped the plates—and this untimely accident gave rise to so prompt and so prolonged a roar of laughter from an uncomprehending audience that a discreet management thereafter nightly supplied Una with two dollars' worth of crockery to meet the same fate.

All she knew at the time, however, was that they were laughing -and laughing at her. She was the object of their derision. It filled her proud spirit with a wayward and petulant anger. It made her sullenness something more than mere pretense. It added to the comicality of that most hated of parts.

She was given a "hand" as she stumbled off; and somebody in the darkness of a wing-shadow said: "Great, kid!" But her misery was immeasurable because it was inexpressible.

Her third-act scene, the sudden explosion of anger at those above her, was merely a matter of dynamics. It was merely a matter of husbanding her voice and energy until the right moment. It was easy to do, because it carried itself along. She had mastered the scene at the end of one week's rehearsals. And she abhorred it less than the other scenes, because in it she felt she could be sincere. She felt that she could give it a touch of dignity. She had persuaded herself that even insolence, enacted with sufficient passion, could be translated into something not unlike tragedy.

In that third-act scene, accordingly, she let explode all her pent-up emotion, all her smoldering indignation, all the passion of a frustrated great desire.

The audience, held breathless for a moment, watched the ecstatic anger of that grotesquely impassioned figure. Then again, louder than before, came the inundating tidal wave of laughter. It rose and receded and rose again; it reawakened in remote and weak-sided ripples; it interrupted speeches and embarrassed the actors. One woman in the balcony became hysterical and had to be helped out of her seat. An extremely stout man in the second row of the orchestra gurgled and choked and rocked whenever Una began to speak a line. Why or how it was, she could not understand. All she knew was that she was the butt of their derision, the target of their foolish and vapid laughing. They applauded and shouted for her at the end of the scene. An effort was made to go on with the action; but the audience would have none of it. Una had to be pushed bodily on the stage by the indignant Uhlmann. There she stood blinking up at her mockers, with scarcely a head-nod of thanks, as desolate in spirit as a Christian martyr in the pit of the Colosseum. And a critic on the following day spoke of Miss Carberry's adherence to the fidelity of her rôle, even in taking her curtain calls.

That next day also brought the verdict that The Sleepwalker was to be the laughing hit of Broadway. Una's part was revamped and rehearsed, her characterization was studiously broadened, and the play settled down for an all-summer run. Una found herself interviewed by a dramatic-column writer or two, and from the voluminous pages of the Sunday papers she occasionally saw her own face staring out at her. She also found herself the heroine of various exploits and the theme of various paragraphs at the hands of an industrious and imaginative press agent; but she continued to go through her work with the mirthless regularity of a captive in a treadmill.

She consoled herself with the memory that she was at last able to save money. She was rigorous in her self-denials, saving wherever it was possible. Every cent was counted; every unnecessary expense was curtailed. She had learned too well the misery of being without money; she was determined to feather her nest while the chance was there.

Then, when she had saved four hundred dollars, she startled the rest of the company and took the breath out of Uhlmann and his associates by handing in her two weeks' notice. They expostulated in vain. They implored without result. They offered an increase in salary, a two-year contract for the part, with a guaranty of forty weeks a year; but it was all useless. She hated the rôle and she intended to give it up. And to this decision she clung with the blind obduracy of youth.

As soon as she was free she began looking about for a new part. The Independents, outraged at her abandonment of an assured success, branded her as unreliable and carried their punitive measures to the point of denying her an audience. The Syndicate, viewing her as an Independent follower, found nothing to offer her.

Yet she was not discouraged. She discovered new producing offices. She ferreted out new agencies. She told herself she could afford to wait. She felt that somewhere in that calling, with all its multifarious activities, there must be a corner for her.

She lived frugally, convinced of the fact that in due time her chance would come. She even became a little listless in her rounds—a little less exigent in her chasing up of accidentally discovered clues—a little more impatient of the long waits and the overtalkative habitués of unventilated anterooms.

As winter wore into spring she began to wonder what the country was like. She caught herself sighing more than once for a sight of green fields and cool streams; for the smell of the lilac blossoms that used to blow across the line-fences of Chamboro in the early spring dusk. She thought once or twice of taking an excursion into the country; but she decided in the end that it would be better to save her money. She would need clothes, she warned herself; the betraying bald light of the sun-bathed streets made her ashamed of her older and shoddier dresses. Yet each addition to her wardrobe was duly weighed and pondered over. Every cent was counted. Her one idea was not to drift into that improvidence characteristic of the play-actors among whom she lived.

Once, when loneliness weighed heavily on her, she was driven to thoughts of Hempel. Over her memory of those earlier weeks when she was posing for him crept a tinge of regret, as though they held something to be envied. This feeling of regret, as the spring days lengthened, became an actual pain. She finally summoned up sufficient courage to climb the stairs to Hempel's studio.

A feeling of relaxed will crept through her as she made her way slowly and timorously up those familiar steps. She longed for an establishment of the old relationship. She even felt that if Hempel would be kind to her she could be doubly gracious to him. She thought of the homelike little room next to the studio, of Hempel's simple and happy life up there above the chimney-pots. She felt that if he would say again what he had once said she would be unable to answer as she had once answered him.

Her heart was fluttering as she knocked on the door of the studio. She heard Hempel's voice, and a moment later a pale and mouse-like young girl opened the door. This girl wore a model's costume—an old-fashioned brocaded gown with huge panniers.

Una, as she stepped into the studio, said she was sorry to interrupt a sitting. The artist rose from his chair and shook hands with her. It was not an interruption; they were both glad of a rest.

Some nameless constraint in his manner made Una's heart sink. He had seen her in The Sleepwalker, he confessed; it had struck him as very clever. And he had read of her success. He showed her a few of his newer pictures and the printed proofs of some earlier drawings for which she herself had posed.

Una, as she gazed about the studio, noticed that he had already rented the second room. The door into it stood open, draped with a green velours curtain. She noticed with a pang that the mouselike model in the panniers was quietly lighting the gas stove behind the panel-screen with the gold storks. On the wall she noticed also a pastel of herself that Hempel had done months before.

"I wonder if you'd let me buy that from you?" she asked. And a second pang swept through her as Hempel drew out the thumbtacks that held it in place and handed it to her.

He refused to sell it; it would be an honor if she would accept it from him. She found it hard to talk to him. He seemed more silent, more self-contained.

"I mustn't keep you from your work!" she said at last after a brief yet pregnant silence which he seemed unable to break.

He followed her through the door as she passed out.

(Continued on Page 40)

She Had a Few Sharp Words With the Stage Manager as to the Reading of One of Her Lines

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 30, 1911

The Year's Business

IN HIS annual report the Secretary of Agriculture says: "The climatic conditions of the early part of the growing season of 1911 were adverse to agriculture throughout the country east of the Rocky Mountains in a degree that exceeds all records. . . . This combination of drought and heat was the severest test to which the crops of the immense area covered have been subjected during the many years covered by records."

Nevertheless we produced four and a half billion bushels of cereals, which is under the preceding five-year average by less than four per cent—and a record crop of cotton. For all big crops except cotton the price is higher than a year ago, and the total farm value of the crops was five and a half billion dollars, or slightly more than it was in 1910.

The value of all agricultural products was nearly eight and a half billions, or only three per cent less than in the year before. Our corn crop alone was worth almost as much as the total agricultural production of Italy and Japan combined.

Turn now from agriculture to business as a whole. Undoubtedly business was disturbed and depressed by the Sherman Law, especially in the latter part of the year. Like the summer's heat and drought, that law was a severe test; but as a matter of fact we went right on making, distributing and selling things on virtually as great a scale as ever and at about as good prices as ever. All the statistics show this. The law induced a bad spell of untoward financial conditions; but the country is an infinitely long way from being "broke."

The Court of Commerce

WE HOPE Senator Poindexter's bill to abolish the newly created Court of Commerce will receive early and favorable consideration. Introducing the bill, the Senator said: "With one or two exceptions, the commerce court, in every important case where the petition was filed by a railroad, has enjoined the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission. . . . The Spokane case was carefully considered by the commission for years. Conclusions were tested by application to actual business before ordered into effect. And yet the raw commerce court, without special experience, on a brief hearing, enjoins this carefully considered and thoroughly tested order."

Suppose you were building a dam and had employed a competent civil engineer; but your lawyer insisted that all the engineer's orders must be subject to review by him. In the course of some years, if the engineer were sufficiently patient in explaining the import of his various orders the lawyer would understand all the problems involved in the construction of the dam; in short, he would become nearly as expert as the engineer himself.

However, while the lawyer was acquiring this expert knowledge you wouldn't be apt to make much progress with the dam.

That is about the situation created by the new commerce court. The Interstate Commerce Commission, by years of investigation, has become familiar with the problems of transportation. The commerce court act simply makes this expert body subject to a body that does not know so much about transportation. That the general effect of the court will be to paralyze the Commission—at least until such time as the court itself becomes expert in transportation—seems most likely. This new court illustrates Mr. Taft's passion for turning over as much as possible of the Government to the learned but extremely dilatory hand of the judge.

There is no question here of denying the railroads a right of appeal to the courts. That right they always have had and always will have.

A New Tail for the Ticket

SOME six or seven million Republican voters, we imagine, will be mildly excited and more or less disappointed by the unofficial statement that Vice-President Sherman will not stand for renomination.

Broadly speaking, they had not heard of Mr. Sherman before half a dozen gentlemen, in convention assembled, selected him as their vice-standard-bearer, with reversionary rights to the chieftainship of the party and the nation. They will be mildly excited with wonder as to whom Mr. Penrose, Mr. Lodge and a few others will select next summer to receive their homage and their votes.

Mr. Sherman proved an excellent candidate—that is, his residence, while not offensively costly, was sufficiently imposing to form a fine background for the family-group pictures which the newspapers published during the campaign, while the sobriquet of Sunny Jim, which the press agents at once invented for him, had a finely optimistic and democratic sound. Six or seven million Republican voters, having at last got their subchieftain definitely outlined in their minds so they can recall at will his full name, his nickname, the state he comes from and one or two of his best stories, will be more or less disappointed at the prospect of having to get some other assistant standard-bearer fixed in their minds between the end of June and the first of November. It would be a graceful concession if Mr. Penrose, Mr. Lodge and their colleagues of the inner circle would nominate for vice-president some man with whom voters were already acquainted.

On the other hand, tradition fairly compels them to make this concession to voters in respect of the man whom they nominate for president—and one shouldn't ask too much of them.

A Census of Millionaires

HUMBLE citizens of Prussia are much handicapped in their right to vote, but they have one important joy that is denied us—the income tax is applied there with the same inexorable iron-fistedness that characterizes all other activities of the government; and Herr Rudolph Martin has analyzed the tax returns with that inexhaustible patience that distinguishes German research. Thus he is able to publish a census of Prussian millionaires that is generally accepted as substantially correct; and when a Prussian citizen wishes to decry swollen fortunes or denounce malefactors of great wealth he can turn to Herr Martin's report and state exactly how swollen the fortune is—instead of having to rely upon the absurdly inaccurate newspaper guesses that constitute our only statistics on the subject.

The richest person in the kingdom, then, is Frau Krupp, whose fortune amounts to forty-six million five hundred thousand dollars. Second comes Prince Guido Henckel von Donnersmarck, with forty-four millions and some odd thousands. Prince Hohenlohe-Oehringen, with thirty-seven-odd millions, is third; and a Rothschild, with twenty-six millions, is fourth. Prince Pless, with twenty-one million dollars, is fifth—and so the list trails off until it comes to mere literal millionaires in terms of dollars. Herr Martin finds only eight thousand three hundred Prussian millionaires all told; but by millionaire he means the possessor of a million marks, which roughly is only two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is a pitiful showing when compared with the lists of multimillionaires in dollars our newspapers print; but fact usually makes a pitiful showing when compared with unbounded fancy.

A Catechism for Promoters

QUITE a library of handsomely printed pamphlets offering stock in new life and fire insurance companies is in circulation in the United States. Very likely you have received one or more invitations to subscribe upon more or less tempting terms; and the pamphlet may be adorned with the names of some respectable persons who are to act as trustees or directors of the new venture.

The first question to be answered is whether the new company is primarily a bona-fide insurance proposition or merely a professional stock-selling promoter's proposition. Before you subscribe, write to the persons offering the stock and inquire whether anywhere from twenty to forty per cent of the money you pay in to form the capital of the new company isn't going to be retained by the promoters as their commission for placing the stock. If you can't get a candid and satisfactory answer to that question don't subscribe.

And this, by-the-way, is an excellent rule as to any stock whatever for which you may be invited to subscribe.

The Unhappy New Year

NEW YEAR'S DAY, broadly speaking, is the least happy of dates for labor because it begins the season when unemployment is greatest. Most wage statistics are based upon the average number of hands employed during the year and the total amount of the payrolls; but this is far from giving an accurate account of the state of wage-earners. A recent census bulletin, to illustrate, covers industries that employed an average of six million six hundred thousand hands in 1909; but in November these industries employed a little over seven million hands, while in January they employed only six million two hundred thousand, in round numbers. Eight hundred thousand hands that were employed in the fall were idle in midwinter or employed in some field outside the census survey. This rule obtains in a great number of big industries. In working lumber and timber, for example, seven hundred and thirty-nine thousand hands were engaged in November; only six hundred and forty-nine thousand in January. In foundry and machine shops the number of hands dropped from nearly six hundred thousand in December to less than five hundred thousand in January. Then there are the seasonal trades, like canning and preserving, which employ over a hundred and fifty thousand in the fall and under twenty thousand in midwinter. There is also a tremendous variation from a year of good times to a year of hard times. Taking all wage labor, probably a steady job is its best boon; and whatever tends to make finally for industrial instability is its worst foe.

Shaking Down the Children

STEALING candy from children, like bank-robbery, is, by comparison with some other things, high-class, honorable occupation, because both candy and banks are more or less luxuries. No one indulges in either until his primary wants are satisfied. Likewise the graft that is most complained of affects only taxpayers, stockholders, shippers and other possessors of property who remain, in fact, quite comfortably off despite the graft. We get closer to hard-pan in the following extracts from a report in The Survey on cranberry picking in New Jersey:

"Upon seventeen of the bogs visited, where a careful count was made, thirty-two per cent of the pickers were under fourteen, eighteen per cent were under ten, and on some bogs children under five were seen working. These children are encouraged, when they are not compelled, by both the padrone and the parents to keep at work throughout the day. . . . The picking is done almost entirely by Italians, who are recruited by padrones. The padrones charge them varying amounts for the privilege of a job and get a rake-off on transportation. In some cases padrones receive a commission on each bushel of berries picked. They are usually given the commissary privileges as well. The padrone always prefers to engage large families with many children. . . . The worst evils are in the camps, where the children live from five to seven weeks. The surroundings are often unspeakable; congestion outslums the city."

If there is a toddling infant or a decrepit graybeard anywhere who can be made to earn a penny there is usually some grafter at hand ready to prey upon the wage.

Forbidding Failure by Law

A STAID British economist, writing in the London Bankers' Magazine, inquires whether a man should be permitted to go on trading or practicing a profession unsuccessfully until his resources are completely exhausted and he is a confessed bankrupt. Usually, the writer argues, a man who is not succeeding will stick to the losing venture as long as he can raise a shilling—in the end bringing loss to those who trusted him and sometimes dishonor to himself. Reports of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy show that British creditors have lost four hundred million dollars in ten years through bankrupt estates.

To prevent complete insolvency, the writer proposes some rather complicated and dubious machinery, involving official yearly audits of a great many persons' accounts, "with power in some constituted authority to stop the trading or practice" when it appears plainly to be running into insolvency.

This obviously would involve quite an army of official auditors and grave responsibility on the part of the constituted authority. Broadly speaking, nobody would become completely bankrupt if he were not ashamed to confess that he was not succeeding. He could always pull out, with his debts paid and with a stake of money or credit for a new venture, if he could bring himself to acknowledge—in time—that the present venture was failing. Utter failure is the direct result of a fear of failure.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Doctor at Marysville

THERE was mischief afoot in Galesburg, Illinois—dark deeds were brewing. It is not too much to say there was blood on the face of the moon! A heinous atrocity was contemplated, a crime that staggered humanity—at least that staggered a portion of the humanity resident in Galesburg at Knox College.

The plot: Five young men had insurged from a frat. They had protested against a certain procedure that had occurred in the dark recesses of the frat house; and had bolted, walked out and declared for representative government in frats—or for the recall, or something.

The fraternity had decided to give a dance. Naturally, as the five insurgents had bolted they were not in the secret of the date for the dance; and when they did find out they discovered simultaneously the details of the horrible crime that was in the offing. Holding the date of the dance inviolate, five members of the frat had visited the five girls to whom the insurgents were partial and had dated them up for the dance. The other frat members had dated up all the rest of the good-lookers. The five insurgents couldn't go to the dance, and their girls were going with other fellows. There is a situation calculated to give a Sophomore pause! There is the horrendous circumstance laid bare!

What to do? The girls were approached diplomatically and reproached angrily; but they refused to give up the dance, especially as there was nothing else but insurgent company in sight for that evening, which they could have at any time. Baffled, the five insurgents, led by a towheaded one—whose name, Oscar Lanstrum, showed why he was towheaded—retired for counterplot.

"Revenge!" declaimed Lanstrum.

"Sure thing," assented the others—"but how?"

"Come with me!" ordered Lanstrum; and when they had finished coming they were in Chicago. Stanley, the African explorer, was lecturing in this country. He was in Chicago too. The five insurgents went down to Major Pond's private car and told him the story. They wanted Stanley to lecture in Galesburg on the night of the dance. The major made the engagement. Then Stanley came back, invited the boys to dinner and told them stories of his African experiences until their eyes bugged out.

There was no dance in Galesburg that night. Even the Greek-letter boys could not hold out against the counter-attraction—and the five girls went to the lecture with the five insurgents. The major came to settle up. Then he learned the youth was the sole promoter of the enterprise.

Major Pond's Prophecy

"YOUNG man," said the major to the towhead, "you have a wonderful future. You will rise to a high place or you will go to hell!"

Ten or fifteen years later Major Pond was traveling through Montana. The train broke down at Silver, from which place the stage runs to Marysville. The sun was baking the dreary and desolate stretch of sagebrush. Pond was introduced to a man who sat behind him on the train.

"Lanstrum?" asked the major. "Did I understand your name to be Lanstrum? And did you go to Knox College?"

"I did."

"Well, young man," continued the major, "I predicted that you would rise to eminence or go to hell." Then he looked at the burning landscape. "You have reached the latter place!" he said.

However, that was years after Lanstrum had finished college and had begun the study of medicine in Chicago. He had managed to get by with enough marks to secure him a degree from Knox, but he decided he would see what there was in the stunt of being a grind. So he ground. At the end of the year a kindly professor patted him on the back and gave him one hundred dollars in gold for being first-honor man. One hundred in gold had its allurements for Lanstrum, and he looked into the matter. He found there was a hundred each year waiting to be picked from the work tree—and he picked it each year he was there; and when he was graduated he took five hundred dollars extra as the grand prize for having a record of high marks never equaled in his school before or since.

He practiced medicine for a year and a half in Chicago and then landed in Marysville, Montana, where an English corporation was taking out gold each year and employing six hundred miners. Lanstrum was not the company physician. He bought a team of tough horses and began to ride for fifty miles each way in a country that was sparsely populated by ranchers and miners and prospectors, and densely populated by the main range of the Rocky Mountains. The company physician had all the company business, of course, but Lanstrum hung on; and it wasn't long before he had a good many of the miners as patients, who paid their medical dues to the company and called in the independent doctor when they were sick.

His practice grew for a dozen years or so, and he attended to it and kept out of politics. One time, however, the company—which had the votes—decided to make a certain obnoxious person school trustee. The miners were against him, but were afraid to say so openly. Lanstrum ran, and the miners turned in and elected him. They sent him to the Republican county convention at the head of the delegation. There was a bad factional fight. Lanstrum's men—in the minority—were promised two places. Lanstrum was taken sick and could not keep tab on things, and the other faction sought to break the agreement. They brought word to Lanstrum, who got up, went to the convention, nominated his men and, just to show how he felt about it, took the nomination for the legislature himself. And all three were elected.

Lanstrum served two terms in the legislature and then went to Helena to live. He was defeated in 1900, but won in 1902 and 1904. While he was in the legislature he fathered and passed the bill providing for the submission of a constitutional amendment for the initiative and referendum, which was adopted at the next general election. He also wrote and introduced a railroad commission law and passed it through both houses. This bill was vetoed by the governor; but the same bill, with slight modifications, was introduced at the next session at Lanstrum's request, and was passed and became a law. It was signed by the same governor who vetoed the other bill.

By this time Lanstrum was specializing in his practice and mixing largely in politics. He decided he needed a newspaper and bought the Montana Record—or organized the company that bought it—and was made its editor, which position he still holds. He was Republican county chairman in 1906 and elected his entire county ticket. They made him state chairman in 1908, and he was chairman of the executive committee of the state central committee in 1910. He has been president of the State Press Association for the last three years.

Lanstrum is one of the big political powers of Montana. They like him out there because he is a clean-cut, two-fisted, red-blooded fighting man. He has had his differences with the leaders of his party and has fought them out openly and aboveboard. He has courage and is a wise and far-seeing politician. He is indelibly Republican, typically Western, big, breezy, good-natured, sharp-witted, with a gift of story-telling and a tongue that can be very sharp. He is studious and able, not only in his profession but in public affairs; and he will go a good deal farther in politics in Montana than he has gone before he is through. He is the Republican comer of that state.

Lanstrum hates peace. His grandfather was a Swedish soldier, his father an officer in the Union army, and all his mother's folks fought for the Confederacy—so he comes naturally by his scrapping tendencies. At that, he can talk himself out of a difficulty if it is necessary. Soon after he hit Marysville he was rabidly infected with the gold fever. Others were getting money out of the ground—why not he? It was easy, too, for a philanthropist had a mine for sale that needed but digging in it to produce the wealth of all the world. This philanthropist liked Lanstrum and, as a mark of personal favor, offered to sell him the mine for the exact sum Lanstrum had. The young man bought. Then, in order to get rich quickly, he hired all the miners he could get and set them at work, expecting to make a clean-up in the first month. The miners dug for thirty days, but dug nothing but rock. There was no gold.

Then they needed their wages. Lanstrum had no wages for them. They formed in a body and marched on his shack. "Boys," said Lanstrum, "I'd like to talk to you one at a time. My house isn't big enough for the whole bunch of you." So he took the leader in and wheedled him—and let him out by the back door. And he talked that whole lot into waiting until he could earn enough to pay them. Talking is a gift not without merit when it comes to politics.

He Comes Naturally by His Scrapping Tendencies

Prince or Pickle Face

WHEN Charles Edward Russell, the writer, was an editor he was known variously as Prince Charlie—if he was in good humor, and Pickle Face on other occasions. Once when he was acting as managing editor of the Chicago American and writing editorial articles as well for that paper, Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, about seven feet tall and weighing four hundred pounds, was wrestling in Chicago. The Turk's press agent thought it would be a grand bit of work if he could exhibit the Turk to Russell as a product of perfect selection of species, and thereby evoke an editorial on the wonders that may come to the human race through proper mating.

Russell is about five feet six or seven and slight. In some way the press agent jimmied the Turk into Russell's office, and then made his talk. Russell was writing and did not look up.

When the press agent had finished and the Turk had struck a pose Russell looked over the top of his glasses, glanced at Youssouf's tremendous feet, and then looked slowly up the entire length of the massive body. Then he rang his bell, and an office boy weighing about sixty-five pounds came in.

"Boy," ordered Russell sharply, "throw this unspeakable being out of my room!"

Chicken Etiquette

ONCE during the Mexican revolution when President Madero was an outlaw, according to the Mexican Government then existing, he had to leave El Paso hurriedly because the American officers were after him for alleged violation of the neutrality laws.

Madero crossed the Rio Grande to Guadalupe and found among the troops an American negro who was known as Missouri Bill. The Federal troops left Ciudad Juarez and the Madero forces retreated southward, marching all day and most of the night in a cold rain.

Camp was pitched, and after about an hour Missouri Bill, who had taken Madero under his especial care, turned up with some fried chicken, some beans and tortillas, and Madero and his staff sat down to the first food they had had for eighteen hours.

Madero is a vegetarian. He helped himself to the beans, declined the chicken, and said to Bill: "Mistor Vill, vare did you dat *gallina* ahicken aget; did you heem estole?"

"Look yere, mister," protested Bill, "Ah ain't no nigger for to steal no chicken; dey jus' comes to me when Ah scratch mah haid—an' Ise done a heap ob scratchin' this yere night, boss."

"It is wrong to esteal," continued Madero.

Missouri Bill looked at Madero pityingly. "Looka here, Mister Mad-a-row. No white gem'man ever asks no nigger nothin' 'bout no fried chicken whah Ah comes from, sah. He mout kick 'bout eatin' moonshine beans, but chicken an' whisky—no gem'man who ever asks questions 'bout dem ain't mixed much wit white folks—no, sah!"

Overland

The Mechanical Excellence of this $900 30-Horsepower Touring Car

FAMILIARIZE yourself with the mechanical side of an automobile and you can quickly arrive at any car's real value. This does not necessarily mean that you should know a car from A to Z as a professional engineer does, but you *should* know enough of the fundamentals to be able to tell the difference and judge values accordingly. The chassis is the backbone of an automobile and the more you know of this the more intelligently you can estimate a car's value in dollars and cents.

We have asked you to measure up the facts of this $900 car against the facts of any $1250 car on the market in order to show you the slight difference. Here we wish to acquaint you with the mechanical side of this car—to prove the thoroughness and fineness of its entire construction. And the mechanical excellence of this $900 thirty horsepower touring car is best explained by a brief synopsis of the facts covering its construction.

The motor is a four-cylinder, four-cycle type of Overland design and manufacture. Cylinders are cast singly, [illegible] large water jackets. Crank shafts are [illegible] and steering column gear is placed in such a manner as to minimize stresses and vibrations.

The transmission is of the selective type—three speeds and reverse. The speed changing, final drive, and differential gears are contained in the rear axle unit.

A smoother, more delicate, and at the same time more positive clutch than the Overland cone clutch does not exist. It is of such design and construction that in starting the car there is never a shock or jar. The facing is not lubricated. It is, therefore, unaffected by weather conditions.

the outside or emergency brake, which is external contracting.

Springs are of the semi-elliptic and three-quarter elliptic type. The rear springs are mounted on spring chairs that have a lubricated bearing on the rear axle tubes. This form of construction produces an easy-riding car, as it permits the springs to act freely.

Final drive is effected from the propeller shaft to the rear axle by means of accurately cut and carefully hardened bevel gears, the usual differential and two live axle shafts which drive the rear wheels. Special roller bea[illegible]

Valves are of the mushroom type and interchangeable, made from 35% nickel steel heads, electrically welded to carbon steel stems. Their design and large size enable the motor to *develop 15% more horsepower* than any other motor of the same bore and stroke.

The radiator is of the famous Kinwood flat tube type. The radiating surface is unusually large, with large diameter intake and outlet openings.

The frame is constructed of cold rolled pressed steel, formed in channel sections of effective design, great strength and stability.

Steering gears are of worm and worm-gear type. The steering connecting rod between the steering knuckles

five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, ensuring quietness and extremely long life.

Lubrication is provided by a force feed mechanical oiler actuated by the cam shaft.

Wheels are of heavy artillery type of special construction and equal to those used on the most expensive cars.

Front axles are of the I-beam section type, drop-forged in one piece, heat-treated in the most approved manner in our own factories, and capable of withstanding the severest road shock.

Brakes are particularly large and have ample friction areas. There are two brakes on each rear wheel, the inside or foot-brake, which is internal expanding;

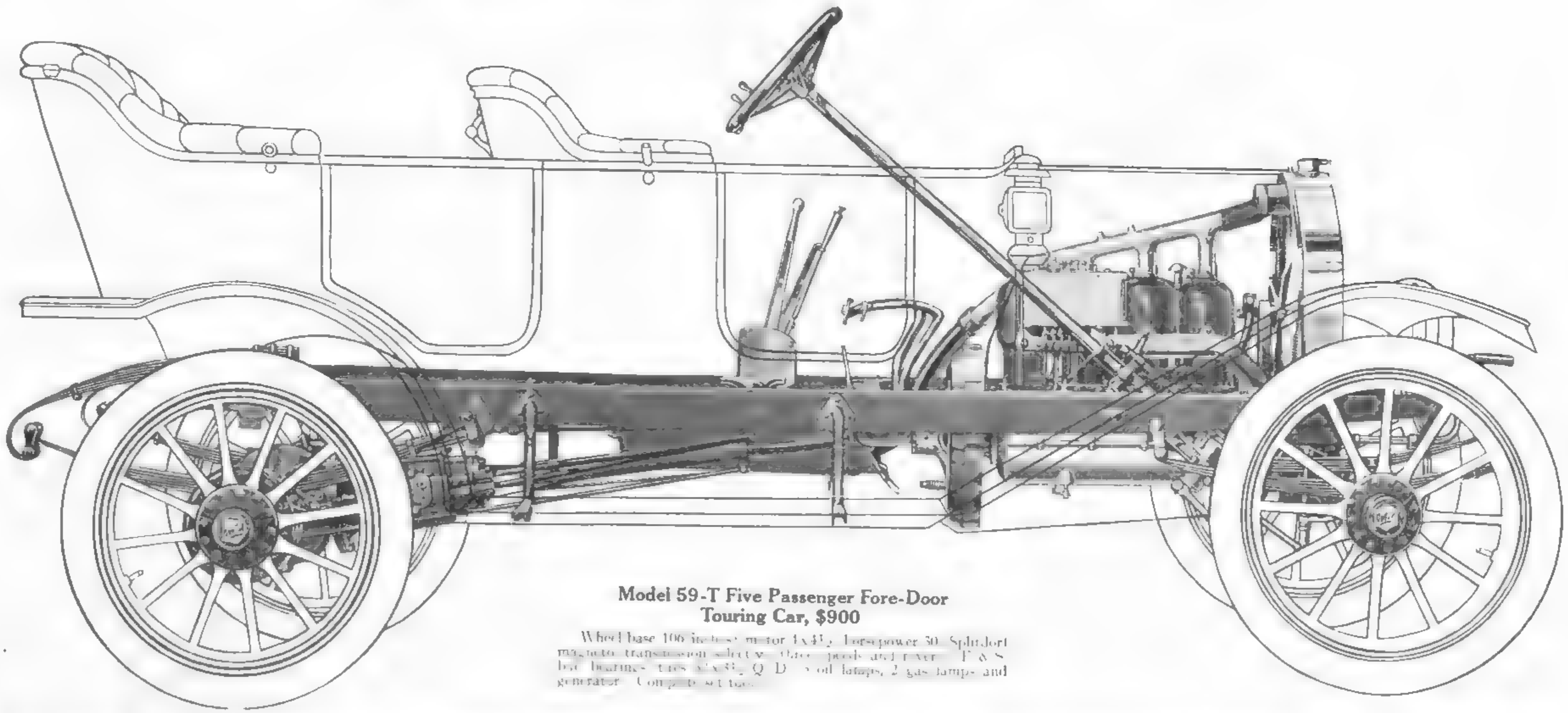
We have tried to make this as brief as possible without omitting any of the essentials. It is the kind of information that shows you exactly what a car is worth.

We have published a book which we want you to read. It covers in detail every single part of this car. Not only what the construction is, but how each part is made—showing each factory operation from body to bolt.

Better let us send you one of these books. It is the most interesting and thorough work of its kind ever written and fully explains the ability of the greatest automobile plant in the world to make a car of the 30-horsepower, 5-passenger touring car type to sell at from 30% to 40% less money than any other similar car on the market.

Write to-day and ask for book A-212.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T Five Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $900

Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4x4½; horsepower 30; Splitdorf magneto; transmission selective; three speeds and reverse; Firestone Non-Skid tires 34x3½; Q D rims; oil lamps, 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set tools.

"I resolve!—"

"TO give my wife more comfort than ever this year and more of the fun of living."

"To give that husband and that youngster of mine even a more satisfying home-table every day—and *worry less about it,* too."

"And *I* resolve to ask my Ma once a day, at least, for one of those delicious

Campbell's
SOUPS

And the youngster hits the bulls-eye after all: For there's hardly a single item you could name which does more to simplify and improve the daily home-keeping program than these tempting wholesome soups; perfect in quality; rich in variety for every occasion, and ready on the minute without trouble or fuss.

Why not prove it *yourself*—*today?*

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

"This feeling of rest
Down under my vest
Shows how these
Campbell's Soups digest."

The Senator's Secretary

WHENEVER two or three of the Old Guard get together, or whenever one of them gets an audience in his power, a Grand Lodge of Sorrow is immediately organized. The point of meeting, or talking, immediately becomes a Wailing Place, and the wails that go up are heart-rending and calculated to drive all who hear them to tears—or beers, if not within prohibition territory.

I am referring now to the Republican Old Guard. The Democrats have been out of power so long, except for the recent demonstration in the House of Representatives, that their elder statesmen discovered long ago there was no nourishment in wailing and turned their faces toward the morning—or where they fondly imagine the morning will be—in 1912. The pleasures of hope with them have displaced the joys of viewing with alarm.

Not so with the Republican Old Guard. They are in a sad stew. Their party is split. A lot of young and active and intelligent and obstinate men have declared for reorganization and readjustment—and revolution if need be; and the crisis is upon them. Indeed, the crisis has been approaching for a long time, but they have been so secure and so smug that they forgot how crises look, and failed to recognize this one. Whereupon, now that they have recognized it, they are lifting up their voices in lamentations. That is the only thing they know how to do—lament. They are in the difficult position of being in bad, as the saying is, without the vaguest understanding of why they are or how they can get out.

There are no two ways about it—to hear them tell it. The country is skidding to socialism, aviating to anarchy, rushing to ruin and chasing to calamity. You can tell always when an Old Guardster thinks he is done for and that the other side will win the elections. It is then he lifts a portentous hand and warns the people against the dangers of socialism. Anything that disagrees with the established and selfish program of the Old Guardster smacks of anarchy. They are used to doing things the way things were done by their predecessors, and a new idea is as abhorrent to them as the thought of anybody outside the sacred circle getting any patronage or having a voice in legislation or control of the Government—which are the most abhorrent things there are.

The Nahant Lodge of Sorrow

The Old Guard Republicans don't know yet what hit them a year ago, what has been belting them ever since and what is due to knock them out presently. They haven't the wit to realize that the old order is changing. They have stood still while the rest of the people have progressed; now that they are facing an entirely new era they are howling like lost souls and deprecating the evil tendencies of the times. And, when you come to think of it, a tendency of the times that has a tendency to put a crimp in an Old Guardster, who has stood for years defiantly and has done things as his little controlling clique has decided, is evil. It is more than that—it is positively sacrilegious.

A late example occurred when the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, who is a scholar in politics and who desires to remain the same, voiced the sentiments of the entire outfit in a speech he made somewhere down South. Mr. Lodge is vastly distressed over recent demonstrations along the line of representative government. That is natural enough. If, for example, Mr. Lodge had been required to get his latest election to the United States Senate by virtue of a popular primary Mr. Lodge would not now be in the Senate. He would be a retired statesman pursuing literature, but never quite catching up with her.

Mr. Lodge was not so required. He secured his election through the old-style medium of a legislature, but he will be in the full strength of his powers when another six years rolls round; and, believe us, gentles, he has an inkling of what may happen in grand old Massachusetts ere that time rolls round.

He is appalled. So are all the rest. He sees nothing but ruin and disaster and decay in this demand for the initiative and the referendum and the recall. His soul shrieks when he utters that word "recall"; and when it is applied to the sacrosanct judiciary the whole fabric of the Government becomes a total loss and no insurance! The Constitution is in danger and must be protected at all hazards. Listen:

The Constitution Threatened

"Every demagogue, every noisy agitator, whether in Congress or out of Congress, incapable of connected thought and seeking his own advancement by the easy method of appealing to envy, malice and all uncharitableness—all such people now lift their hands to tear down or remake the Constitution," says Lodge.

That is about the way they all talk. Whenever they see their own power vanishing—whenever they realize their own organization is in danger—they trot out the Constitution and shout that it must and shall be preserved! They look on the Constitution as the instrument that is to preserve for them their patronage and power. Any assault on them is an assault on the Constitution. They remind one of Uncle Jim Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, who has held his job so long he thinks there is something in the Constitution that entitles him to hold it forever.

It is an axiom that when a politician begins to wail he is lost. The Old Guard are all wailing. There never is a gathering of them that does not begin by wondering what it all means and winding up with terrifying predictions concerning the bitter days that are coming, when the discontented masses will march round with red flags and burn a few public buildings. Any idea that does not agree with their own fixed, set, barnacled and selfish ideas is socialistic. They love that word "socialistic." They use it on every occasion. They are so far in the past their political ideas look like pictures of hoopskirts compared with plates of hobble skirts. They haven't moved a peg in thirty years. And everybody who has pegged a few, in the way of political reform and readjustment, is a socialist or an anarchist or a demagogue. Recipe for being called a demagogue: Advocate an advanced political or governmental idea.

Mr. Lodge can talk better in public than a lot of his colleagues, but not half so eloquently as they can—and do—in private. You can hear more forebodings of disaster from the remnants of the Aldrich organization in the United States Senate and the remnants of the Cannon organization in the House than could be produced by troupes of trained pessimists working twenty-four hours a day. There is nothing to it. The country is going—has gone—to the bowwows. Of course they fail to see the humor of it, which is that the country is doing right well and it is the Old Guard that is consorting with the bowwows; but they wouldn't be Old Guardsters if they hadn't lost their sense of perspective.

Chic Mourning for Miss Liberty

If they could come back into control for a few minutes the first thing they would do would be to put a bow of crêpe round the arm of Miss Liberty up on the Capitol dome and order the Congressional stationery edged in black. We are ruined—that is all there is to that. There is not a ray of light ahead. They meet in the corridors of the Capitol, and elsewhere, and sob in voiceless woe over the sad trend of public affairs. It certainly is fierce! These gentlemen have lost out and are facing another period when their losses will be greater. The game has grown away from them and has been taken away from them also. Hence they view with alarm. They let out these constantly recurring squawks of warning. They wail incessantly. You can get a tale of distress or some dire prediction from Uncle Joe any time you meet him. Murray Crane and Boies Penrose and Jim Mann and Reed Smoot are constantly dissolved in tears. The Constitution is in danger. So are the Old Guard. Inasmuch as Constitution and Old Guard are synonymous in the minds of the Old Guard, it doesn't take much of an observer to discover the henceness of the tears.

Otherwise, Congress started in fairly peart style. The Democrats in the House appear to have a rather definite idea of what they intend to do, and so do the Republican Progressives in both branches. Nobody seems much cast down. There is a good lively fight coming and all appear to be anxious to get into it and see what the results shall be—all but the Old Guard! They cannot find a ray of sunlight ahead. They are down and out, and the country necessarily is down and out too; but Progressives and Democrats are lively.

Any man is lucky to be president, but it is a question whether any man is lucky to be president when he is happy-go-lucky. Just before Congress met it was announced solemnly that Mr. Taft had decided to cut his message into sections and send in a section at a time. The White House correspondents made a great to-do over this. Instead of sending in a long message, dealing with all the important topics now before the country, Mr. Taft was to introduce an innovation. His first slug was to be about trusts, or something like that, and the next one about the tariff, or something like that; and from time to time he intends to hand in little essays of from five to ten thousand words in length, on whatever seems important and timely.

The President's Serial Story

Everybody who knows Mr. Taft laughed. He didn't send in his message in sections because he wanted to innovate anything, or set any new style, or beat any precedent in the face. He sent it in that way because he was a little slow getting started and had only one slug of it prepared when Congress met and it came message time. He had the best intentions in the world when he got back from his trip, and determined to get that message off his mind; but the golf links were calling, and there were visitors to see and a campaign to plan—and, anyhow, what's the hurry? A most human citizen is Mr. Taft. He doesn't like to work any better than the rest of us. As he said once, there are a lot of pleasures that can be garnered while one is president. A president can have a heap of fun if he wants to. And Mr. Taft likes to be outdoors, and to play golf, and to ride in his automobile, and to go to the theater—and all that. Besides, he probably thinks it doesn't make such a heap of difference whether the message comes in in one slug or in ten. Congress will do what it wants to anyhow; but why print all his recommendations about the new plan to handle the trusts first, and so on—this innovation? It's no innovation. Cleveland did it once. One thing about being president is that a president can do as he dad-blamed pleases.

During the flurry about Colonel Roosevelt's rejoinder to the Administration's few remarks on his connection with the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter, the Colonel said or somebody said it for him—that the Colonel had a letter from a prominent Republican Senator offering to support the Colonel for president next time against Taft. Then somebody said the letter was written by Murray Crane, Senator from Massachusetts; and there was a week when it was solemnly stated and as solemnly denied that Mr. Crane had done this terrible thing.

Apparently it was tremendously important, but the people who discussed the incident forgot one part of it. Mr. Crane. Mr. Crane makes paper for other people to write letters on, but he uses very little of his product himself. If he had a communication to make to the Colonel on this subject, or on any other—whether he was offering the Colonel the Massachusetts delegates against Mr. Taft, or asking him what time it was—he wouldn't write a letter about it. Not your Uncle Murray Gumshoe Crane! He would proceed stealthily to Oyster Bay, arriving in the dead of the night; go out to Sagamore Hill by a circuitous route; enter through the cellar door; breathe up through the register opening a request to see the Colonel, and when the Colonel came down cellar would lead him round back of the furnace, take hold of the Colonel's coat lapel, see to it that all lights were out and all windows closed—and then would whisper his communication into the Colonel's large and receptive ear behind a protecting hand—and escape silently into the night.

Snapshot vs. Careful Investment

By ROGER W. BABSON

A TIME ago I was having dinner with a member of the London School Board and he said: "If American business men could be strapped to the floor for one day in the week and made to think, America's greatness would never be eclipsed; but the present American methods of acting first and thinking afterward will sooner or later bring your country to grief."

I have just returned from an extended trip, during which I had the opportunity of talking with a great many people in various sections of the country; and I nd they are all stirred up, wondering what is to happen. In talking with me all of them pretend to be dissatisfied. The railroad president is dissatisfied with the efforts of President Taft to regulate capitalization; the employees are dissatisfied because certain bills introduced into the last Congress by certain railway organizations were not passed; the directors of the railroads are dissatisfied because rate advances have not been permitted, and the shippers are still complaining because certain rate reductions have not been ordered.

Unscientific Management

In short, I have found the country in a state of discontent and unrest; everybody is dissatisfied -all wanting something they have not got, and every one wondering what 1912 is to bring forth. Most of the men with whom I talked "feel" that certain conditions are bound to come and look to Congress as a heathen would look up to a dumb idol. This is all a great mistake. I therefore urge business men to stop worrying, to stop discussing these things with their neighbors and to sit still quietly and do some thinking. If the American business man and investor would read the newspapers less and think more we should have business conditions very much better than those that exist today. The trained engineer and the able physician—and, in fact, other men of scientific training—do not manage their affairs in the unscientific manner followed by the average business man. Such professional men study and think; they discover actual conditions and then decide what effect such existing conditions will have. This is what the American business man and investor, whether large or small, needs to do today: Study more and worry less.

Now, as I review the financial and industrial history of the United States, the paramount thought that strikes me is the almost regular recurrence of financial upheavals and panics, with their alternate periods of overspeculation, extravagance, depression and hard times. As one carefully studies statistics that record the conditions of these various periods, it is amazing to find how accurately he who informed himself could have foretold the future. And yet more amazing is the total ignorance of the majority of business men of the economic causes that make prosperity or reaction in their respective lines of business. Though business men are beginning to realize how closely our industrial system is connected and that what beneficially affects one line will eventually affect all lines, still there is much to be desired in the awakening of the belief that the man of business should be more broadly educated in an economic as well as in a practical way.

The next great advancement in the welfare of our country will be the result of a clear understanding of the economic laws that govern industry and a meeting of the economist and the business man upon a common ground. They will help each other in theory and in practice. Our population, being constantly augmented by new people coming from different parts of the world and varying widely in intellectual standards—in political, social and religious ideals—makes it imperative that a movement to guide business on a fundamental and economic basis be at hand. To secure large profit and lasting success our efforts must be built upon a firmer foundation than day-to-day conditions, with the optimistic hope that because times are good they will always remain so. Optimism, like many other good qualities, is too often overdone, and the man who in times of wild booming prides himself on his ability always to take an optimistic view of the future is nothing short of being stupid. The characteristic which our business men of today should develop is sober thoughtfulness, with a disposition to see things in the light of what caused them and a desire to anticipate what effect present conditions will have on the future. Add this to American initiative, courage and undaunted spirit and panics will be fewer and farther apart and our periods of ruinous liquidation and depression less severe.

Study the lives of the able manufacturers, merchants and bankers and note to what their genius must be attributed. Has it not been to a timely looking forward to events as yet unseen by the ordinary mind, or what is called foresight—the ability to appreciate and calculate facts in the present and thus discount the future? If history teaches anything it is that all the virtues of patience, perseverance and hard work, though necessary, have been only contributory to the success of our distinguished men. Moreover, the real basis of their foresight and wisdom was simply that they knew the facts, studied conditions and then determined that which lay beneath the surface. They were students of fundamental conditions.

To grasp these facts today is much easier than a generation ago. They are now compiled in such a fashion as to make them most complete; and being most complete they are today more reliable than ever. It is truer now than fifty years ago that the only way to forecast the future is by a careful study of the past. Most business men live only in the present, giving no consideration to the past and not preparing for the future in a scientific way. Our business men should study all subjects relating to industry and distribution. Statistics are the coöperative parts of a basis for determining the future trend of business. How important it is, then, for the manufacturer, merchant or banker carefully to study data relating to money and trade; and how great, therefore, must be his advantage over competitors! It is this that distinguishes between the unusual and the average man. It is the ability to see things in advance—the aptitude to get there first.

How Foresight Pays

Moreover, this theory in practice is not selfish; it is patriotic. Surely there can be no more patriotic citizen than he who in times of stress circulates his money in proper channels and thereby helps to restore confidence as well as render the community a direct service. It is lack of this knowledge that deceives so many manufacturers and merchants. The man who buys without forethought for the sole purpose of making money quickly on a speculative chance finds himself loaded up on declining prices and sold out when prices are advancing. On the other hand, the man who has awaited the opportunity purchases at the low prices, and, in addition to making a handsome profit, serves to check the decline.

Surface conditions, when their cause is not analyzed, are nearly always misleading; and when they are of any real value it is simply because they truly represent certain underlying causes. For instance, at the end of a great depression in business there is no man so pessimistic and so discouraged as the permanent optimist of boom times. It is then that the business of the country is rife with apprehension and timidity. Nothing is so paralyzing as the doubt and fear that follow a great depression. Yet it is at just this point that the man who views conditions in a fundamental and economic way has the breadth to see things over a long period of time, and has the confidence and courage necessary for the foundation of the period of prosperity.

Fundamental statistics embrace a number of subjects. One may add personal subjects that deal directly with his own line of business and thus be benefited by comparison with other business periods in his particular activity; but, on the whole, the following subjects are well chosen:

1—Building Construction; 2—Money in Circulation; 3—Comptrollers' Reports; 4—Loans of the Banks; 5—Cash Held by Banks; 6—Deposits in Banks; 7—Surplus Reserves of Banks; 8—Total Bank Clearings; 9—Bank Clearings, excluding New York; 10—Stock-Exchange Transactions; 11—New Securities; 12—Business Failures; 13—Labor Statistics; 14—Imports; 15—Exports; 16 Balance of Trade; 17—Gold Movements; 18—Foreign Money Rates; 19—Political Factors; 20—Production of Gold; 21—Commodity Prices; 22—Crop Conditions and Iron Production; 23—Railroad Earnings; 24—Idle-Car Figures; 25—Religious and Social Statistics. These may be tabulated under the following three headings:

Mercantile Conditions	
Bank Clearings	Failures
Immigration	New Building

Monetary Conditions	
Domestic Monetary Conditions	Foreign Monetary Conditions
Surplus Reserves	Commodity Prices

Investment Conditions	
Prices of Securities and Shares traded in on the New York Stock Exchange	Condition of Leading Crops
	Political Conditions
	Social Conditions
Railroad Earnings	

The division of the different groups and the classification thereby minimize complications and reduce the study to a very simple matter. Still further combining the figures into a composite plot shows one at a glance how conditions are at present. By comparing with the facts and figures of other periods, and basing deductions on the economic theory that "action and reaction are equal when time and intensity are considered," one arrives at a conclusion as to what definite period is in progress and the trend of future events.

Under the subdivision of Investment Conditions we find political and social factors. Political factors and their attributaries are especially interesting just now. There are times when politics are dormant and need not be so carefully watched and considered. For example, after the election of the late President McKinley, when the country was assured of the defeat of free silver, and up to the election of Mr. Roosevelt, politics were more or less in the background; but during the last few years politics—or rather the prevalent social unrest—has been a very vital force. No matter what party might have been elected in 1908, tariff reform would have loomed up as a disturbing element, as both parties promised it. It is now plain that Congress will continue to discuss tariff revision and that both parties will again face the voters on this issue in 1912. Such agitation will undoubtedly have the effect of keeping our corporate interests—particularly those now protected to any large degree by the present tariff—from expanding or making improvements beyond the necessities of ordinary demands. Tariff agitation and business uncertainty usually accompany each other.

Theory and Practice Combined

In this connection I must say that one of the most encouraging signs of today is the fact that the American Economic Association, at its great December convention in Washington this year, has given so much attention to this question. The American Economic Association is probably the oldest and most influential of its kind in America, being composed of leading economists from all parts of the country. Moreover, it is a still more encouraging sign that during the past year the association has increased its membership about thirty per cent; and this increase has come almost wholly from the ablest practical business men of the country. This brings together in the same convention the college theorist and the practical manufacturer and merchant. If this work can be kept up and extended, not only in the national annual conventions but in social gatherings throughout the length and breadth of our land, a great benefit will accrue to all business from now on. Certainly the coming together of these two classes will

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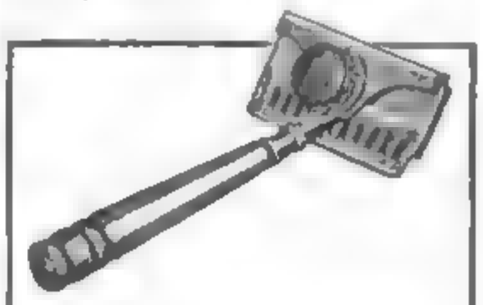

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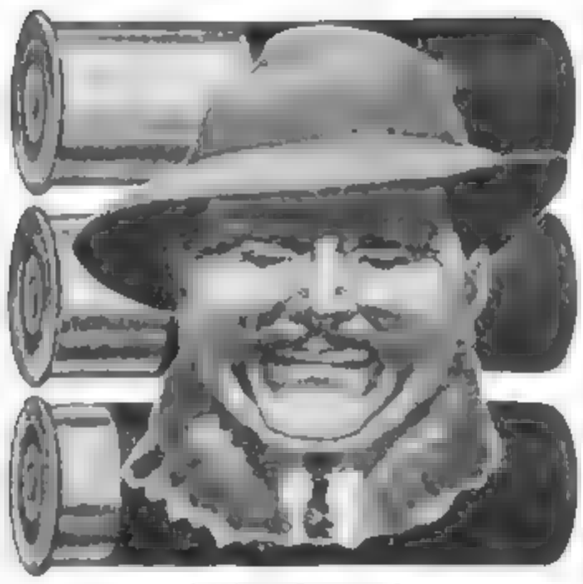

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not only make the college professor more practical but will cause the business man to do more thinking—which is what is sorely needed at the present time.

The trust question in its present status is another grave menace to any marked advance or general improvement in business. The present attitude of the Administration at Washington may be temporarily unsettling in many phases. The hostility of the Government toward corporate business has very properly resulted in fewer promotions of the old sort. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Company cases were disappointing to a certain speculative element. That they will eventually prove to be good for the country as a whole, there is no doubt; but meantime many corporations are undecided as to what to do. Confusion on this point is intensified by the difference between the interpretation by the Administration and that by leading lawyers of the Supreme Court's decisions in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Company cases so far as they apply to other combinations.

This leaves many of our corporations open to attack—though in many cases justly. Placed in such a position, it is not to be expected that our larger corporations will attempt greatly to increase their business facilities at the present time. Viewed impartially, the trust question is one of extreme uncertainty, though of great importance. Coöperation has been one of the pillars of our prosperity structure; and if we have to revert to the former state of competition it is difficult to foretell the consequences, as it might revolutionize our mercantile system. The feasibility or possibility of such a reversion, however, has many able advocates. Speaking in an economic way, the day of "cutthroat" competition is past; but we may be facing a period of "regulation." Progress to our yearly increasing population can only come through wise organization; and organization means system; and system cuts out waste. Therefore cooperation in industry is as vital to prosperity as are thought and study. Regulate industry if you will; but the growth of the country demands that its business be concentrated. Therefore many conscientiously believe that we have outgrown the Sherman Act in its present form. Surely the men who twenty years ago drafted and enacted it could not, in the light of our tremendous growth, have foreseen the effect it is having today. The legislative investigations, pending or contemplated, whether instituted for political effect or otherwise, also add to the chaos of our political factors.

Another interesting influence, and this especially affects the railroads, is the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The recent rulings of the commission in the Spokane and other cases revolutionized freight rates in the West and Middle West, and time alone can tell what the actual effect will be. Appeal from some of these rulings has been made to the Interstate Commerce Court, with still further interesting results. This condition, combined with the Interstate Commerce Commission's refusal to grant increased freight rates last spring and the continued harassment of railroads by minor state commissions, together with the fact that the roads had granted increased wages in anticipation of being permitted to reimburse themselves, has resulted in decreased net earnings.

We, therefore, find the labor situation looming up as a direct factor. This is an element in an economic way that has not yet felt to any degree the reactionary period we are entering at the present time, and one that can be permanently solved only by a careful and honest study of fundamental conditions. The fault, however, lies not so much with the employees as with certain labor leaders, many of whom never miss an opportunity to stir up dissatisfaction and discontent. This is clear to all fair-minded persons and is beginning to be realized by the laboring men themselves.

No real improvement from the present period of reaction can come until the cost of living and conducting business has at least been readjusted—if not thoroughly liquidated. Had our crops turned out as brilliantly as promised earlier in the spring, no doubt this would have come about sooner than now seems likely. This disappointment in the crops has resulted in a rising commodity market. However, had the Interstate Commerce Commission granted the increase in freight rates, it is certain the railroads would have had still greater demands made by the unions. The endless chain of higher wages and then higher freight rates has to end somewhere; and, all things considered, perhaps just now is as good a time as any to thresh out these vexing problems. Therefore some of our troubles may be blessings in disguise. Certainly they will be if they lead us business men and our employees to think. On the other hand, these all are but ripples on the surface of the water. Congress does not make conditions. Conditions dictate what Congress will do. One can much better forecast what action Congress will take on the trust question or tariff question by studying such vital subjects as failures, exports, immigration and crops than by going to Washington and gossiping with representatives and senators.

Therefore, though I here mention these subjects in a general way, because of the great interest existing therein, yet to me they mean little or nothing. If fundamental conditions warrant the enactment of certain laws such laws will eventually be enacted, and all Wall Street can not prevent the same. Moreover, we shall never again have real prosperity until they are enacted. Contrariwise, if fundamental conditions do not at present justify such legislation—and it is passed—it will be repealed soon. God rules everything or nothing; and the thing for us American business men to do is to study and learn the right, and then quickly adjust ourselves thereto.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Wilderness as a Farm

ABOUT ten years ago an American daily newspaper offended many readers by editorials suggesting that Americans ought to learn how to cook and eat rice because it is a cheap food. Many retorts were made that we had such a thing as the American standard of living. Within the last decade or so that vaunted standard has altered somewhat. Meat is disappearing from American tables where once it was universal, and the cost of everything else has increased so sharply that the whole matter has gone into politics as well as commerce.

Just at this critical juncture there comes to our aid Secretary James Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, announcing the thrilling discovery that the American people ought to eat ground squirrels or gophers. The honored Secretary bases his recommendation upon high dietetic, commercial and moral grounds. He estimates that these gophers annually destroy eleven million dollars' worth of crops, hence we ought to eat them. Mr. Wilson, presumably from personal experience, also declares that the gopher is as good to eat as the quail. Perhaps ten years from now we shall not be able to afford gopher.

Personally I could never bear prairie dog, and it is my individual intent to struggle along for a time without gopher on the table, whether or not they eat eleven million dollars' worth of crops. It is a well-known fact on the Pacific Coast that some of these ground squirrels are the host of the germ of the bubonic plague. In a well-known valley of Western Montana there is a very fatal disease known as the spotted fever. It has been discovered that this disease is traceable to the bite of ticks which are found only in ground-squirrel country and presumably have bitten these squirrels. On the whole, without any intention of knocking our learned Department of Agriculture, the ground squirrel or gopher makes no special appeal. There are, however, other sources of food supply that grow in unfarmed fields and that may be reaped where no one has sown.

Take, for instance, the history of that humble fish known as the sucker, which infests nearly all fresh-water streams in the early spring. It is well known that the early inhabitants of Illinois had to live on suckers and hence got their nickname. This fish, albeit bony and none too succulent, served to piece in the time between the last bear meat and the first dandelion greens. Many of these suckers, and that other abomination, the German carp—which never should have been introduced into this country at all—along with their cousins, the buffalo and the fresh-water mullet, are shipped in millions of pounds each year from Western streams to Eastern cities.

The Mississippi River is astonishingly full of fish life, many species breeding there in millions and millions. Some of the tributaries, too, are notably great breeding grounds. The Illinois River, with its adjacent lakes and bayous, is perhaps the most prolific fish-producing water system in the world. Naturally the commercial fishers have taken possession here, and annually many hundreds of tons of fish are shipped to the market. Each year this river ships a half million dollars' worth of carp, a quarter million dollars' worth of buffalo and suckers, half as much value in catfish and bullheads, twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of black bass and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of other sorts of fish. There is not much more than half a million dollars' worth of capital invested in nets, boats, and such things, and although some five thousand men are engaged in this occupation the dividends are very satisfactory, considering that the state and national governments do all the planning and that the individuals do nothing but the cashing in on Nature's farming.

There are curious industries on the Mississippi River. One man is said to have made a fortune in Russian caviar and sturgeon, both of which he made out of river catfish. This same catfish must not be overlooked in any comparisons with the gopher as food supply. There are several schools and colleges that are supplied weekly with catfish the variety known as "fiddlers," a pound or so in weight—all shipped by one pair of energetic fishing partners in a town on the Upper Mississippi. There is a young merchant of Chicago, fourteen years old, who is making a fair living selling skinned bullheads and little catfish that he catches from the Calumet Lake, near the southern part of Chicago. They are very small, for they don't get a chance to grow very large in that vicinity.

Our most fashionable city cafés depend somewhat on the wilderness for their supplies. Take the watercress with which your meat dish is garnished. There are some farmers who ship this in regular lots, but a considerable source of supply is the wandering Italian or other foreigner who passes over the countryside collecting cress from streams that he does not own. He will get five to ten cents for a bundle of cress that cost him only the trouble of collecting.

Mushrooms are commercially grown, of course, yet many thousands of pounds are brought in by this same type of wanderer, who combs out all the woodlands and pastures for this crop which does not cost anything. In any large city in the autumn you will see groups of these foreigners coming in on the railway trains from the country, with great stacks of hickorynuts or hazelnuts. If any one planted or cared for these nuts it was not those who collected them. In the South, wild pecans are a considerable source of revenue. "Greens" of different sorts are also used, and in Tennessee a turnip-top is called salad.

Our unbaked foreign population, which has had much to do with the readjustments in the American standard of living, learned in the Old World how to utilize odds and ends. A Connecticut game warden not long ago found in the game-bag of an Italian three bluejays, three flickers, a purple finch, two hermit thrushes and

fifteen robins. Tony, who had been taught that this is the land of the free, thought he was going to have a fine Sunday dinner. If you travel in Italy you will never see any kind of bird or animal life moving. The standard of living took care of that long ago. The Department of Agriculture has not yet discovered that the English sparrow is a fine article of diet, yet for many years an Italian market hunter near Chicago has supplied "reed-birds" to a few cafés, said reed-birds, although nicely picked, always having their heads and feet cut off.

In a general way we all know that the restaurants get wild game somehow, and in a general way we think it all right to buy it and eat it, and in a general way we suppose it is going to last forever. Not many of us know much of the figures in this sort of supply. A New York dealer who was investigated some time ago was found to have in his possession eight thousand snow buntings, seventy thousand sandpipers and as many snipes and plovers, seven thousand grouse, four thousand three hundred quail, seven hundred ducks and three hundred bobolinks.

Another dealer in New York said that he sold each year more than a million game birds of one species or another.

Fortunes have been made in selling wild game, both by dealers and by market shooters, but those days are nearly gone in America. Some efforts have been made to protect this source of food supply. Every Canadian province has stopped spring shooting of wild fowl, and every state adjoining Canada except one, Michigan, also has stopped the spring shooting. Michigan hangs on to her food supply harvested in the spring out of the northbound ducks. It could, perhaps, make ten million dollars each year out of its game if it handled it in good commercial form. Maine cashes in that much annually on the wilderness crops—via the tourist and hunter route. Scotland makes that much each year out of her game preserves.

We hear less now of class legislation and of the old appeal that the people ought to have this cheap food for their own. Surely they ought. The supply is tremendous beyond the average understanding of it. It is so valuable that the people ought to take care of it and not exhaust it. But nobody does take care of it. Once the market streets of Chicago and St. Louis were wonderful displays of game of all sorts. They are so no longer, and the sale of game is prohibited now in almost all states of the Union. The recently enacted Bayne-Blauvelt law prohibits all marketing of American wild game in the entire state of New York. It is, perhaps, the greatest piece of game legislation we have ever had in this country. It will, perhaps, make it difficult to obtain game legally in a New York restaurant. A prairie chicken costs four or five dollars now in Chicago or New York. I have seen them sold at a dollar a dozen in Chicago.

The Ducks of the Currituck

There used to be about two hundred thousand wild ducks killed on Currituck Sound each winter for the New York market. Other Atlantic Coast points shipped more than that. Texas alone used to ship much more than that each winter. A great many people have been eager to cash in on a crop that cost them nothing to raise. It went on this way until greed met greed, and in self-protection states began to prohibit spring shooting, the selling of game or the shipping of game. The migratory wild fowl that winter in the Currituck country supply a good part of the Michigan spring flight. No one knows where these birds were bred or how many wild regions have served to support them. The entire human population is supposed to have an undivided interest in any wild animal until some fellow "reduces it to possession," as the legal phrase goes. The state game laws claiming police supervision over the individual and his game-bag have been proved out in our superior courts. Our theory is that the game belongs to all of the people of the state. That theory without doubt or question is based upon the value of the food supply made up of the wild game itself.

It is a curious fact, but an actual one, that most of our commercial and political problems nowadays have come out of transportation. Our Interstate Commerce Commission is the grandest little commission you ever saw, and also the busiest little commission. It has done much to protect the American wild food supply. We never did have anything that brought market butchers to time until John F. Lacey introduced in Congress the law regulating interstate traffic in game—the act which now is known as the Lacey law. The author of this measure had discovered that it was the railroads that were destroying our game—the railroads and ice; because in these modern days it was possible to take the wilderness crop of game or fish, ship it across the entire country and sell it for good prices to people who really had no natural right to it, but only an artificial right. There are some nice principles concerned in this question that perhaps may yet come into the law courts. Since our laws rest upon the presumption that the wilderness farm produces food, it is fair to suppose that this food ought not to be made a matter of general commerce, but that it ought, as nearly as possible, to be reaped and used upon the spot where it is grown. That means that the New York man cannot buy Illinois game on his café table. That means that if he wishes Illinois game he must go out there and shoot it before he can eat it. Thus amiably disposed, he runs against the non-resident shooting license of the latter state and howls that he is up against an un-American and unconstitutional thing. These state licenses, however, have held water in court. They are all based upon the process of reasoning above indicated—that fish and game are a valuable food, but that they belong specifically to the man who takes them, subject to the general ownership of the commonwealth in which that man lives. There was something of an act of injustice done by the former game trade, which robbed the Western game preserves for the benefit of the Eastern markets. Had there been a Bayne law in New York, Chicago and St. Louis twenty years ago, there would be a tremendous food supply existing today in many states that now are practically bare of wild life.

If that game still existed—if it had been cared for and handled as a thing of value—the local prices of beef, mutton and pork might be lower. The villager who can go out and kill for himself even a mess of rabbits is not so apt to buy thirty-cent beef.

Gigantic Waste of Game

Speaking of rabbits, there were sometimes as many as five thousand jackrabbits killed in a big rabbit drive in Colorado or California. Very often the bulk of this meat was allowed to spoil, although there was one Denver parson who did what he could to get these carcasses shipped to the poor of the cities. It might have cut down the bread-line somewhat.

Perhaps the destruction of the great herds of American buffalo was inevitable. There was for a long time a herd of these animals that numbered over four million each year, possibly twice that; no one really knows. Admitting that they had to be killed sometime, how about the meat loss? Three-quarters of a ton of meat multiplied by four million makes several tons of good meat, does it not? What have we left to take the place of that? One fears that the gophers of Mr. Wilson are not going to hold out.

We are apt to sneer at the cottontail rabbit, yet none the less here is a very considerable source of food supply. You have, perhaps, seen rabbits brought by the sackful to country stores, the farmer's wife getting, perhaps, three to five cents apiece for them. Today the price in the city would be double or more than double that. The great thing about the rabbit as a wild crop is its omnipresence and its fecundity. Rabbits is rabbits as much as guinea-pigs is pigs, and in warmer climates at least they raise two or three litters of half a dozen each in the course of a year. In Australia they tried to exterminate rabbits, just as they have exterminated jackrabbits in California and Colorado. Yet there are hundreds of tons of rabbits eaten as food in America each year. They help out the breakfast table of Uncle Remus, and many a cowpuncher and prospector has found sagebrush rabbit good to eat. Smiled at in field sports even as the bullhead is derided in angling, the cottontail rabbit may none the less proudly take his place by the side of the horned pout—predecessors belonging to a day earlier than Secretary Wilson's gophers. Whether shot with shotgun or rifle, caught in a trap or a snare, driven out of its hole by a ferret, or indeed reduced to possession by any of very widely varied means, Brother Rabbit holds his own. Hitherto he has been called a nuisance by quail-hunters, but as quail become scarcer more and more rabbits come into camp in the game pockets at night. We shall be using beagles long after we have forgotten how a good pointer looks.

I have known a sledload of rabbits to be brought into a Western village by one party of hunters. It looks like slaughter, and so it is; but at the same time these creatures were given away and were eaten, and the country that raised them had the use of its natural food supply. And just so much extra investment for the daily table was unnecessary.

While young a corn-fed rabbit is almost as palatable, in regard to his hindlegs and saddle, as a piece of chicken. We respectfully commend Brother Rabbit to the consideration of the Secretary of Agriculture, with the recommendation that the department issue instructions for broiling, fricasseeing and otherwise preparing this little animal for home consumption. For instance, we should know as a people how to prepare *Weinhasen, Hasenpfeffer* and other kinds of *Hasen.*

Possibilities of Protection

No one can tell just what figures would be required to cover the value of the American wild food supply. Even yet it must run into many millions of dollars annually. It might be many millions more, no doubt, if our farmers, and our city folk as well, would treat wild game as sensibly as we treat tame poultry and domestic livestock. The doctrine of state's rights and free-for-all individuality was the main cause of extermination of many species. The same doctrine turned the other way about would do much to increase the food supply of many species not yet extinct. As splendid transportation made interstate commerce in game easy and profitable, so the Government control of interstate commerce can prevent that transportation from making the game trade too easy and too profitable—which latter would mean the extinction of an investment that now pays the American people very many millions of dollars each year, although they do not know it and do not care for it.

Canada has one forest reserve of fourteen thousand square miles. It can be a game preserve as well. We have many national parks and game refuges and game reserves. We are protecting a few buffalo, remnants of the great herds. We have a fur-seal reservation in the Pribilof Islands. We have fifty national bird reservations in seventeen states and territories, including Alaska and Porto Rico. We protect these reserves by five different executive departments at Washington—those of War, Navy, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor; operating several different bureaus in each department. Let us not jest at the ponderousness of this machinery as compared with our lessening game supply in the farms of the common people, those of the woods and fields. Has not Mr. Wilson brought to our attention that interesting member of our fauna, the great North American ground squirrel, the *spermophilus* gopher, with or without stripes? Let us not mourn the loss of our four or five million buffalo. We still have left the interesting *Tridecemlineatus.* We recommend this game animal to the chefs of the Waldorf and other food palaces of the nation's metropolis. Let us have gopher à la Pullman, gopher—ah, happy thought—à la Jim Wilson. Let not the American despair who finds thirty-cent beef a trifle oppressive. On the contrary, let him take down from above the fireplace the trusty rifle or fowling-piece of his grandfather, let him take, failing better weapon, in his strong right hand the saber of his father or the sword of Bunker Hill, and, going forth into the near-by open, slay for himself a barrelful of this cheap and succulent food for consumption this winter by himself and family.

And if, gazing into that barrel, he should find its contents good, let him realize that there might have been other barrels of yet better food had he cared to own them. Indeed, millions of such barrels may yet belong to us if we care to have them. Of course if we do not we can go on reducing this country to possession until all over its somewhat extended expanses there shall no longer be visible, any more than there is in Italy, the motion of a passing wing or the print of any creature's foot upon the ground.

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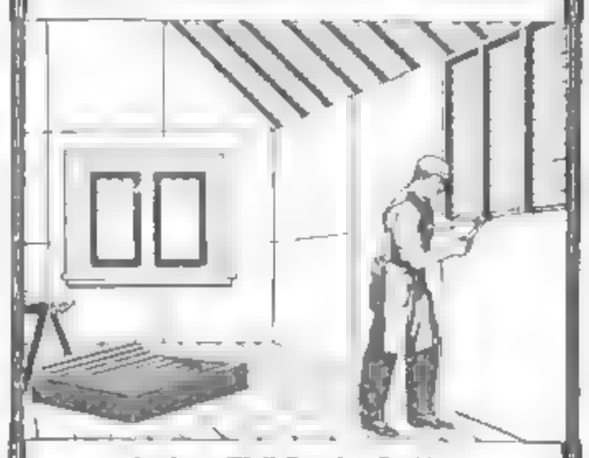

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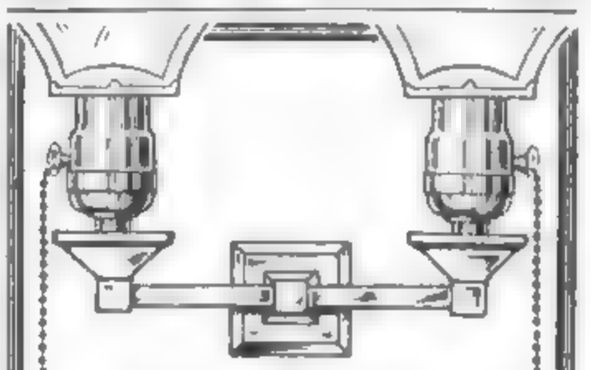

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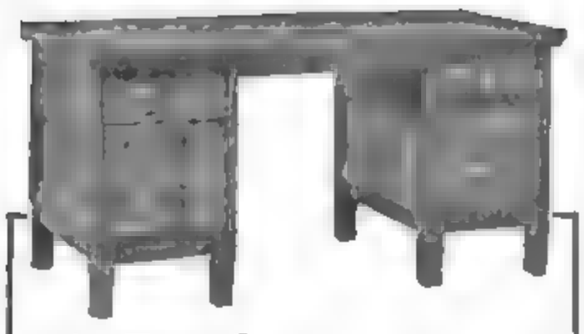

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SHOOTING BIG GAME AND GUIDES

Concluded from Page 17

I came up for air in a log camp on the shores of Upper Enchanted sometime during the afternoon following the day we started out on the twenty-five-mile trip. Steve was still buried in the balsam. I had arisen with the feel of new-found muscles in my legs, muscles and tendons which up to this time I did not know I possessed. In time I worked my way out into the open air and got Fred Allen to show me how to call a moose through the moose megaphones which we had bought at Portland. It was my ambition to get a mess of moose while Steve slept on. Fred called through the moose megaphone several times to show me how to do it, and after a few tries I went out to the edge of the lake and yelled through the moose megaphone several times. My calls finally awakened Steve, but evidently I had not yet mastered the call well enough to entice a moose out into the open.

Steve was too tired on that first day to start to tramp into the woods to shoot some animals, and suggested that we spend the first few days just catching various kinds of game fish by trolling Upper Enchanted from a comfortable seat in Fred Allen's little motor boat. Even here in these Canadian border wilds was a motor boat. Fred told us that originally it had been a Rangeley rowboat. It had once been partly gutted by a forest fire, but still was serviceable. During a previous summer a mechanical engineer suffering from incipient paresis had accompanied Fred to the camp we now occupied, and during this visit the engineer had built a dollar-movement engine out of various pieces of metal and things round the camp and had installed the engine in the rowboat. The man must have been a half-witted genius!

What the Little Fishes Feared

Some motor boats, as you know, will go "Phut—phut—phut—phut!" as long as the engine can keep its mind concentrated upon its mission in life. Perhaps you may even have attended international motor-boat races on Long Island Sound where the craft say "Bang!—bang!"—a pause—then "Phul'l'l'l'l'l'l," and in an instant are fading away in the middle of a charlotte russe of spray.

Fred Allen's motor boat was different.

The guide called her the Twinkle-Twinkle. She rarely said "Bang!" and never "Phul'l'l'l." The noise she made was more deliberate, very loud but deliberate. She would say "Pooh! Pooh! Pooh!" and then seem to stop to think what to say next. A long silence would be followed perhaps by a longer "Pooh!" and suddenly she might follow this with three or four more "Poohs!" So it went. Often we wished during days that followed that the Twinkle-Twinkle would forget to speak at all. If any ducks or wild geese visited Upper Enchanted while we hunted for them about the coves of the lakes, the motor boat undoubtedly scared them off before we got in sight of the flocks. Also the lip of the exhaust, as I understand the tiny inverted smokestack is called, was immersed in the lake most of the time, especially if Steve or I sat anyway near the quarterdeck of the rowboat; and aboard a boat so small as the Twinkle-Twinkle naturally one of us always had to sit on the quarterdeck.

This immersion of the lip of the exhaust, I now firmly believe, also was largely responsible for much of our lack of success while trolling for fish—trolling is another technical term for which there is no layman's equivalent—from the back of the motor boat. We used to troll for bass, land-locked salmon, porgies, togue, square-tailed trout and the other kinds of fish with which the lake, Fred Allen told us, teemed, while at the same time we kept the guns aboard to be ready for passing waterfowl. Just when the dollar-movement engine seemed to have quieted down it suddenly would cough a couple of times loudly into the water. A moment later a bubble or two would rise to the surface and break into a "Pooh! Pooh!" And so I feel sure many fish were frightened away just as they were about to eat the bait.

"We don't want to break the state fishing laws," I hasten to say I informed Fred Allen the very first day we went trolling in the Twinkle-Twinkle. For I had a vague recollection of hearing that the fishing season was over.

"You won't," Fred assured us positively.

Much relieved, we started out to troll, and we went again the next day and the next and then the next. Steve rapidly seemed to be growing discouraged, but on the fourth day suddenly the dollar movement grew hysterical, and before we could stop her she had shot us to the far side of the lake until we almost collided with the beach three miles across the water from our camp. On that far shore was a trapper named Pierce. He explained that he was headed for the Spencer Trail to blast stumps out of the trail. Steve got an idea and six sticks of the dynamite.

But when the Twinkle-Twinkle finally landed us back at camp and Steve explained his idea of dynamiting the lake next day and so get at least one fish, Fred Allen put his foot down on the scheme. After a useless argument I suggested to the guide that there would be nothing unsportsmanlike, so far as I could see, in taking my cousin's shotgun out in the Twinkle-Twinkle the following morning and, if all else failed, trying for a fish by sticking the muzzle of the gun down into the water and stunning some fish by pulling the triggers. Fred argued, however, that if you stick the muzzle of a gun into a lake, or even an inch or two into soft sod to maim a mole, the sides of the barrels of the shotgun likely as not will tear into long cracks. Then the pellets of shot will spill out sideways and the gun is next to useless for subsequent shooting.

After a breakfast of tinned beans, a glass jar of bacon and coffee we each gave Fred a five-dollar bill before starting on the hunt, and we promised him another brace of fives that night if during the day he would successfully page a moose for us. At dawn Fred had his American flag unfurled and tacked to a tall spruce staff, and he started us off to lead the way along the Horseshoe trail. All during the forenoon Steve and I called through our moose megaphones every few feet as we crunched along, but on this first trip we had indifferent success.

Our biggest moment came at noon while we were lunching beside a lithia spring down in a mossy dell.

"Bear tracks!" Steve yelled suddenly, as we were about to start along after luncheon.

Sure enough, along the muddy rivulet running from the spring were some kind of tracks. Fred Allen thought they were small for bear tracks.

"It's a bear all right," Steve insisted. "Ten dollars for you now, Fred, if you'll chase it up to us from the valley. Twenty if we get 'im, but ten bones anyway. Thirty dollars if you ——"

A Fair Warning for Fred

But Fred already was sliding down into the valley, cautioning us over his shoulder as he disappeared in the trees not to fire on anything carrying the Stars and Stripes. Despite his fears, poor Fred was soon to—but I anticipate.

While Fred was roaming some place in the valley for the bear I recalled from my reading that the best place to shoot a dangerous animal is through the spine. As an amateur, you probably do not know that the spine shot stops locomotion instantly. Steve agreed with me, therefore, that a vantage point from a limb directly above the bear was the best place from which to send several bullets crashing through the bear's spine. So we worked into good positions and looked down upon the surrounding treetops, among which we could occasionally see the American flag moving about far away.

Fred came back to us late in the afternoon, yelling from some distance away that we might as well put up our guns as he had been unable to find the bear to drive it to us. Perhaps we returned to camp somewhat discouraged, but we kept on yelling through our moose megaphones until we were in sight of our cabin again, varying the trip by shooting at marks on tree trunks to improve our marksmanship.

Fred got ten dollars from each of us the next morning as again we took the trail. Little success came to us on this day's hunt or on the next and the next. On the third hunting trip I was fortunate enough to hear, although I did not see, a red squirrel chattering some place up in some kind of tall tree. Steve and I fired together and instantly the chattering ceased. The sudden silence showed that we had undoubtedly killed, or at any rate wounded, the animal, but although we searched about for more than an hour we were unable to locate the body of the game, and so we pushed on.

Steve, the next morning, offered Fred twenty-five dollars if he would lead us to an animal of any sort and ten dollars extra if he located a live bird, regardless of size or species.

"If you don't lead us to something today," warned Steve, "by jiminy, I'll kill you"

I laughed aloud at the look of fright that came over Fred's face, and I quieted him by explaining that this "I'll-kill-you" remark was merely a facetious expression that Steve often used lightly. But Steve's set face did not help to reassure the guide. Indeed, Steve's manner caused me also a bit of worry. At dusk we were back at camp after a day in which we had not seen even a cow track. Steve smoked silently for some time.

The Last of Poor Fred Allen

"Fred," he said again gravely the next morning, "I'll give you one more chance. Personally I think it's all useless, and so today I'm going to loaf round camp here. You take my brother-in-law into the woods and lead him up to the face of a moose, a rabbit—anything. And if, when you return tonight, you have to tell me that you haven't met up with something alive I'll kill you."

Sure enough, Fred led me back to camp that evening and the guide had to confess that he hadn't located any game. So Steve killed him.

With light hearts we started south the next morning over the Buckboard Trail toward Eustis and home. Between the two of us we had thirty-eight cartridges left. Singing happily as we tramped southward that day we fired the last of our cartridges at tree trunks. At noon we halted on the banks of Spencer Stream to eat the luncheon that we had had Fred prepare for us before Steve killed him. Then Steve forded the stream in the lead and went singing down the trail some distance ahead. A few minutes after he had disappeared in the woods across the stream he yelled for me.

"A moose!" he screamed. "Hurry up! Holler through your moose megaphone! Hurry! Hurry!"

"Shoot the big stiff!" I yelled back as I tugged at the buckles of my guncase with my teeth and tried to fit the gun together again as I panted across the water and onward where Steve was yelling for me.

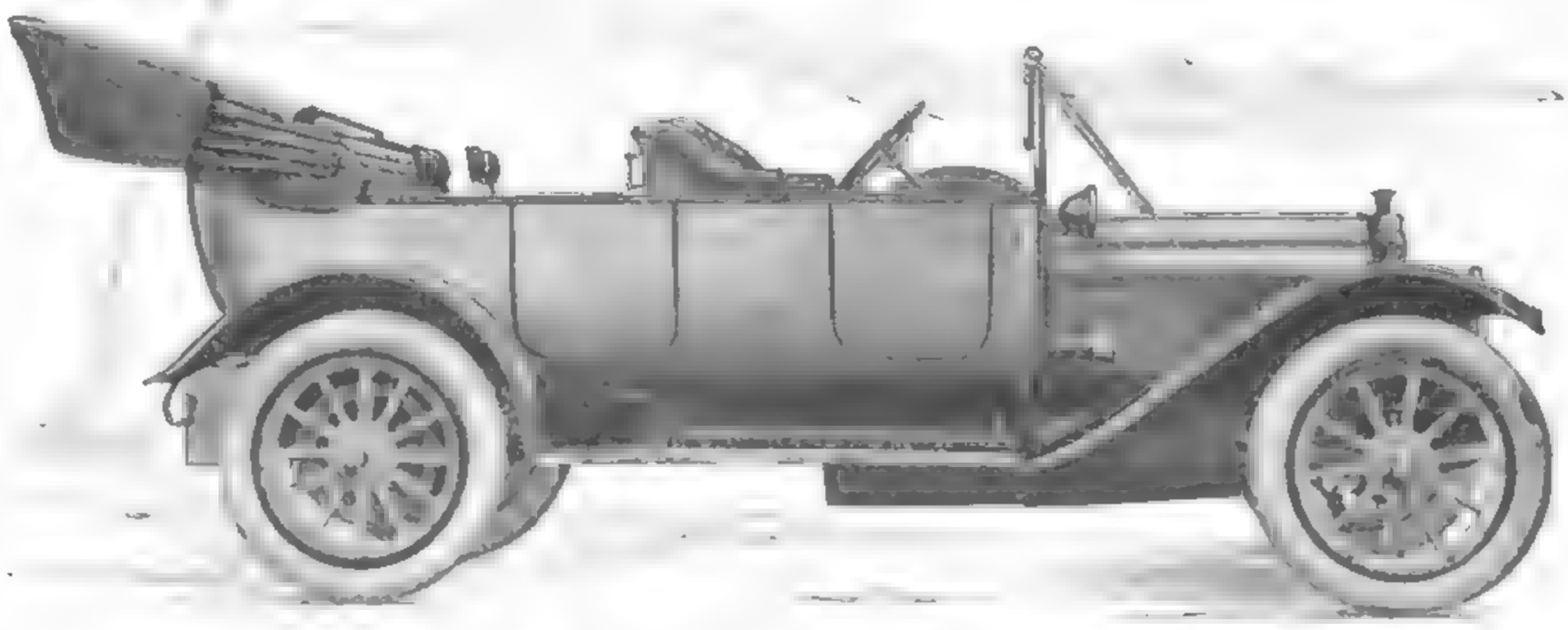
It turned out that Steve had shot his last cartridge at a mark half an hour earlier and so had to call for me to try to get the moose with my shotgun. It was exasperating to have lost our only moose just as we were coming out of the woods and into civilization. Steve hadn't seen the moose, but he had heard the ponderous animal in the thickets near a log cowshed back of the all-year-round camp near by owned by a man from Communipaw, New Jersey.

Just as we glimpsed the roof of the hotel in Eustis late that afternoon we did see a big black and white bird that made a sort of laughing noise rise from the far bank of Dead River. So far as I could tell it was a wild goose.

"Shoot him—shoot something!" yelled Steve.

I shot hurriedly at the bird. My first thought was to send the load of shot through its head, so that death would come to the poor thing with merciful suddenness. I am glad to say that I regretted this step the instant I had pulled the trigger. And so I merely shot in its general direction and let the beautiful wild thing escape. Steve said it was some kind of mallard duck.

Just a last word of advice: I should suggest that in bringing your big game back to New York, or wherever you live, ship home from Eustis only the heads of the moose and deer and bear and other animals. It is almost impossible, supposing you live in a city hotel or apartment house, to get an entire moose, say, up to your apartments in a dumbwaiter or even in the passenger elevator. Even a good-sized moose head is troublesome enough to handle round the apartment.



Important News Concerning the White Six-Cylinder "60"

THE White six-cylinder "60" is now ready for the automobile world. Fifty years of sewing-machine making are back of it—twelve years of automobile-building have led up to this fitting consummation of our efforts—a superlative six-cylinder gasoline-driven car. It is just as unique and extraordinary in all its essential features as our four-cylinder "30's" and "40's"—now conceded to be the highest types of motor cars.

IN producing this "60" for the very top of our line, we have naturally spared no expense, but rather have sought to make this powerful car the most perfect sold on any market. Its engineering features have been recognized or adopted by practically all the European manufacturers, and these features to-day influence the design of every new model in this country. Only two motor factories in the world, we are told, use such materials as are characteristic of the entire White line. In liberality of equipment, in all the fine points which mark the most lavish and permanent construction, this car is superb.

The Six-cylinder car is always the supreme test of an automobile factory. Such cars are proverbially handsomely finished and offer little choice from outward appearance—the vital part of a car is under the hood, and there the White demonstrates its class. It has the compact simplicity of the en bloc system of cylinder-casting. There is an almost total absence of the paraphernalia that usually litter the engine of motor cars. The engine is the powerful, long-stroke type which is undeniably the most economical. The upholstery—the body lines—the lighting—the starting system—every detail, is of that type and quality which distinguishes the best the world knows how to produce.

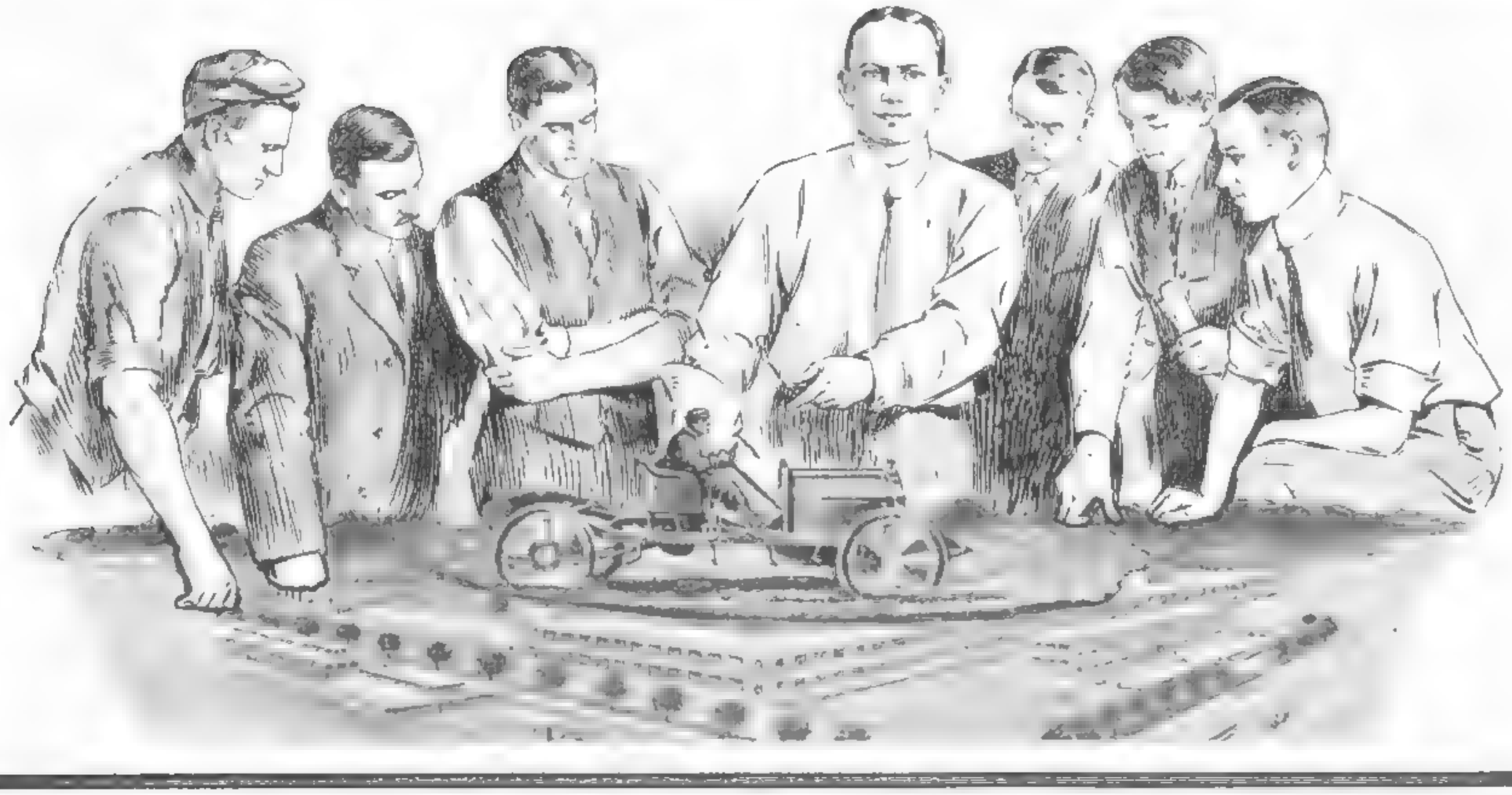
THE OUTPUT LIMITED

REGARDLESS of the tremendous acreage of the great White factory—regardless of its enormous equipment in machinery—regardless of its hundreds upon hundreds of workmen—it has only a certain capacity per day or per week. Built as all White cars are, this capacity cannot be greatly increased. The White "30's" and "40's" have a reputation which has constantly crowded our factory with orders during the last year; consequently, it is expected—almost a foregone conclusion—that these cars will keep us busy in 1912. Therefore, the output of the new "60's" will be limited, necessarily. Produced in response to a definite demand for a White "Six"—even before customers had seen it, we booked order after order from blue-prints. In other words, the demand has exceeded all our calculations, and we are confronted with the possibility of being unable to produce enough of these cars. From our standpoint a most satisfactory condition—but to the man who wants just such a "Six"—the superlative car—from the White factory, it may mean disappointment, unless he acts to-day.

Appointments for demonstrations can be made with White representatives in all principal cities on or after January first.

The White Company

889 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio



Howard E. Coffin and His Engineers Build a *New* "33"—Self-Starting

Howard E. Coffin and his Board of Engineers have built their master car—a car you start by merely pressing a button. These men practice the highest engineering principles the world knows.

Engineers from abroad come here to study under these men. Their chief—like Thomas A. Edison in electricity—drives the milestones of automobile advancement. He and his men in other years designed the motors for more than a dozen manufacturers. Eighty per cent of all the better quality American cars have on them features designed by Mr. Coffin.

He had *previously* built five famous cars—the industry's *leaders*. Each, in their time, was the car of the year. They were so far ahead of their day that several are still sold as leaders in their class.

The latest and greatest achievement of these skilled engineers is the *New Self-Starting Hudson "33."*

You Press a Button to Start the Motor

That explains the operation.

A child can do it as easily as it can push a button that rings an electric bell.

It is like switching on the current that runs an electric fan.

Yet the self-starting device of the *New* HUDSON "33" is not operated by electricity nor is it operated by compressed air.

It has neither the weight nor complications common to all starters of those types.

It weighs but 4½ pounds and has only 12 parts. Electric starters weigh 175 to 200 pounds—as much as the weight of an extra passenger. Compressed air starters weigh 60 to 75 pounds.

Starts Instantly in Winter

Our engineers tested all types of self-starters. None other was acceptable.

This one started the motor 98 times in every 100 trials. Thousands of tests were made. Cold weather did not affect it. A motor was kept in cold storage for a week. The temperature was 5 degrees below freezing. Ice covered the cylinders. But the motor started at the first operation of the starter.

Other types were not so successful.

Ask any owner of a *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33" how his self-starter operates these cold days.

All distinctive features cannot be enumerated here. Their number is too great. But among them is an advance design which eliminates almost 1000 parts—Demountable rims—BIG tires—an accessibility that puts all important parts and all oiling places within easy reach. Enclosed valves, dust proof bearings throughout. Fan in fly wheel. A clutch so good that drivers never know they have a clutch, because of its freedom from trouble.

The Quietest, Simplest and Handsomest of All

It is the quietest automobile built. It has power that will shoot it—with full load—up mountain roads—through sand and mud and always with a sensation of strength and of flying that is utterly lacking in many cars.

The springs are of the most flexible, yet non-breakable, vanadium steel. People compare the *New* HUDSON "33" in riding comfort to cars of double its weight and cost.

It is pronounced by experts as the most graceful in line of any car regardless of price. In finish, in upholstery and in every detail of luxurious convenience it ranks in the class of $2,500 automobiles.

Haven't you at least a curiosity to see Howard E. Coffin's *New* HUDSON "33"?

Its great simplicity will be a revelation to you.

At all the important automobile shows this year it will have its most advantageous display, for there it can, at close hand, be compared with all other cars.

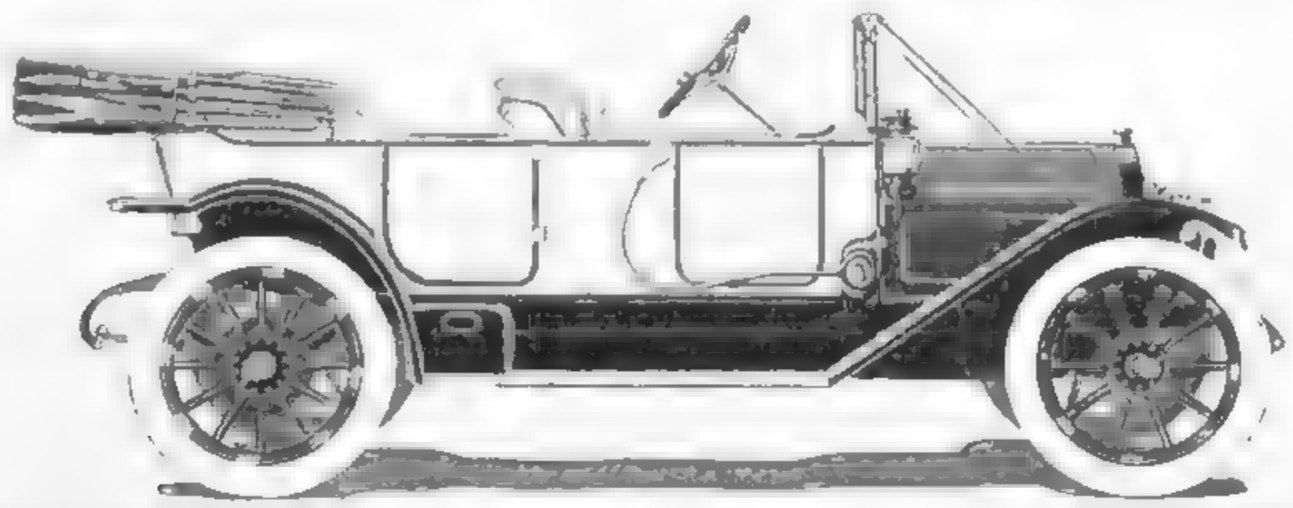
Printed descriptions—advertised promises and pictures are often too alluring and many cars do not fulfill the expectations the advertising has created.

We cannot do justice to the car in a printed description, and therefore ask you to go to see it, compare it with other cars you think well of.

You will marvel at the value Mr. Coffin has incorporated in this last creation.

Go see the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33" NOW. So popular was his last year's "33" that more than 2000 failed to get the cars they had ordered, for we could not build them fast enough.

We are leaders today in the number of new cars delivered and still the shortage continues. Better see the *New* HUDSON "33" before all these models too are sold.



The price for either of four models—Touring, five-passenger—Torpedo, four-passenger—Roadster, two-passenger, or *Mile-a-Minute* Speedster—is $1600. Not a cent more is needed to equip either car before it is ready for use, for top, Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the *New* HUDSON "33" is simpler than any other car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7182 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The Progress of a Sane Young Man

(Continued from Page 18)

would, in one sense, be a tariff for revenue; but I take it that the clear meaning of the declaration of the party in favor of a tariff for revenue means a competitive tariff—that is, a tariff that allows sufficient imports from abroad to bring about fair and honest competition, thereby producing revenue and at the same time preventing the home producer from hiding behind a tariff wall that will enable him to establish monopolies and unduly increase the burdens of taxation resting upon the American people, without their receiving any benefit in return, either in the shape of revenue for the Government or in the development of the great industries of the country.

"It is an axiom which cannot be disputed that the moment any industry is allowed to create a monopoly its development along lines of best endeavor at once ceases. If there was a more general understanding that the tariff is a tax, in which private interests share the proceeds with the Government, there would be a more rigorous questioning of the various duties imposed by Congress than has yet been manifested. Protection is granted for the purpose of enabling new industries to establish themselves and to offset the difference in cost at home and abroad. If an industry cannot be strong and lusty in a reasonable time it shows it is developed by artificial means and is not justified—and the props should be taken away. Statistics conclusively show that most of our industries are able to stand alone. Our natural advantages, improved machinery, efficiency of American labor and ocean freight rates in many instances overcome the differences in cost of labor at home and abroad.

"I recognize that false standards have been ingrafted on our industrial life, and that we cannot strike them all off in an hour or a day without serious danger. What I contend is that we turn our faces away from them and gradually and carefully adjust our laws to meet new conditions, without serious injury to either labor or capital, in order that we may reduce the cost of living at home and be prepared to dispose of more of our surplus products in the markets of the world, to the end that we may give constant employment to labor and maintain stable prices at home."

The Democratic Program

"The Democratic party does not intend to abandon the custom houses, but favors a policy of levying customs duties for revenue purposes only, at rates that will not destroy fair and honest competition in the home market. This position will be accomplished by the reduction of tariff taxes provided for in the laws now on the statute books, to a point where fair competition will bring about reasonable prices and destroy monopolistic tendencies caused by the high duties now levied at the custom houses."

This places Underwood squarely—where he hopes to keep the Democratic majority in the House during the coming tariff fight—on a tariff-for-revenue basis. Of course, no matter what Mr. Taft's recommendations may be, and no matter what information the tariff board may present, the Democrats are not beholden to either, but will make their own tariff bills and send them to the Senate. In this statement Underwood clearly indicates the kind of tariff bills he will make. Indeed, it is likely, so far as the House is concerned, these bills will not differ much from the bills passed by the House in the extra session.

He is an advanced conservative in his views of other legislation. For example, he does not favor the wide extension of the initiative, referendum and recall. His contention is that these measures have worked out satisfactorily in local matters where the people clearly understood the issues; but that in larger matters of national importance the Congress is better able to protect the interests of the people.

"The people suffer far more from the failure to enforce existing laws than they do from the lack of proper legislation," he says. "The people should drive from the places of power and responsibility the unfaithful servants and elect those who will be faithful to the trust imposed upon them. The masses of people are far better judges of men than they are of measures, and are far more likely to select an honest man than an honest measure."

Underwood was born in Kentucky in 1862, was educated at the Rugby School in Louisville, and the University of Virginia, and was admitted to the bar in 1884. He went at once to Birmingham, Alabama, where he has since practiced law. He was first elected to Congress in 1894 and has been returned regularly since. He early took a hand in politics and served on state and district committees before he went to Washington. As I have shown, his experience in the House has been varied and his advance has been steady.

He is not a showy man, but a studious. He is not an eloquent orator, but a convincing speaker. His greatest speech was in opposition to the Payne-Aldrich bill when that measure was reported to the House of Representatives by the Republican Ways and Means Committee in 1909. He made several important speeches in advocacy of his own measures during the extra session of the House last summer, but none was so important or so exhaustive as that speech against the Payne bill. He spoke for several hours, took up the bill section by section and analyzed it from his information and convictions. This was one of the great speeches of a season of remarkable presentments of tariff doctrine on both sides of the House.

Where Democracy Abides

Underwood does not write his speeches. He says he cannot memorize easily, and never attempts to make a set speech or a speech where he follows copy exactly. His method is to collect all the available information bearing on his subject and arrange it in skeleton form. He sets it out by divisions, subdivisions and topics. He goes over these, rearranges, classifies, divides and subdivides. Then he may write portions of the speech, or he may not. At any rate, when he comes to talk he has nothing before him but a sheet of paper with his topics on it, and he talks without reference to notes or to authorities.

He has an orderly, analytical mind. He reads economics at all times and gives his next preference to history, generally selecting some period and covering that. Modern history, and especially history of political and commercial developments, appeal to him strongly. He reads novels occasionally—perhaps more often than that; for there was a pile of late fiction on his library table when I was talking to him at his home in Birmingham a time ago. His chief amusement is golf, and he is a fair, average player, generally getting round within a few strokes of bogey—a few strokes more, not less—say, seven or eight. He used to ride horseback, but he has given that up of late years; and when he was in college he played football for a season or two. Now that he is fifty years old, golf is his main reliance both for exercise and amusement; but he doesn't get much of that when he is in Washington. The majority leader of the House is a busy man.

He gives an impression of sanity, of reserve power, of calmness. He seems to be a man who has himself always in hand, and he has. He is quiet, grave, dignified, with a not exuberant but discriminating sense of humor. He is a well-set-up man who weighs about one hundred and ninety pounds and looks much younger than his fifty years. He is careful as to his dress, always immaculate and usually imperturbable. He can get angry and does if necessary, and he is a most agreeable companion; but his marked characteristics are seriousness and studiousness and calm.

He is under no delusions about the House of Representatives, which he considers the most democratic as well as the most powerful legislative body in the world. "It makes no difference," he said to me, "what sort of a reputation a man has for brilliance, for wealth, for any other attribute, when he comes to the House. Once he gets there he must prove up—work out his own salvation. No man can get anywhere in the House on the strength of a previous reputation. The members take him at their own valuation, not at his own or that of his former associates or friends or admirers. The House is a plain democracy. If you have merit and ability and are a good fellow you can get along. If you have not, or cannot prove what you have, the case is hopeless. In all my service in the House I have never seen a man who was

If you drive a car at night—

You should have Prest-O-Lite—the most efficient, reliable and economical lighting system for automobile or motorcycle.

Over three hundred thousand cars are equipped with Prest-O-Lite!

Why?

Because the great majority of owners have had experience with the unsatisfactory, unreliable generator. They know the risk of driving at night without a light that's sure.

Don't take chances

Don't experiment—

Be guided by the experience of others—

Get Prest-O-Lite on your new car—

Insist upon it!

When you buy—that's the time to get Prest-O-Lite.

If the manufacturer has turned out his product equipped with a generator—have it changed. If you do not—you'll want Prest-O-Lite before you have had your car a month.

Prest-O-Lite is the only light that offers the universal service of 10,000 dealers, 25 branches and 13 charging stations.

Without that service your car is not of full value.

No matter when you drive

—You should have Prest-O-Tire Tubes or a Prest-O-Tire Tank. Either one saves you the back-breaking, disagreeable labor over the hand pump. Convenient to carry, simple to operate, inexpensive.

—You should have the Prest-O-Starter on your car. It eliminates the dangerous work of cranking—the simplest, surest starter ever made at the lowest price.

Literature with full information on any or all of these three great boons to the motorist furnished on request.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY

210 East South Street **Indianapolis, Ind.**

BRANCHES

at Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago (2), Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle.

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Atlanta, Cleveland, Dallas, E. Cambridge, Hawthorne, Ill., Indianapolis, Long Island City, Los Angeles, Waverly, N. J., Oakland, Omaha, Seattle.

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EXCHANGE AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

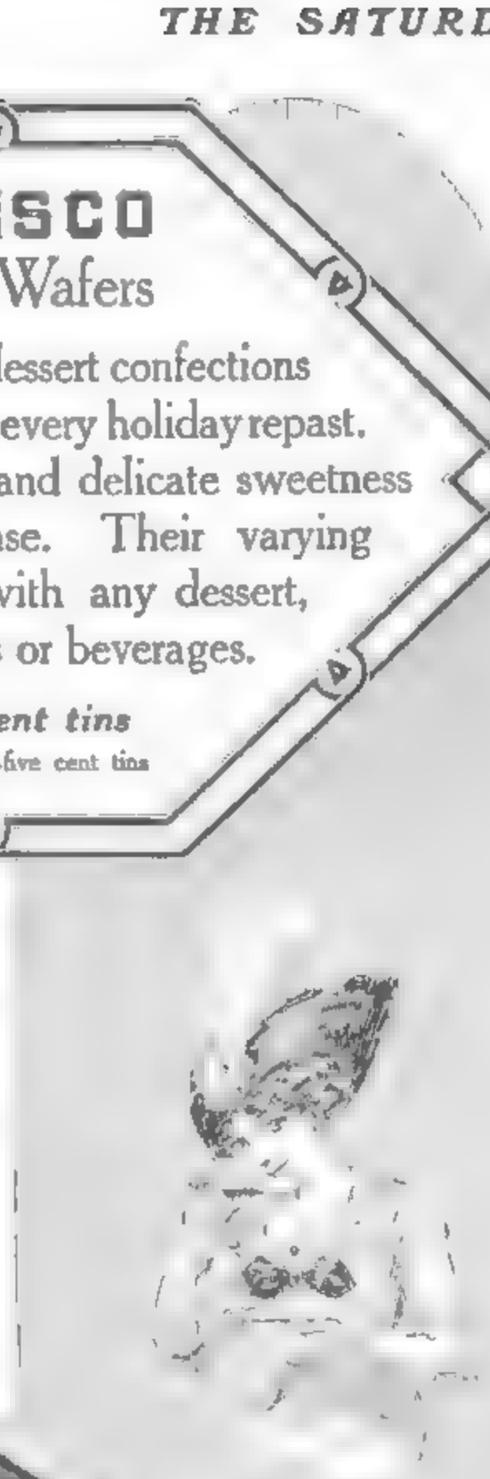
NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

These delightful dessert confections rightly have a place in every holiday repast. Their fragile goodness and delicate sweetness never fail to please. Their varying flavors comport with any dessert, with ices, fruits or beverages.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—
Another dessert confection, with an outer covering of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

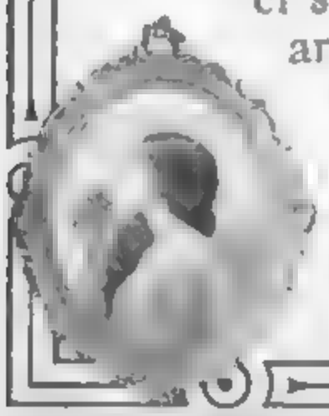


DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.



For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c the Ounce and in 5c, 10c and 25c Packets
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Metropolitan Tower, New York

Texas Land Exposition
and Northern Settlers' Convention, Houston, Texas, Jan. 15-28, 1912. Low interstate railroad rates. Eighteen lines into Houston. Homeseekers' rates to [illegible] Opportunity to visit Texas farms and see its great Land Show. More than 1000 exhibits of farm products and machinery. Any information about Texas on request.
Texas Land Exposition, Houston, Texas

Spend Your Winter at Tucson, Arizona
Finest winter climate in the United States. Seat of Arizona University. Educate your children at Tucson, the ideal home city. Write Chamber of Commerce for beautiful, free, illustrated booklet.

not intrinsically of good measure get anywhere. Every man must prove what he is right there, on the floor and in committee, before he can get a standing. When he does prove up he gets just what his merits entitle him to, and no more and no less."

Underwood's long service has given him a comprehensive idea of the necessities of compromise and conciliation. The man never was born who can go into the House and force three hundred and ninety other men—or half of them—to do what he wants them to. He must persuade the others to do what he wants them to. It is one of the oldest of legislative axioms that all legislation is compromise and so it is. Underwood appreciates this and knows how to smooth out difficulties and adjust warring opinions. He is an adept at putting things together; at losing here and gaining there; at giving and taking; at receding and advancing; at understanding motives and grasping situations. He is no miracle-worker, nor does he try to work miracles. He uses the material at hand and gets the best results possible. He is popular with his associates on both sides and is followed loyally by the majority. Less demonstrative than many others, he gets more results by his careful attention to detail and his studious consideration of legislation and its problems.

Underwood is neither a Reactionary nor a Progressive. He holds to the basic tenets of the Democratic party, but he is not against some of the more advanced ideas of the other element in the party. He is a sane man, who is anxious for Democratic success if that success can be attained along lines that are real and meritorious—and of benefit to the country. He is calm in his convictions and dogged in carrying them out, but he is amenable to argument and never without a complete recognition of the politics of a situation.

So far as his being a candidate for president is concerned, he has been told that Alabama will present his name at the Democratic national convention, and he is willing his name should be presented. He is frank and sane about that too. His position is that he can make no campaign for the nomination or spend any time going about among the people, because he has yet a great fight to make as Democratic leader of the House; and he does not think it right or just to announce himself as a candidate. In his own words: "Because the filling of engagements in making addresses would necessitate my absence from Washington, where the real fight is yet to be won, I have not announced my intentions as being a candidate for the nomination before the next convention—nor do I intend to do so of myself; but, should my party want me to do so, I shall be only too glad to accede to their wishes."

Sense and Nonsense

Not Guilty

ONCE upon a time James W. Faulkner, an Ohio political sage, ran a country newspaper. One day a peppery old farmer came clamoring into Faulkner's sanctum.

"Say," he shouted, "this paper ain't reliable. It prints lies."

"Pardon me, my friend," protested Faulkner; "but we strive to tell the exact truth about every subject. What has offended you?"

"Gimme a copy of last week's paper!" shouted the visitor.

Faulkner handed him a paper. The farmer took it, turned to an inside page, stabbed a paragraph with an accusing finger and yelled: "There it is, right there! It's a lie! It never happened to him! That man's a neighbor of mine and I tell you you've printed a lie about him. It never happened."

Faulkner took the paper and looked at the paragraph. The offending statement was a patent-medicine advertisement telling how the farmer's neighbor had been cured of something or other.

Plain Bob

Bob went lookin' for a job—
Didn't want a situation; didn't ask a lofty station;
Didn't have a special mission for a top-notcher's position;
Didn't have such fine credentials—but he had the real essentials—
Had a head that kept on workin' and two hands that were not shirkin';
Wasn't either shirk or snob;
Wasn't Mister—just plain Bob,
Who was lookin' for a job.

Bob went lookin' for a job;
And he wasn't scared or daunted when he saw a sign—"Men Wanted."
Walked right in with manner fittin' up to where the Boss was sittin';
And he said: "My name is Bob, and I'm lookin' for a job;
And if you're the Boss that hires 'em, starts 'em workin' and that fires 'em,
Put my name right down there, Neighbor, as a candidate for labor;
For my name is just plain Bob,
And my pulses sort o' throb
For that thing they call a job."

Bob kept askin' for a job,
And the Boss he says: "What kind?" And Bob answered: "Never mind;
For I ain't a bit partic'ler and I never was a stickler
For proprieties in workin'—if you got some labor lurkin'
Anywhere around about kindly go and trot it out.
It's a job I want, you see—
Any kind that there may be
Will be good enough for me."

Bob was anxious for a job,
And he said: "Look here, Old Feller—on the first floor, in the cellar,
On the roof or in the attic—I'm a jobster democratic.
And it's all the same, Old Turk, what it is if it is work;
I don't ask for frills upon it—I just want a job—doggone it!
There's a fever in me rages
For the thing that men call wages,
Put me on the payroll pages!"

Well, sir, Bob he got a job.
But the Boss went round all day in a dreamy sort of way;
And he says to me: "By thunder, we have got the world's Eighth Wonder!
Got a feller name of Bob, who just asked me for a job—
Never asks when he engages about overtime in wages;
Never asked if he'd get pay by the hour or by the day;
Never asked me if it's airy work and light and sanitary;
Never asked me for my notion of the chances of promotion;
Never asked for the duration of his annual vacation;
Never asked for Saturday half-a-holiday with pay;
Never took me on probation till he tried the situation;
Never asked me if it's sittin' work or standin', or befittin'
Of his birth and inclination—he just filed his application,
Hung his coat up on a knob,
Said his name was just plain Bob—
And went workin' at a job!" —*J. W. Foley.*

Political Scenery

AN IOWA editor wanted to get the drift of opinion in his state about a proposed presidential primary, and so he wrote to his correspondents to secure statements from representative citizens concerning the plan.

A few days later the editor received a package of photographs from one of his correspondents. He returned the pictures with a letter saying he could not use them in the paper. Next day he got an angry letter from the correspondent.

"I don't see why you can't use those pictures," wrote the correspondent, "especially after you ordered them and I had such a job collecting them."

"I didn't order them," wrote the editor. "Where did you get that idea?"

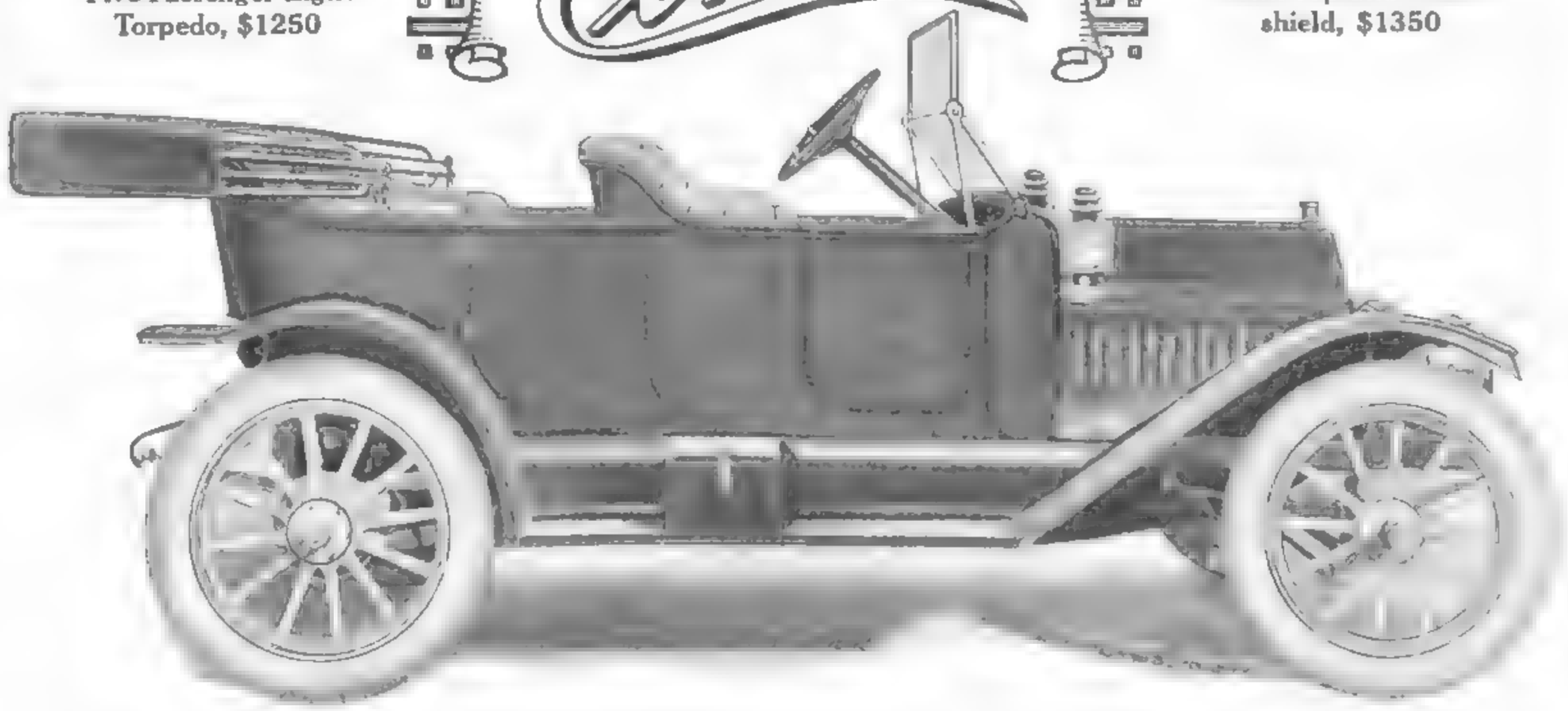
"You did order them," protested the correspondent in his reply, "and I inclose the order you sent."

With his letter he sent the original letter from the editor, which began with these words, under which the correspondent had drawn a heavy black line: "Please secure views of prominent politicians ——"

Elmore

Five-Passenger Light Torpedo, $1250

With Top and Windshield, $1350



The One Proven Successful Valveless Motor

Nowadays the whole automobile world is ringing with discussion as to the practicability of discarding the poppet valve, and with it the numerous gears, springs, cams, push rods, etc., which actuate it. Everybody has come to realize the simplicity and super-efficiency of the valveless construction. Extensive claims and arguments are being made for the valveless motors now so widely exploited.

BUT JUST GRASP ONE GREAT FACT. Every such claim put forth applies with two-fold force to the Elmore valveless motor—which in a dozen years of successful service, has in the hands of owners throughout the country proved both its simplicity and its superiority. We passed the experimental stage years ago.

And the Elmore does not cost $3,000, $4,000, $5,000. There is a model to fit every motoring need, at a price well within the purchasing power of the most conservative.

The Elmore was the Pioneer in Valveless Engine Construction

We have advocated the valveless engine since the inception of the automobile industry in America. The first valveless two-cycle Elmore engine that was installed in a motor-car was a great success. And each year we have refined and simplified it until, in this year's models, we are installing a motor that we believe to be as perfect as human ingenuity can make it. We ask you to prove for yourself that it is the simplest, most efficient automobile engine extant.

Elmore owners, the land over, are about the most thorough, consistent, persistent enthusiasts in motordom. In fact, they're generally referred to as Elmore "fans." Our only regret has been that in past years we have never been able to supply all the "friends of our friends" who wanted cars. For we would only turn out the number of cars that we could build 100 per cent. right in every detail. This year, with doubled factory capacity, we hope to come somewhat nearer to supplying the demand.

In buying an Elmore you are not buying an experiment or a novelty, but a motor tested by thousands of owners for over a dozen years—a motor which, by virtue of patent rights, no other motor-car can have.

Elmore Construction is of the Best

There could be no better built car than the Elmore. Skilled workmanship and careful supervision accompany every detail. We aim to make the car itself a worthy setting for the gem of a motor that runs it.

There is no better inspection system in the world than that which assures to Elmore owners the absolute flawlessness of every Elmore part. And exactly the same care is given in the selection of the materials and the finishing of the product.

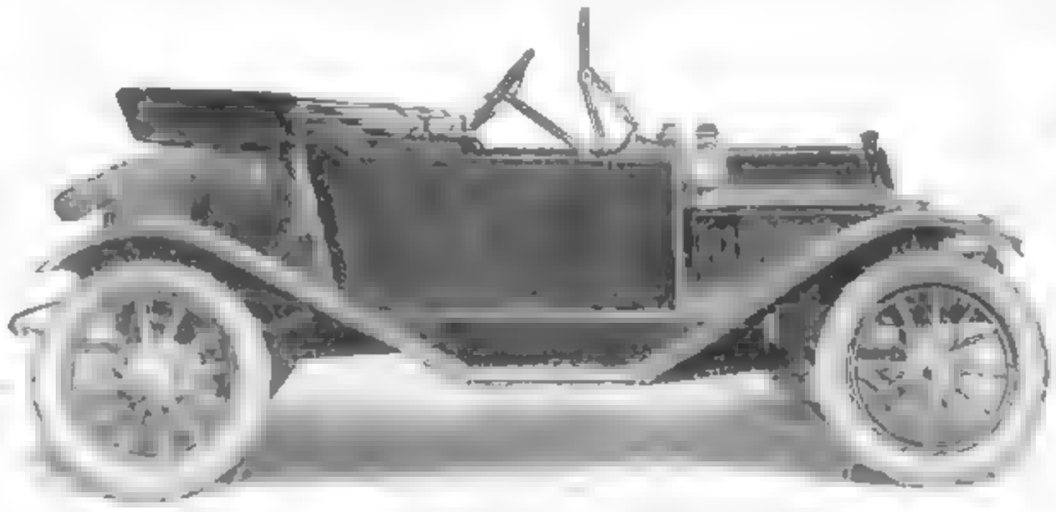
Whether your need be for a roadster or for one of the various types of touring car, you will find an Elmore made which in appearance and in service will rank with any car at any price. And the wonderful exclusive Elmore motor assures you a smooth, sweet running car with the utmost in power efficiency and with a greater freedom from trouble and less expense.

Write for the Elmore Book

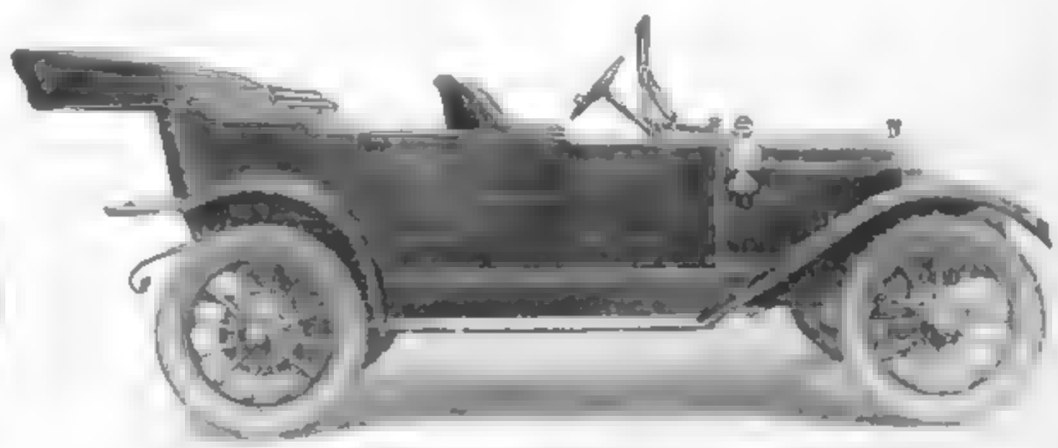
We have prepared a very interesting booklet about the Elmore car, which will be sent free on request, together with the name of the nearest dealer where you can see and test this wonderful car for yourself.

THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING CO., 112 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

DEALERS—For 1912 we have doubled our factory capacity, thus enabling us to double our output. We are therefore enabled to take on a few additional dealers in sections not yet allotted. Write us for 1912 proposition on the one moderate-priced "**car with a reason.**"

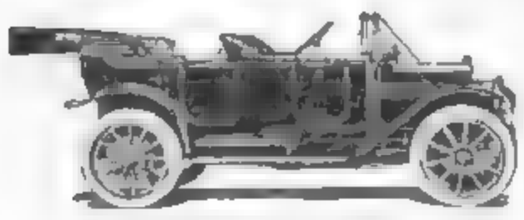


Torpedo Roadster, $1150—Top and Windshield Extra

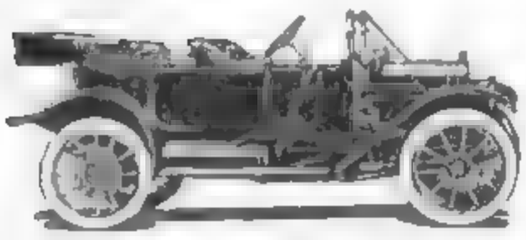


Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1600—Top and Windshield Extra

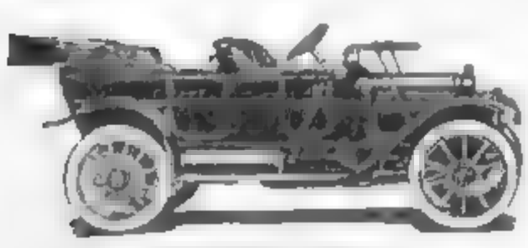
World-wide confidence in the Cadillac amounts to a deep-rooted conviction



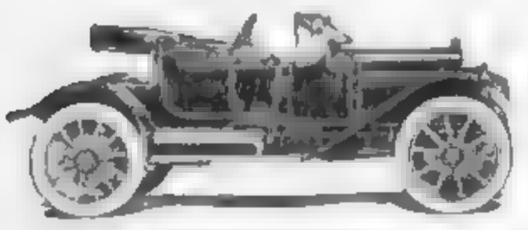
TOURING CAR $1800



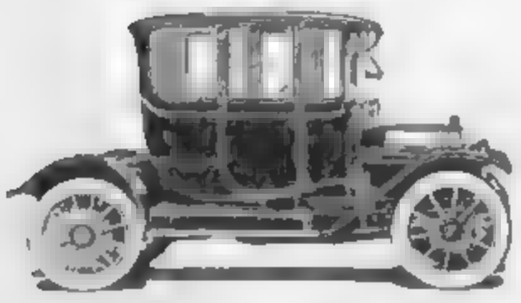
PHAETON, $1800



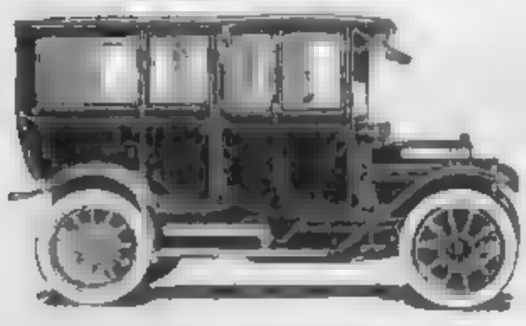
TORPEDO, $1900



ROADSTER $1800



COUPÉ, Four passenger, $2250



LIMOUSINE, Seven passenger, $3250

You will find your Cadillac dealer booking orders and making deliveries in the most "difficult" motor car months of the year.

Therefore, if you have not already placed your order do not be surprised if you find that he cannot "date" the delivery of your car for some time to come.

Stop and consider a moment.

We do not know where you may happen to be when you read this announcement.

It may be in New York; or it may be in San Francisco; or it may be in Arizona.

But wherever you are, there—in your home town—is the same intelligent, inflexible, and implicit confidence in the Cadillac which you encounter everywhere.

If you are one of two million people who read it, you are one of two million people who have felt the influence, the impact, of Cadillac reputation.

You may be on a train at this moment. If so, there are probably others near you who give precedence to the Cadillac just as you give it.

The section through which your train is speeding is permeated and saturated with Cadillac enthusiasm.

This year that sentiment is intensified.

The electrical system of starting and lighting has helped greatly.

But much more potent is the swelling appreciation of Cadillac standards, enhanced with every year that passes.

It is literally true that it is not possible to remain faithful to Cadillac ideals and supply the demand even with the resources of this great plant.

It is true that your dealer and other dealers cannot buy as many Cadillac cars as they could sell.

It is true that Cadillac demand rises superior to "seasons" and that orders and deliveries must be placed ahead in order to avoid disappointment.

Prices are F. O. B. Detroit including standard equipment

STANDARD EQUIPMENT—Delco Dynamo with 80 A. H. battery for automatic starter, electric lights and ignition. Also Delco distributor ignition system with dry cell current. Lamps, Gray & Davis, especially designed for Cadillac Cars, black enamel with nickel trimmings; two head lights with adjustable globes to regulate light rays; two side lights, tail light. Hans gasoline gauge on dash; horn; full foot rail in tonneau, half foot rail in front; robe rail, tire irons, tool box, set of tools including pump and tire repair kit; cocoa mat in all tonneaux except closed cars. Speedometer, Standard, improved with 4 inch face and electric light.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

BLUFF

(Continued from Page 9)

the originals and erodes them to its own pattern—New York, the city of initial successes and of quiet, final failures—it had changed him as it had changed others. He swept his mind over the disheartening years just past, reviewing every crisis, every lost battle. If he had just held his head high in every one of these crises each might have turned the other way. In this last month, during which he had accepted final defeat, he had assigned with each day a new reason for failure. Such is the way of the morbid. "If I had just a few more brains!" he said one day. "If I had been better trained in business!" on another. "If I had been born with social connections!" on still another. And finally, on that blackest day of all, when a plunge in the river seemed like rest: "If I hadn't a streak of yellow!"

"Bluff! Front!"

It seemed as if his very youth had come out of the past with this message. That was it, of course. Something elastic with hope and courage tingled in Tripp's blood.

"Bluff! Front!"

Why, as he looked back on his good, building years, before he went over the crest and began his descent, he understood what his special talent had been. He could assume the appearance of prosperity; he could give to his listener the impression of confidence. He had lost all that; New York had destroyed it by the process of overawing him.

This thought, however, unlike the others, had its element of hope. He could not acquire more brains, go back to get more business training, reincarnate himself into social connections or paint out his streak of yellow; but he could assume the bluff again. There, out of his own successful past, had come the formula—come in the nick of time ——

His hand working with his thought, he took from his inner pocket a bundle of letters, old and new, and ran over them. Some were perfunctory business communications—most of them contained somewhere the distressing particle, "No!" Some—though not many—were bills. He had paid as he had gone—at least he would not quit in personal debt. Only one of these was really perturbing; he turned that over quickly. It was a dun for the month's rent of his desk in a Twenty-third Street office—for the Tripp Staten Island Corporation had dwindled from a suite to deskroom.

Finally, near the bottom, he reached the letter he was looking for—a pretentious square envelope, embossed: a pretentious square of paper, midway of which, in tiny and elegant print, was this legend:

Dear Sir: Mr. Gallup instructs me to say that, though he has nearly made up his mind about the situation to which you refer in your communication of September fourth, he will be glad to see you at any time Wednesday after two-thirty.

Yours very truly,
J. W. Peet, Sec'y.

Mr. Tripp read it again. The falling lines of his face lifted. Just then the bells of the Madison Square tower boomed and chimed. It was a quarter to three.

"Better wait until three," he said to himself. "Seem too eager if I went now."

He rose and walked north. He had the formula for New York again; the practical application and the result of that formula moved and danced all about him. Those beautiful women, slim to fit the fashion, dressed in an elegant simplicity far more expensive than the loudest gauds—bluff dressed them and rendered them beautiful! Those glass-and-enamel automobiles, with their smart occupants and their smarter chauffeurs—bluff! He paused to look into the windows of that hotel from which Fifth Avenue rises, south and north. The favored guests who sat lunching late, at window-seats whose very reservations had cost a week's living of a working family—how sat they there? Bluff!

And all this time, under the steady inspiration of bluff and its results, he was composing his informal address to Horace W. Gallup, of the Gallup-Jones Company. He would enter with calm assurance, as he had done in days of old. He would make much of his record in Omaha and his services with Golden & Baker. He would rehearse one by one the story of his big deals and his impossible feats of selling. He would gloss over the Staten Island realty proposition—his losing venture. If pinned down he would carry it through by laying everything to the lawsuit—just as the old Terry Tripp used to gloss over the weak points in his side of a real-estate transaction; but he didn't propose to be pinned down. He devised an elaborate system of parries and counterblows to avoid this. And he would end by asking—ten thousand dollars a year! Yes, a cool ten thousand!

And now the great bell of the city clock struck three mellow notes. He turned toward Fourth Avenue. He was very brisk now. Why, it was as good as done! It mattered not that his back-thought was saying: "It's my last chance! If I fail in this ——" His outer mind was clear, confident. He had summoned the bluff! It was the lost formula—the way to get on in New York. He couldn't lose!

Horace W. Gallup sat in a mahogany chair at a glass-top desk, littered systematically with papers. He was in late middle age. He had a bald dome of a head, a close-chopped mustache, a pursy figure whose breadth suggested old strength of muscle. Indeed, everything about him connoted quiet power, perfectly balanced—his firm chin, his strongly carved nose, and especially his cold, steady gray eyes. He welcomed Mr. Tripp with a cordiality that seemed to betray long training.

Terry Tripp had entered with his shoulders squared, his facial lines in rising planes, his eye bright, his step quick and confident. He sat down with all the briskness in the world; but he took a breath—one tiny breath—before he began.

"I've come to see about that place as manager for your firm."

"I'm about ready to fill it," replied Mr. Gallup. "I've picked out the man, really; but it will do no harm to listen to you. Didn't I see you once at Golden & Baker's? What can you do?"

Mr. Tripp stole another breath and fixed Mr. Gallup with his eye. The other returned his gaze steadily, critically, without emotion. Terry Tripp started to speak, but no words came. The Gallup eye remained fixed. And suddenly, without volition, Terry's lips began talking. And this is what he heard himself say:

"Mr. Gallup, I've come for a job—your manager if you think I can fill the place—but any kind of a job if that one isn't open. You see—I need it. Mr. Gallup, I'm a man who's got it in him, but who's failed. I admit it—I've failed. But I'm not all in. Not by a jugful! I can pull off big things yet, and I know it. If I don't it's the river for mine. That's the main reason, maybe, why you ought to try me. No man who has given up a safe position to work for you could possibly hustle as I'll hustle—I've just got to! See?"

He paused here, for his outer intelligence told him what he had done; but before he could control them his lips had begun speaking again:

"You see, things have gone wrong with me in New York. I made good here at first—I'd already done things in Omaha. Golden & Baker will tell you that I satisfied them. Well, I saw a chance to operate for myself in Staten Island lots. Big thing, if I could swing it; and I took chances. You've heard about it, maybe. The Tripp Staten Island Realty Company—installment proposition, but straight. It looked like a gold mine—for a while. You know how those things go. The truth is, I hadn't the capital. I needed money and I started on a shoestring. I'd put in every dollar I had—that was only a little. I borrowed every dollar I could—that wasn't enough.

"I might have swung it even then, but the bad times came and the bottom went out of real estate, installment end first! Then the Home Lot Company sued. I won't go into that. I was buncoed a little on my titles in the beginning, and I suppose the Home people were half right. I lost; and what I didn't pay for settlement I paid the lawyers. I tell people, just to keep up a front, that it was the suit which finished me. It wasn't. I'd have gone out anyhow, because I hadn't the capital. But that did give me the final punch.

"And since then—five months—I've been just settling up. I could have gone into bankruptcy and saved something. I wasn't playing it that way. I worked it—never mind the details; they'd bore you anyway—so that no one should lose a dollar

Thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp. Removes dandruff and discourages its return. Promotes head comfort. Tends to prevent premature loss of hair by its cleansing, antiseptic effect upon the scalp. Ideal for ladies because it aids to make the hair soft, silky and fluffy. Price, 25c. a jar.

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I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing my students as instructors in counting colleges. If you wish to become a better penman write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.
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Agents wanted. Sent prepaid for $1.25. Send at once for catalog

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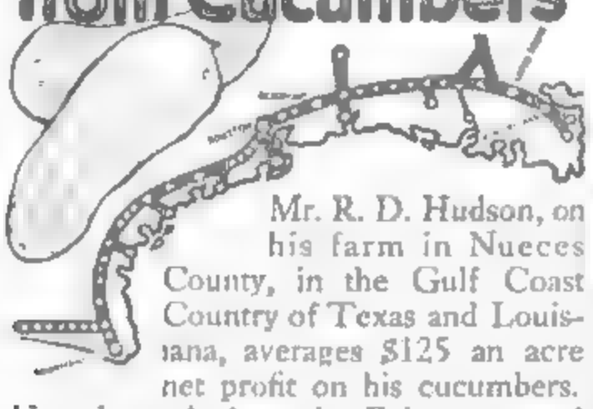
There's money in merchandise

And there are big opportunities right now for good men in the retail field. Why not start a profit making retail store of your own? It's my business to find places where new stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information. And a two hundred page book telling how to run a store goes free. Edward B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

$125 net per Acre from Cucumbers



Mr. R. D. Hudson, on his farm in Nueces County, in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, averages $125 an acre net profit on his cucumbers. He planted them in February and marketed them in March.

Think of it—enough profit in two months to more than pay for the land, and 10 months left in which to grow two other crops.

Two and three crops a year is not unusual in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana for they have twelve months of growing weather.

Making money down there is not difficult. Any man with ordinary intelligence can make good in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. Thousands of men have left the stores, offices, and factories of the north to go down there and lead an independent, out-of-door life. They enjoy being their own boss, and piling up their own bank account feels good to them.

Better look into this

Investigate! Go down there this fall or winter. See and talk to these growers. Then you will realize the big opportunities open to you. The trip, by the Frisco, will alone be worth the little cost of going. Excursion fares, via the Frisco, the first and third Tuesdays of each month, make the trip inexpensive.

The Frisco Lines operate splendid, electric lighted, all steel trains, daily, from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Birmingham and New Orleans. These trains carry through cars, daily, and on excursion days, through tourist sleepers to the Gulf Coast Country.

3 Splendid Books FREE

One on the Mid-Coast country of Texas, one on the lower irrigated sections of the Rio Grande Valley [illegible] showing scenes in actual colors. They describe the country and crops from one end to the other, giving examples of successes and personal statements by men who have gone there and made good. Write for your free copies today, while you think of it.

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Don't stick it out the rest of the Winter in a cold house

A letter to us today will bring a man to you who will figure the cost of an installation of

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They can be put in now, without disturbing your present heating system, and will give you 70° comfort for the rest of the winter and all winters to come. When you write ask for our "Heat Primer," a great book for folks in cold houses.

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except me. Banks, investors, everybody—they're all paid off. I don't owe a dollar on that business. It's wound up and over—and I'm looking for a job. It hasn't been easy. Some of the companies I'd crossed, of course; that queered me with them. The others that I knew best—they didn't want a failure. There are young men coming in from the outside all the time—young men that have made good, just as I made good in Omaha. They're filling the jobs. Even Golden & Baker, who know what I can do, have young, new men in the old places. No chance there. I wrote to you when I heard you needed a manager, just because you'd never had anything to do with me—didn't know anything about me—and I thought you might try me as a new proposition."

Terry Tripp stopped for the beating of his breath and his emotions. Mr. Gallup still sat immobile, the cool, critical eye fixed. Suddenly Terry was speaking again—this time in a passion of self-revelation.

"That isn't all either. There's the girl! She's the last reason and the best. There always is a girl, I suppose. She's in business out of New York. She's a success. I can't ask her until I've made good—she would give up her success to marry a failure, maybe, but I'm not the one to make the proposition. That was why I started the Staten Island Company really. It's been long waiting; but I can wait if I get another chance. Look at me!" he burst out. "I'm thirty-six. I know real estate—and New York real estate at that—from A to Z. It's the only thing I do know. I'm dying to make good. I can make good! I took a big chance—and I lost. It was an error of judgment, maybe, but other men have made errors of judgment and come back. And I was honest clear through. I played and I lost. Next time I'll win. I just want a chance with you. I'm not asking to be your general manager. I'm asking for a place to make good. I must make good!"

Here he ran down—came to his climax and stopped. And into the vacuum of his emotions rushed fear and despair. What had he done? In that moment an old and horrible memory of his youth came back to him! It was the tale of a murderer who had denied everything, even unto the scaffold; and who, at the last moment, had burst out, confessed—and put the rope about his own neck! He was that man. He had told the bitter truth at the end of his bluff. Now let them give him the rope!

Horace W. Gallup had roused himself. He had thrown himself back in his chair; he was laughing. "My boy," he said, "you're refreshing! I haven't listened to the like of you for ten years."

"It's the truth," faltered Terry weakly.

"I know it is," declared Mr. Gallup. "It carries the stamp on its face. I've been listening to the New York bluff all my life. I've had them come in with patched trousers and tell me they were willing to leave a five-thousand-dollar job for the privilege of running my business. You're the first applicant who has told me the truth." He trained his eye on Terry again; this time it held a twinkle. "The manager's job is filled; but I want you. A man who can tell the truth would be a novelty. Start right in on my selling end. How much do you want to begin on?"

Terry gulped twice.

"How would fifty dollars a week do for a starter?" Terry brought out finally.

"Seventy-five!" said Mr. Gallup.

Oddities and Novelties

The Flavor of Fruit

EFFERVESCING beverages of apple flavor, agreeable to the palate, ought to be common, like those of the peach, strawberry or other fruits. There should be apple essences of good quality on the market. Yet this flavoring is rarely heard of in the United States.

Apple essence is manufactured on a considerable scale, however, in Germany. The aroma of the fruit is concentrated chiefly in the peel, being tenaciously held therein by certain waxlike substances—the juice has little of it. Hence the utilization of the peelings almost exclusively in making this particular product.

The cheap, dry peelings, which are a waste product of the dried-apple industry, will not serve. What is required is fresh peelings, which in Germany are bought in quantities from great fruit-preserving plants where the apples are first peeled by machinery, in order that the products obtained from them shall be more uniform in consistency and lighter in color.

The best apples for the purpose, however, are those which have ripened fully in the sunshine on the trees. Those stung by insects and fresh-fallen are found highly aromatic and desirable. Apples that have been kept in storage are less satisfactory. The yellow and bright-red varieties give a better aroma than the green and dark-red ones; and the smaller apples are more available because of their relatively higher yield of peelings.

The peelings are soaked for several days in alcohol; and a number of batches of fresh peelings are put successively into the same alcohol in order to make the latter absorb as much of the flavoring element as possible. Finally the alcohol is distilled in a vacuum apparatus and the result is the apple essence.

The flavor is remarkably true to Nature. Sometimes it is "shaded" for commercial purposes by the addition of small quantities of aromatic extracts of black currant, peach, apricot, or even honey; but there is nothing in its way quite so good as the essence made from apple peelings only, when those are of the best.

Efforts have been made to separate and preserve in the form of essences the special and peculiar aromas of certain varieties of apples, such as the Baldwin and Northern Spy, but without success. The cores are sometimes extracted and distilled with the peelings for essence; but the product is inferior.

Growth and the Skeleton

WHAT really grows, as the child or other young animal gains size, is the skeleton. The growth tendency resides wholly in the bony structure—recent scientific experiments have shown this—and the muscular system, stretched by the development of the skeleton, simply follows along.

One fact considered in this connection is that lack of adequate food supply in childhood has a stunting effect. The starveling boy or girl makes an undersized man or woman. How this works was illustrated by the case of a pup which, beginning on the fortieth day of its life, was systematically starved for three hundred and fifty days, receiving barely enough food to keep it alive. Thereafter it had all it wanted to eat. It promptly waxed much overfat, but remained a dwarf.

It is owing to underfeeding that the children of city slums are mostly undersize. And, even when grown to manhood and womanhood, the folk of the poor and congested quarters of the great towns are of an average stature markedly inferior to that of the dwellers in wealthier and more prosperous residential districts.

So strong is the tendency to grow in a young animal, that—as proved by the puppy experiments—growth can be stopped altogether only by reducing the food supply to a point where death soon results from sheer inanition. So long, however, as food enough to support life ever so barely is furnished, the dog will go on growing at the expense of its own tissues, using up first its fat and then its muscular structure for the enlargement of its skeleton.

Assuming that what is true of puppies in such matters is likewise true of babies, it is inferred that a child which does not gain weight, or which gains very slowly, is for some reason so undernourished that its own body substances are being consumed to contribute to the growth of its skeleton. A child that is underweight for its age has a higher percentage of bones, a lower percentage of fat and muscle and a higher percentage of water in all its tissues than the normal child. It should be fed accordingly, to correct these conditions.

One fact ascertained by the experiments with puppies is that water takes the place of the normal fat in the bones of a starved animal.

The efforts of the physician, where a thin and underweight child is concerned, should be to supply plenty of fat and flesh-forming proteids in the diet.

More Money Than Most Men Make

One woman on our subscription force has made over $7,000 this year. Another has made almost $6,000. Thousands of others earned lesser amounts. Even those who worked for a few hours with the idea of making a little "pin money" accomplished what they set out to do.

No other periodicals have ever held exactly the same position in this country which *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* now occupy. They are family institutions. Everybody knows and respects them and their representatives. When you represent them, you are not a mere "solicitor" but the accredited agent of a great publishing concern.

Any woman without previous business experience can with our coaching make a liberal income by representing *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Even if you have only a few spare hours you can devote them profitably to this work, for which we pay a handsome commission and a salary, the amount of which depends upon the time devoted to it. You can learn all about it by sending us a line of inquiry.

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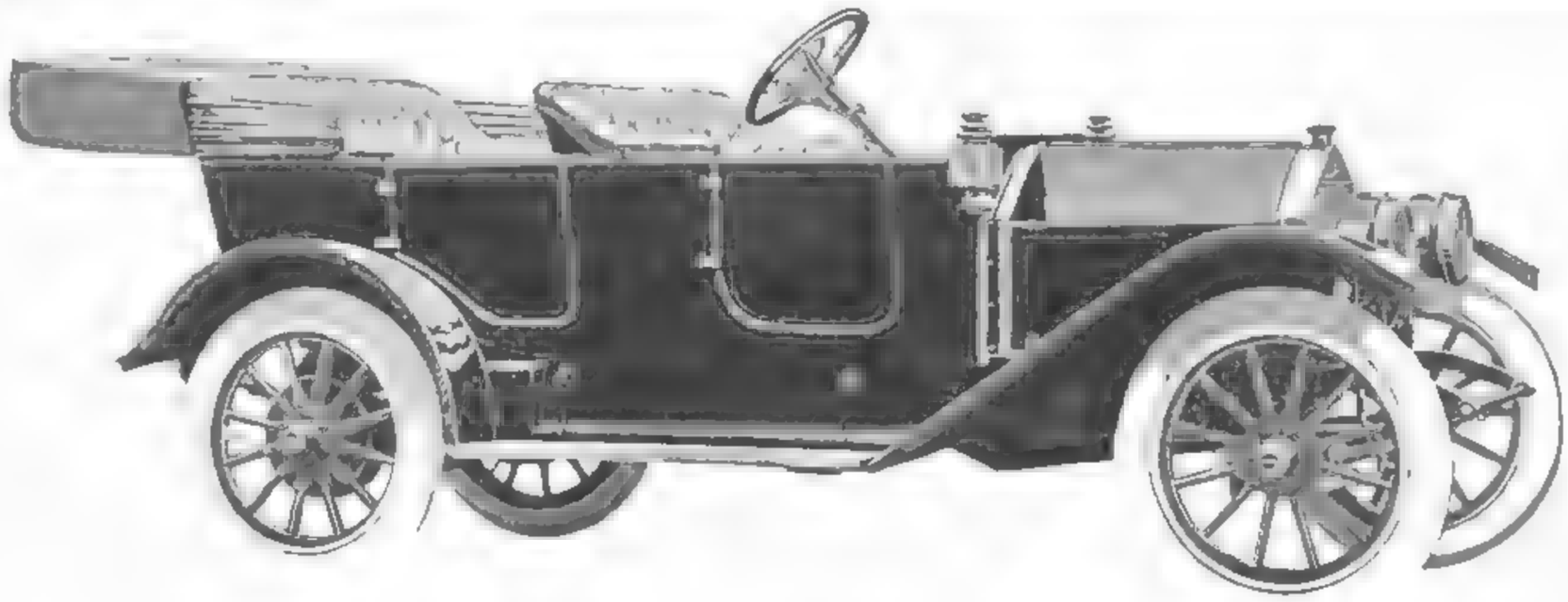

This 1912 Self-Starting Marion "35"—$1285

Five-passenger, fore-door touring car; thirty horse-power; equipped with self-starter; wheel-base 112 inches; tires, 32x4, No-rim-cut type; two gas lamps; three oil lamps; all-black enameled with brass fronts; magneto; horn; tool-kit; oiler; quick tire repair kit and pump. Top extra. Price, $1285.

THERE are any number of ways to "trim" the value of an automobile. And it can be done so skillfully that the average buyer does not know the difference. But let the buyer beware, for those who buy the cheapened car in a short time find they have a very weak and mighty insecure automobile investment. This "cheapening process" seldom touches those parts of the car which most people are more or less familiar with. The wheel base, horse-power, seating capacity, number of lamps, etc., are not generally tampered with. These surface facts are too much in evidence. But, strange to say, the most vital parts of the machine are cut to the bone.

To illustrate: You can take a $10,000 home and easily cut a thousand dollars from its cost by putting on a cheap roofing material, substituting soft woods for hard woods on the interior finish, selecting inferior hardware, etc.—in short, weaken the whole structure. In general appearance you would still have the same house. It would still be the same size—have the same number of rooms—same size rooms, etc., but the difference would quickly show in rapid and costly deterioration.

It is the same with an automobile. You can weaken the brakes—put on a frail rear system—use iron instead of aluminum in the housings—use small wheels and tires—cheapen the upholstery, and easily cut the cost of the whole car twenty-five per cent. Thus the car is cut down and cheapened. And you cannot get away from the fact that when you cheapen you must weaken.

Against this condition the Marion "35" at $1285 is a striking contrast. First of all the equipment includes the most improved self-starter. No more back breaking cranking. Just pull a little lever on the dash, throw the switch on the battery, and you're off.

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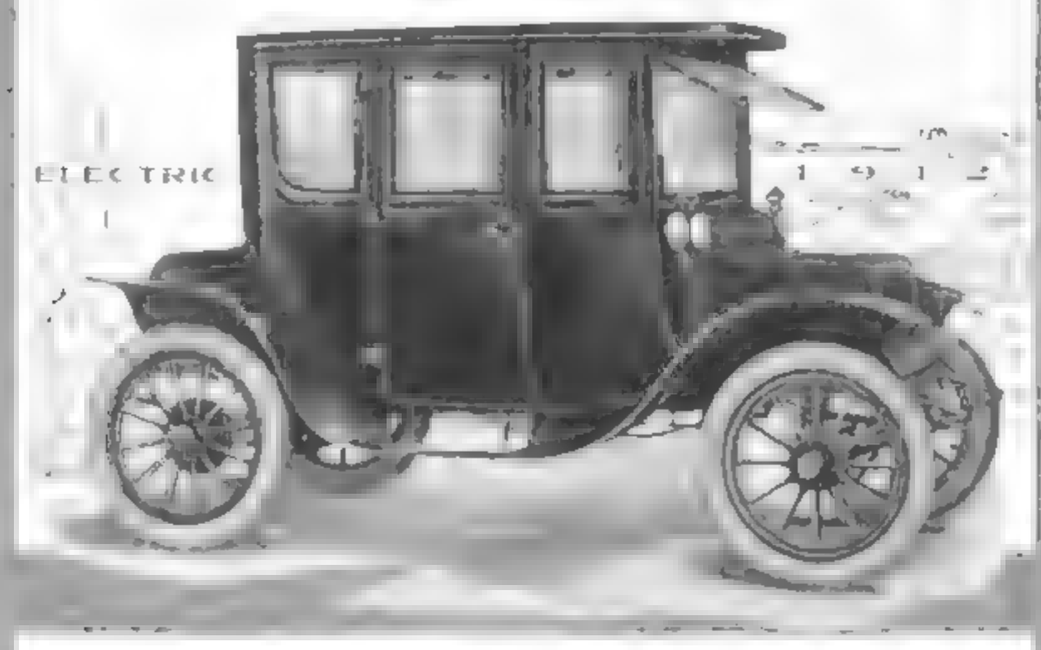

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THE KITCHEN SIDE OF THE DOOR

Concluded from Page 7

Then with a little air of decision she turned and walked swiftly down the passageway that separated dining room from kitchen. Tillie, the scrubwoman, was down on her hands and knees in one corner of the passage. She was one of a small army of cleaners that had begun the work of clearing away the débris of the long night's revel. Miss Fink lifted her neat skirts high as she tiptoed through the little soapy pool that followed in the wake of Tillie, the scrubwoman. She opened the swinging doors a cautious little crack and peered in. What she saw was not pretty. If the words "sordid" and "bacchanalian" had been part of Miss Fink's vocabulary they would have risen to her lips then.

The crowd had gone. The great room contained not more than half a dozen people. Confetti littered the floor. Here and there a napkin, crushed and bedraggled into an unrecognizable ball, lay under a table. From an overturned bottle the dregs were dripping drearily. The air was stale, stifling, poisonous.

At a little table in the center of the room Henri's three were still drinking. They were doing it in a dreadful and businesslike way. There were two men and one woman. The faces of all three were mahogany colored and expressionless. There was about them an awful sort of stillness. Something in the sight seemed to sicken Gussie Fink. It came to her that the wintry air outdoors must be gloriously sweet and cool and clean in contrast to this. She was about to turn away with a last look at Heiny yawning behind his hand, when suddenly the woman rose unsteadily to her feet, balancing herself with her fingertips on the table. She raised her head and stared across the room with dull, unseeing eyes, and licked her lips with her tongue. Then she turned and walked half a dozen paces, screamed once with horrible shrillness and crashed to the floor. She lay there in a still, crumpled heap, the folds of her exquisite gown rippling to meet a little stale pool of wine that had splashed from some broken glass. Then this happened: Three people ran toward the woman on the floor and two people ran past her and out of the room. The two who ran away were the men with whom she had been drinking, and they were not seen again. The three who ran toward her were Henri, the waiter, Miss Gussie Fink, the checker, and Tillie, the scrubwoman. Henri and Miss Fink reached her first. Tillie, the scrubwoman, was a close third. Miss Gussie Fink made as though to slip her arm under the poor bruised head, but Henri caught her wrist fiercely—for a waiter—and pulled her to her feet almost roughly.

"You leave her alone, Kid!" he commanded.

Miss Gussie Fink stared, indignation choking her utterance. And as she stared the fierce light in Henri's eyes was replaced by the light of tenderness.

"We'll tend to her," said Henri; "she ain't fit for you to touch. I wouldn't let you soil your hands on such truck." And as Gussie still stared he grasped the unconscious woman by the shoulders, while another waiter grasped her ankles, and Tillie, the scrubwoman, arranged her draperies pityingly round her, and together they carried her out of the dining room to a room beyond.

Back in the kitchen Miss Gussie Fink was preparing to don her hat, but she was experiencing some difficulty because of the way in which her fingers persisted in trembling. Her face was turned away from the swinging doors, but she knew when Henri came in. He stood just behind her in silence. When she turned to face him she found Henri looking at her, and as she looked all the Heiny in him came to the surface and shone in his eyes. He looked long and silently at Miss Gussie Fink—at the sane, simple wholesomeness of her, at her clear brown eyes, at her white forehead from which the shining hair sprang away in such a delicate line, at her immaculately white shirtwaist and her smooth, snug-fitting collar, at her creamy skin, at her trim belt. He looked as one who would rest his eyes—eyes weary of gazing upon satins, and jewels, and rouge, and carmine, and white arms.

"Gee, Kid! You look good to me," he said.

"Do I -Heiny?" whispered Miss Fink.

"Believe me!" replied Heiny fervently. "It was just a case of swelled head. Forget it, will you? Say, that gang in there tonight—why, say, that gang——"

"I know," interrupted Miss Fink.

"Going home?" asked Heiny.

"Yes."

"Suppose we have a bite of something to eat first," suggested Heiny.

Miss Fink glanced round the great deserted kitchen. As she gazed a little expression of disgust wrinkled her pretty nose—the nose that perforce had sniffed the scent of so many rare and exquisite dishes.

"Sure," she assented joyously, "but not here. Let's go round the corner to Joey's. I could get real chummy with a cup of good hot coffee and a ham on rye."

He helped her on with her coat, and if his hands rested a moment on her shoulder who was there to see it? A few sleepy, wan-eyed waiters and Tillie, the scrubwoman. Together they started toward the door. Tillie, the scrubwoman, had worked her wet way out of the passage and into the kitchen proper. She and her pail blocked their way. She was sopping up a soapy pool with an all-encompassing gray scrubrag. Heiny and Gussie stopped a moment perforce to watch her. It was rather fascinating to see how that artful scrubrag craftily closed in upon the soapy pool until it engulfed it. Tillie sat back on her knees to wring out the water-soaked rag. There was something pleasing in the sight. Tillie's blue calico was faded white in patches and at the knees it was dark with soapy water. Her shoes were turned up ludicrously at the toes, as scrubwomen's shoes always are. Tillie's thin hair was wadded back into a moist knob at the back and skewered with a gray-black hairpin. From her parboiled, shriveled fingers to her ruddy, perspiring face there was nothing of grace or beauty about Tillie. And yet Heiny found something pleasing there. He could not have told you why, nor can I, unless to say that it was, perhaps, for much the same reason that we rejoice in the wholesome, safe, reassuring feel of the gray woolen blanket on our bed when we wake from a horrid dream.

"A Happy New Year to you," said Heiny gravely, and took his hand out of his pocket.

Tillie's moist right hand closed over something. She smiled so that one saw all her broken black teeth.

"The same t' you," said Tillie. "The same t' you!"

THE CALL

(Continued from Page 21)

"Goodby," she said at the stairhead in the shadowy old hall as she held out her hand to him.

"Goodby," he answered, taking her hand. Their eyes met, but it was only for a moment.

She turned away and started down the stairs. He stood leaning over the banister and looking after her.

"Goodby," she said again as she was halfway down the creaking stairway. She had meant to say it lightly, but there was a choke in her voice as she spoke.

Hempel did not answer her; but a minute later she heard the sound of a closing door. The echo of that closing door took on an ominous sound—as though somewhere in the House of Life one chamber stood forever shut.

XVIII

UNA began her search for work with a new and more desperate energy. She was conscious of her path being clearer now—and narrower. She shook herself free from her earlier diffidence. A hunger for work seemed to possess her.

When the chance of an ingénue part with a summer stock company in Cleveland came to her she snapped it up. During her months there she worked hard, learned much and found her associates more companionable than in either The Wine of Life Company or The Sleepwalker Company.

Her gift of a good memory, too, proved a valuable asset. Proving herself a "quick study," she was eventually made general understudy for the company. The heat and the hard work often tired her out. She learned to prize an hour or two on the cool waters of Lake Erie. When this was impossible she resorted to the luxury of an open taxicab, if only for half an hour; but her leisure moments were very rare. When, after working hard, she could not sleep she took a trional tablet to make sure of her rest.

At the end of the summer she returned to New York, lived for the first time in a Broadway hotel and began again the old rounds of the agencies and the managers' offices. She was fixed, at first, in her determination for only a New York engagement. Then she made the discovery, as the weeks sped away, that she was too late in the field to be a dictator of terms. She reconciled herself to the thought of "the road." When she was offered a part in a revival of the romantic drama, The Princess Espina, for a tour of the West, she accepted it.

She spent her last days in New York making what purchases she required, her movements shadowed by the forlorn preoccupation of impending exile. She bought clothes and trunks, medicines and a cooking lamp, rubbers and a raincoat, as though she were a second Crusoe about to face a second island of desolation.

Then the "road" swallowed her up.

For one long and monotonous season she journeyed about the face of the globe, from city to city and town to town, one of those homeless and mirthless and thankless purveyors of amusement who bring romance to the provincial mind with the same readiness that the whipped dog jumps through its paper hoops. Life, on that "grapevine" route over which The Princess Espina was booked, became a round in which one febrile day was like another, with the same cheap hotels and unspeakable cookery; with the same unclean dressing rooms adorned with Rabelaisian wall-writing; with the same boarding-house lists on the callboard; the same seeking out of single-globed stage entrances at the end of blind alleys; the all-night jumps; the lardy lunch-counter pastry meals; the changing from one train to another and the endless early morning watches in squalid and cheerless waiting rooms; the ever-recurring exigent call for laundry work; the unheated theaters; the cheap lithography; the bad water; the dirtier and dirtier costumes; the "props" that slowly approached dissolution—for everything but a piano was carried by the company; the drops that became shabbier and shabbier under their canvas covers, just as the players became wearier and wearier under their thin mask of merriment.

Youth—and youth alone—could endure it—could remain blind to its exactions. For the first few weeks Una took a vague and dreamy delight in it, in its constant movement, in its ever-shifting scenes, in the discovery that old lines could take on a new meaning under new vicissitudes, in the fact that a scene could "go big" in one town and fall flat in another. Then the romance became as faded and threadbare as the painted drops. The thing became a treadmill, with only the thought of the Tuesday-night pay envelope to redeem it.

When The Princess Espina Company closed, the following April, Una began another struggle for a New York engagement, found herself not even a memory on Broadway, and eventually was glad enough to accept "leads" in a summer-park stock company. She "made up" well, worked hard, seldom failed in her lines, and won the unparaded approval of her management. Failing at the end of the summer to secure even a "bit" for a Broadway production she returned to the same management, signing a three-year contract to go on the road.

During the summer, when she would drop back into stockwork, she never failed to acquire a following. Thanks to the machinery of publicity which exploited her art and the romantic nature of the rôles which she now portrayed, she invariably became a favorite in the city where she chanced to be playing. And it pleased her to note that season by season this town was a more populous one. She finally attained a position where she could insist on being "featured." At the end of her third year, after a change of management, she became a "star," playing the popular-priced houses and luxuriating in the privilege of beholding her own lithographed portrait on the "paper" which spangled the cities of her conquest.

It was at the end of one of her most wearying wildcat bookings, when she was playing in the Pennsylvania coal regions, and packing up for the final jump to idleness and New York, that a doorman brought a card in to her. On this card she read: "Mrs. James Atwood Ostrander."

She was still puzzling over that unknown and unremembered name when a woman with a brown veil drawn up over her hat brim broke into the crowded little dressing room.

This woman stood regarding her with innocent and wondering eyes. The face under the veil-draped hatbrim was alight with tremulous admiration.

"Una Carberry, to think you should come to this!"

The ambiguity of that declaration was lost in the envious and excited glance which the newcomer cast about the room, with its burnt-out air and litter of gowns.

"Do you mean to say you don't know me?" she asked, plainly wounded by the calmness of the other woman's eyes. Una's thoughts suddenly flew back to the past, to her lost girlhood, to her first week of theatergoing.

"You are Aggie Mumford," she said, turning over the card and looking at it.

"Cousin Aggie," corrected the other. "And, my dear, I want you to help me."

"How can I help you?" asked Una, struggling with a weariness that was more than physical. The woman with the innocent and wondering eyes stepped closer to the dressing table.

"I want you to help me get on the stage," she said, meeting the glance of the calm hazel eyes which now seemed those of a stranger.

Una again consulted the card.

"Have you a husband?" she asked.

"Yes; I've been married nearly two years. But Jim and I don't—we haven't been getting along very well together. He's away so much. He travels for a Boston shoe house. He's—oh, we've changed someway. I've been miserable for a year. I want to get away—I want to do something! And I want you to help me get a start at the same work as yours!"

"Have you ever done any of that work?" asked the woman with the tired eyes and the nameless hunger about her intent face.

"No," acknowledged her visitor. "But I could—I know I could!"

Una sat down and looked at the other woman.

"You don't know what stagework is—what it's like?"

"No," was the hesitating answer.

"And if you have a husband you must have a home."

"Of course I have a home."

Una took a deep breath.

"Then, my dear Aggie, go home to it. I'm too tired to preach. I'm almost too tired to talk. But take it from me, for I know. I know! You won't find it what you expect. You won't get out of it what you hope for!"

"Why, look what you've got out of it!" cried the amazed and almost indignant woman.

"What?" demanded Una.

"Why—everything," answered the other with a vague handwave about her.

Una laughed a little.

"You can't go on the stage, Aggie. You couldn't! You'll ask me why, but I don't think I can explain—not tonight anyway. You don't know its emptiness, its hollowness, its enmities, its eternal plottings and gossipings. You don't know what it costs; you don't know what they have to pay for it!"

"You mean you wouldn't be willing to help me?"

"I am helping you—in the only way I can."

"And—and you say things like that to me!"

"I want to tell you the truth," was the almost listless answer.

Una's visitor stood for an awkward and tearful moment or two, adjusting herself to a new and unexpected condition of things. She looked down at her old-time friend in the *peignoir* as though something on her cousin's face might help her toward a solution of her problem.

"Una Carberry," she said, not without a muffled touch of feminine malice, "I never saw anybody changed so!"

"I know it!" Una answered, taking a deeper breath as she rose from her chair.

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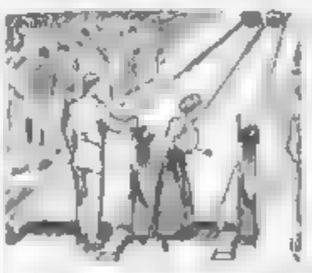

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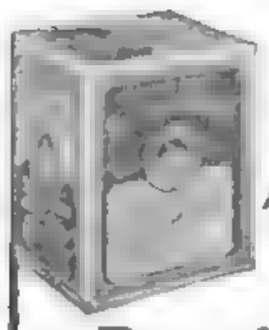

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XIX

BY THE time Una Carberry had entered on her second season of "summer stock" at Chesterville she was both star and manager of her own company.

It was a carefully selected and a carefully conducted company, for Una by this time had developed into a disciplinarian. That instinctively virginal nature insisted on cleanness, both in the nature of her plays and the conduct of her fellow workers. A startled leading man, who had blandly insisted on making love to her, had been sent off, bag and baggage. His hurriedly secured successor, after twice appearing at rehearsals in a state of inebriety, followed the same course, and followed it with a promptness that was equally startling.

For Una by this time was something of a dictator. She was intent on success, a little impatient of incompetence. Her ever-growing knowledge of men and affairs, her ever-aggressive industry, her quiet and decisive judgment combined to make her a most successful managing star. That indefinable thing known as "personality" also contributed to this end—for Una Carberry was acknowledged to have "personality." She was no longer young; but that she was beautiful, especially on the stage, was seldom denied. About her slender face, with the ghost of a hollow under each cheekbone, brooded an ever-conciliatory air of wistfulness—the wistfulness of a woman further denied the sustaining illusions of life. There was something piteous, particularly in the light of open day, about the droop of the softly curved lips that seemed once framed for sweetness. The dark-lashed hazel eyes, shadowy with a vague weariness, more of the spirit than of the body, were still beautiful in their depths; but those eyes carried a look of hunger, of unsatisfied longing which served to sublimate what might have been mere physical appeal into something more of the mind than the body. It tended to make her the idol of those young women known as "matinée girls," who accepted her celibacy as something holy, as something both to sorrow over and to emulate.

Una's personality, in fact, was a valuable asset for stockwork. When linked with an appropriately selected rôle, and especially those rôles which more cynical cities, such as New York, regarded as old-fashioned, this personality always paved the way to commercial success.

Yet Una knew just how far that success went—just how far it could go. It was not the success of Broadway; it was not even preparing for her that Ultima Thule of all theatrical life. There had been more than one producing manager who had been kind to her, altogether too kind to her, dangling before her clear-visioned hazel eyes the ever-alluring offer of a metropolitan appearance.

But she remained in the only field that seemed open to her, accepting her minor successes with that indifference which marks those who have failed in the greater issues of life. She struggled to reconcile herself to the plays which Chesterville demanded of her; to the ever-recurring morning rehearsals; to the daily matinée made up mostly of young girls and of women who had left babies at home; to the long hot nights when the flaring gasjets made the dressing rooms as hot and fetid as a stokehole. She tried to like her following; she tried to like that small inland city, with its decorous maple-lined streets and its open lawns. She strove to endure without protest the consciousness of a success that was not success, a triumph that at heart was shoddy and artificial, a glory that stood inglorious under the light of her secret aspirations.

For these pains, it is true, time brought its own anodynes. Chesterville had accepted her. The town, not stopping to question how much the result was a matter of its own volition, had identified her with itself. She became its personal property, its specially delegated priestess of romance. And, as the weeks went by and her name became more of a household word, the people began to waylay her shyly on the passage between the theater and her hotel; even to send her flowers and a timorous invitation or two. She could feel, as she added sympathetic rôle to rôle, an electric bond of affection growing up between her and her audience, a blind and provocative adoration tempting her, at times, into that more obvious reading of her emotional scenes which resulted in more enthusiastic applause. It occasionally drugged her into indifference, that raw wine which is distilled only in the provincial audience. When a local department store went so far as to name a new shade of domestic silk after her she was not indifferent to the honor. When a high tea was given for her at the Country Club she pensively admitted to the older actress who played grand dames for her that, after all, it was something to be a big toad in even a little puddle.

At that same high tea, among the somewhat stiff-mannered citizens who shook hands with her as though she were the object of a municipal reception committee's activities, she met a face she had seen from time to time in the theater. This man, who repeated his name of "Ruthven—William Ruthven, ma'am," as he bashfully took her hand, struck her as being very honest and very ruddy-cheeked. That same large frame, with its slightly bald head, its weather-darkened face, its honest and wide-set eyes, had caught her absent and wandering glance during more than one of her performances. He had stood out from the audience as a type more normal, more full-blooded, more material-minded than the ordinary habitué of a summer stock theater in a small city.

He had carried her back to the city in his high-power motor car, pointing out the more attractive of Chesterville's suburban homes, but sitting beside her, on the whole, somewhat embarrassed and silent. It was not until they reached her hotel door that he timidly confessed that he had long been an admirer of hers, and, as he helped her alight, gravely proclaimed his belief that her Lady Babby was the greatest Lady Babby that was ever seen on an American stage.

Compliments such as this neither embarrassed nor elated her. They were too much a matter of her daily food. The personality of the large and solemn-eyed man from whom this praise had emanated somewhat puzzled her, however.

When, two days later, a formally worded note sent to the theater announced that his car would always be at her service during the day, Una returned an equally formal note, thanking him for his kindness.

But the matter was not to rest there; for the next day, at the end of the afternoon's performance, the car was waiting at the stage entrance. Una, after a moment of inward debate, stepped into the tonneau and instructed the boyish-looking chauffeur to take her for a short run into the country—a run that was to last fifty minutes exactly, and no more.

That dip of less than an hour into the cool green hill-shadows proved surprisingly refreshing. She even wondered, as she rocked homeward across the lengthening evening shadows, if she could not reasonably afford a motor car and a chauffeur of her own. She decided, in the exhilaration of the moment, that she had been giving altogether too much thought to the mere drudgery of life.

Three days later she was surprised to receive a somewhat stiffly worded note from William Ruthven, asking if she would dine with him and his sister on the following Sunday. This invitation Una declined. The toiling artist, she had long since found, paid dearly for all such excursions into the bypaths of society. Sunday marked her one brief half day of rest; and the demands on a work-wearied brain to be ceaselessly agreeable to accidental companions often proved more than she could meet.

Yet the next week, when William Ruthven wrote, asking if she would take supper with him after one of her performances, her curiosity was piqued. She could not quite comprehend that large-framed man with the quiet eyes. She was teased with a desire to purge her soul of its trivial curiosity. She thought the matter over and, a little to her own bewilderment, broke a rule to which she had long adhered at considerable sacrifice to herself, agreeing to take supper with him the following Thursday night after the performance. That day was marked in her memory, for through the open door of her dressing room she had overheard the pale-eyed ingénue remark to the leading man: "What do you think? Old Carberry's taken to joy-riding!"

That phrase—"Old Carberry"—had pierced through her like a spearhead. Out of the dull ache that it left she passionately cried out for her lost youth; she shut her teeth in the face of the besieging years and vowed, with the bitterness of unsatisfied womanhood, that she would not be old—that she would not admit defeat at the hands of time. She studied her face in the mirror between the wire-globed gasjets. Then she slowly and methodically began her second makeup for one night. She darkened her eyelashes more carefully than was her wont; she blended the rouge on her slightly hollowed cheeks with unusual care; she pinned on a spray of hothouse roses with a personal satisfaction until then unknown to her. She was almost the last one to leave the theater. Ruthven was waiting for her with the car, standing beside the tonneau door with his hat in his hand.

"Pipe the fat party!" murmured the ingénue, with a slow and insolent stare at the unusual sight of a cavalier awaiting the star of the Chesterfield Stock. And for many weeks to come that uncomprehending young actress pondered over the problem of why her pertest comedy failed to win the approval of her company's managing spirit.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ON THE WATERWAGON

(Continued from Page 4)

and times when the change contemplated outweighed the other heavily.

Here is the way it totted up against quitting: Practically every friend you have in the United States—and you've got a lot of them—drinks more or less. You have not cultivated any other line of associates. If you quit drinking you will necessarily have to quit a lot of these friends, and quit their parties and company—for a man who doesn't drink is always a death's-head at a feast or merrymaking where drinking is going on. Your social intercourse with these people is predicated on taking an occasional drink, in going to places where drinks are served, both public and at homes. The kind of drinking you do makes greatly for sociability, and you are a sociable person and like to be round with congenial people. You will miss a lot of fun, a lot of good, clever companionship, for you are too old to form a new line of friends. Your whole game is organized along these lines. Why make a hermit of yourself just because you think drinking may harm you? Cut it down. Take care of yourself. Don't be such a fool as to try to change your manner of living just when you have an opportunity to live as you should and enjoy what is coming to you.

This is the way it lined up for quitting: So far, liquor hasn't done anything to you except cause you to waste some time that might have been otherwise employed; but it will get you, just as it has landed a lot of your friends, if you stay by it. Wouldn't it be better to miss some of this stuff you have come to think of as fun and live longer? There is no novelty in drinking to you. You haven't an appetite that cannot be checked, but you will have if you stick to it much longer. Why not quit and take a chance at a new mode of living, especially when you know absolutely that every health reason, every future-prospect reason, every atom of good sense in you, tells you there is nothing to be gained by keeping at it, and that all may be lost?

Well, I pondered over that a long time. I had watched miserable wretches who had struggled to stay on the waterwagon—sometimes with amusement. I knew what they had to stand if they tried to associate with their former companions; knew the apparent difficulties and the disadvantages of this new mode of life. On the other hand, I was convinced that, so far as I was concerned, without trying to lay down a rule for any other man, I would be an ass if I didn't quit it immediately, while I was well and all right, instead of waiting until I had to quit on a doctor's orders, or got to that stage when I couldn't quit.

It was no easy thing to make the decision. It is hard to change the habits and associations of twenty years! I had a good understanding of myself. I was no hero. I liked the fun of it, the companionship of it, better than any one. I like my friends and, I hope and think, they like me. It seemed to me that I needed it in my business, for I was always dealing with men who did drink.

I wrestled with it for some weeks. I thought it all out, up one side and down the other. Then I quit. Also I stayed quit. And believe me, ladies and gentlemen and all others present, it was no fool of a job.

I have learned many things since I went on the waterwagon for fair—many things about my fellowmen and many things about myself. Most of these things radiate round the innate hypocrisy of the human being. All those that do not concern his hypocrisy concern his lying -which, I reckon, when you come to stack them up together, amounts to the same thing. I have learned that I had been fooling myself and that others had been fooling me. I gathered experience every day. And some of the things I have learned I shall set down.

You have all known the man who says he quit drinking and never thought of drink again. He is a liar. He doesn't exist. No man in this world who had a daily habit of drinking ever quit and never thought of drinking again. Many men, because they habitually lie to themselves, think they have done this; but they haven't. The fact is, no man with a daily habit of drinking ever quit and thought of anything else than how good a drink would taste and feel for a time after he quit. He couldn't and he didn't. I don't care what any of them say. I know.

Approaching the Caramel Stage

Further, the man who tells you he never takes a drink until five o'clock in the afternoon, or three o'clock in afternoon, or only drinks with his meals, or only takes two or three drinks a day, usually is a liar too—not always, but usually. There are some machine-like, non-imaginative persons who can do this—drink by rote or by rule; but not many. Now I do not say many men do not think they drink this way, but most of these men are simply fooling themselves.

Again, this proposition of cutting down drinks to two or three a day is all rot. Of what use to any person are two or three drinks a day? I mean to any person who drinks for the fun of it, as I did and as most of my friends do yet. What kind of a human being is he who comes into a club and takes one cocktail and no more? or one highball? He's worse, from any viewpoint of sociability, than a man who drinks a glass of water. At least the man who drinks the water isn't fooling himself or trying to be part one thing and part another. The way to quit drinking is to quit drinking. That is all there is to that. This paltering along with two or three drinks a day is mere cowardice. It is neither one thing nor the other. And I am here to say, also, that nine out of every ten men who say they only take two or three drinks a day are liars, just the same as the men who say they quit and never think of it again. They may not think they are liars, or intend to be liars; but they are liars just the same.

Well, as I may have intimated, I quit drinking. I drank that last, lingering Scotch highball—and quit! I decided the no-liquor end of it was the better end and I took that end.

For purposes of comprehensive record I have divided the various stages of my waterwagoning into these parts: the obsession stage; the caramel stage; the pharisaical stage, and the safe-and-sane stage. I drank my Scotch highball and went over to the club. The crowd was there. I sat down at a table and when somebody asked me what I'd have I took a glass of water. Several of my friends looked inquiringly at me and one asked: "On the wagon?" This attracted the attention of the entire group to my glass of water. I came in for a good deal of banter, mostly along the line that it was time I went on the wagon. This was varied with predictions that I would stay on from an hour to a day or so. I didn't like that talk, but I bluffed it out weakly, to be sure. I said I had decided it wouldn't do me any harm to cool out a bit.

Next day, along about first-drink time, I felt a craving for a highball. I didn't take it. That evening I went over to the club again. The crowd was there. I was asked to have a drink. This time I rather defiantly ordered a glass of water. The same jests were made, but I drank my water. On the third day I was a bit shaky—sort of nervous. I didn't feel like work. I couldn't concentrate my mind on anything. I kept thinking of various kinds of drinks and how good they would taste. I tried out the club. I may have imagined it, but I thought my old friends lacked interest in my advent at the table. One of them said: "Oh, for Heaven's sake take a drink! You've got a terrible grouch on." I backed out.

I did have a grouch. I was sore at everybody in the world. Also, I kept thinking how much I would like to have a drink. That was natural. I had accustomed my system to digest a certain amount of alcohol every day. I wasn't supplying that alcohol. My system needed it and howled for it. I knew a man who had been a drunkard but who had quit and who hadn't taken a drink for twelve years. I discussed the problem with him. He told me an eminent specialist had told him it takes eighteen months for a man who has been a heavy drinker or a steady drinker to get all the alcohol out of his system. I hadn't been a heavy drinker, but I had been a steady drinker; and that information gave me a cold chill. I thought if I were to have this craving for a drink every day for eighteen months surely I had let myself in for a lovely task!

I stuck for a week—for two weeks—for three weeks. At the end of that time my friends had grown accustomed to this idiosyncrasy and were making bets on how long I would last. I didn't go round where they were much. I was as lonesome as a stray dog in a strange alley. I had carefully cultivated a large line of drinking acquaintances and I hardly knew a congenial person who didn't drink. That was the hardest part of the game. I wasn't fit company for man or beast. I don't blame my friends—not a bit. I was cross and ugly and hypercritical and generally nasty, and they passed me up. However, the craving for liquor decreased to some degree. There were some periods in the day when I didn't think how good a drink would taste and did devote myself to my work.

I discovered a few things. One was that, no matter how much fun I missed in the evening, I didn't get up with a taste in my mouth. I had no katzenjammers. After a week or so I went to sleep easily and slept like a child. Then the caramel stage arrived. I acquired a sudden craving for candy. I had not eaten any candy for years, for men who drink regularly rarely take sweets. One day I looked in a confectioner's window and was irresistibly attracted by a box of caramels. I went in and bought it, and ate half a dozen. They seemed to fill a long-felt want. The sugar in them supplied the stimulant that was lacking, I suppose. Anyhow, they tasted right good and were satisfactory; and I kept a box of caramels on my desk for several weeks and ate a few each day. Also I began to yell for ice cream and pie and other sweets with my meals.

The Man With the Iron Grouch

Along about this time I developed the pharisaical stage. I looked with a great pity on my friends who persisted in drinking. I assumed some little airs of superiority and congratulated myself on my great willpower that had enabled me to quit drinking. They were steadily drinking themselves to death. I could see that plainly. There was nothing else to it. I was a fine sample of a full-blown prig. I went so far as to explain the case to one or two, and got hooted at for my pains; so I lapsed into my condition of immense superiority and said: "Oh, well, if they won't take advice from me, who knows, let them go along. Poor chaps, I am afraid they are lost!"

It's a wonder somebody didn't take an ax to me. I deserved it. After lamenting—to myself—the sad fates of my former companions and pluming myself on my noble course, I woke up one day and kicked myself round the park. "Here!" I said. "You chump, what business have you got putting on airs about your non-drinking and parading yourself round here as a giant example of self-restraint? Where do you get off as a preacher—or a censor, or a reformer—in this matter? Who appointed you as the apostle of non-drinking? Take a tumble to yourself and close up!"

That was the beginning of the safe-and-sane stage, which still persists. It came about the end of the second month. I had lost all desire for liquor; and, though there were times when I missed the sociability of drinking fearfully, I was as steady as a rock in my policy of abstaining from drinks of all kinds. Now it doesn't bother me at all. I am riding jauntily on the wagon, without a chance of falling off.

At the time I decided it was up to me to stop this pharisaical foolishness I took a new view of things; decided I wasn't so much after all; ceased reprobating my friends who wanted to drink; had no advice to offer, and stopped pointing to myself as a heroic young person who had accomplished a gigantic task.

Friends had tolerated me. I wondered that they had, for I was a sad affair. Surely it was up to me to be as tolerant as they had been, notwithstanding my new mode of life. So I stopped foreboding and tried to accustom my friends to my company on a strictly water basis. The attempt was not entirely successful. I dropped out of a good many gatherings where formerly I should have been one of the bright and shining lights. There are no two ways about it a man cannot drink water in a company where others are drinking highballs and get into the game with any effectiveness. Any person who quits drinking may as well accept that as a fact; and most persons will stop trying after a time and seek new diversions.

Drinking, as it is done by the men I know—and I know hundreds of them in all the states in the Union—is largely a pastime. It is practiced as a means of sociability. Of course there are persons who have the habit and must have alcohol, and there are others who demand a certain amount of stimulant for certain purposes, having accustomed themselves to that stimulant.

The White Ribbon for Efficiency

I had a good lively tilt with John Barleycorn, ranging over twenty years. I know all about drinking. I figured it this way: I have about fifteen more good, productive years in me. After that I shall lose in efficiency, even if I keep my health. Being selfish and perhaps getting sensible, I desire the remaining productive years of my life to be years of the greatest efficiency. Looking back over my drinking years, I saw, if I was to attain and keep that greatest efficiency, that was my job, and that it could not be complicated with any booze-fighting whatsoever.

I decided that what I might lose in the companionship and social end of it I would gain in my own personal increase in horsepower; for I knew that though drinking may have done me no harm it certainly did me no good and that, if persisted in, it surely would do me harm in some way or other.

Sizing it up, one side against the other, I conclude that it is better for me not to drink. I find I have much more time that I can devote to my business, that I think more clearly, feel better, do not make any loose statements under the exhilaration of alcohol, and keep my mind on my number constantly. The item of time is the surprising item. It is astonishing how much time you have to do things in that formerly you used to drink in, with the accompaniment of all the piffle that goes with drinking! When you are drinking you are never too busy to take a drink and never too busy not to stop. You are busy all the time—but get nowhere. Work is the curse of the drinking classes.

Any man who has been accustomed to do the kind of drinking I did for twenty years, who likes the sociability and the companionship of it, will find that the sudden transition to a non-drinking life will leave him with a pretty dull existence on his hands until he gets reorganized. This is the depressing part of it. You have nowhere to go and nothing to do. Still, though you may miss the fun of the evening, you have all your drinking friends lashed to the mast in the morning.

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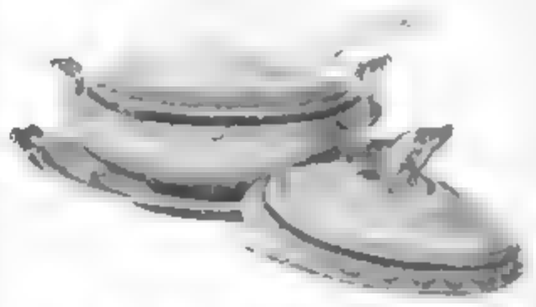

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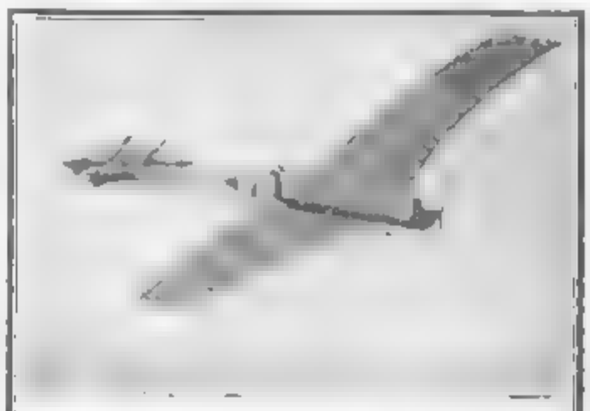

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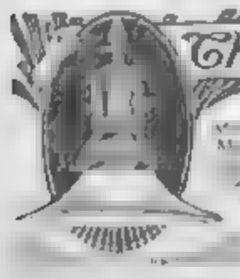

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BULWARKS OF BUSINESS POLICY

(Concluded from Page 5)

to workmen—so much so that when an employee is hurt the manufacturer is apt to regard him as no longer one of his men, but a hostile party with a claim against the company, to be dealt with on a cautious legal basis.

This particular company carried liability insurance, and it was continued; but the president now supplements it in ways of his own. He makes a point of visiting all the hospitals in town and getting acquainted with the doctors and nurses, and these visits are made at least twice a year. If he can't go himself he sends the factory superintendent. Donations are sent regularly to each institution. Physicians in the neighborhood of the factory are likewise kept track of—even the police and ambulance corps. So, when a call for help comes from that factory, everybody likely to respond knows the head of the company and the case takes on a special interest.

Machinery is fitted with safeguards and employees are kept as far as possible from taking the needless risks responsible for many industrial injuries. Perhaps something happens. A call is sent. The ambulance gets there in a hurry, the doctor is on the spot quickly; and if the injured employee goes to a hospital he finds the people there taking a personal interest in him because they know his employer.

Many an injured workman lies in the hospital with no attention except that of some shyster attorney, who comes every morning to warn him to be careful whom he talks to and explain what a fine case he has against his employer. This business concern, however, looks into the man's record, takes care of his family, and keeps in touch with him even though he seems determined to sue. Provision is also made for taking care of employees hurt while working on jobs in distant cities. In that case the nearest sales manager is wired to go to the injured man at once, see that he has the best care and keep his family informed.

As a consequence, very little legal trouble follows. The man comes back to work and brings a feeling of confidence to other employees. The company has built up in a few years such a reputation for fairness in its community that, not long ago, when a stubborn workman brought suit for ten thousand dollars the jury decided for the company in ten minutes. Juries almost always have a bias for the workman and against the corporation in such cases; but in this case the sentiment was against the man because the jury, knowing the general fairness of the company, believed the employee was at fault.

The Results of Fair Play

In another company the same degree of security and company spirit is arrived at by a wholly different policy. The policymaker in this concern is silent and just. Schemes play no part in the management and the organization is not spurred on by personality, but is put together, rather, to carry on an enormous routine by a system that covers every condition and contingency.

One morning this executive called four men into his office. It was known that certain changes in branch offices were pending. The boss sat scribbling on a slip of paper, saying nothing, and the men waited. Finally he handed over the slip. They read:

Muller—Boston
Brown—Denver
Hagan—San Francisco
Watkins—Minneapolis

That was an announcement of their transfer to those cities. The boss expected them to go there and do their best. There was nothing more to be said. So they got up and went out again.

This executive rarely commends, because he believes the man who is constantly being called in and complimented for good work is really running on the boss' steam instead of his own, and that he is led to play to the grandstand for executive applause. On rare occasions he will commend a result—and his staff has grown used to working for results that will not displease him; but he is absolutely just and unvarying. Where he stood last year he stands today and will be found in the future. A sense of security and a belief in the public usefulness of the company runs through his whole organization. If Henry, the foreman of an erecting gang working in a distant city, were told that his company was about to lay off men and cut wages because business was shrinking, he would scout the idea. "I guess you've got that twisted—must be some other company!" For company spirit and what lies back of it have made him absolutely certain that the concern he works for is necessary and that it operates on fixed laws. If a customer tries to trick a salesman into price concessions, the man selling goods is just as certain that there will be no vacillating at headquarters; and this feeling of security extends even to customers, connections and competitors.

What an energetic, well-directed company spirit will accomplish was shown some years ago in the feat performed by the organization of an automobile concern. This company began business in a country town, and its business and plant expanded so rapidly that in less than five years it employed a force exceeding the town's population at the start. The influx of workers was so great that the town could not build homes for them as fast as the organization grew.

When the Cat's Away

Forecast of demand in early spring indicated that fully one thousand new cars could be disposed of by the sales force for June delivery. That was a much larger number than the plant had ever turned out in so short a period, but the salesmen and sales agents said that if the factory would furnish the goods they would undertake to sell them. The head of the company promised that the cars would be ready; and, going to the factory, he called his department heads together. He told them what was wanted, outlined general plans for working, and announced that if the specified quota was not produced on time there ought to be some resignations. Then he set off on a long business tour which kept him away from the works until the beginning of May.

One afternoon, getting off the train and walking into the factory offices he found everything running along in a humdrum way. There was no particular bustle round the place, no increase of the force, no great quantities of raw material in sight. When he asked for the superintendent he was told that gentleman had gone out for a ride. The purchasing agent was taking a little vacation and other department heads were at the ball game. By night, through telegrams and telephone calls, he got the staff together.

"How are you getting along with those thousand cars for next month?" he asked.

"Oh, we've given up that idea," replied the factory heads. "You see, we looked into it and decided it couldn't be done!"

"Is that so!" said the head of the company. "Well, I haven't given it up yet. Suppose we talk about it."

Then began a most thorough and unpleasant investigation of each man's department. The purchasing agent said the reason he had given up the idea was that, upon inquiry, he had learned that supplies and raw materials could not be furnished in sufficient quantity by outside houses. Manufacturers in those lines were routed out of bed by long-distance telephone, questioned, and arrangements made to get what was needed on quick delivery. Other subordinates had similar excuses, which were met in the same way. The conference broke up long after midnight by the boss driving his factory staff out of his office. Some protested. "Get out!" he ordered. One man came back crying and begged him to listen to reason—and he listened. When the explanation was done he said: "If that's all—get out!"

Next day the factory force woke up. To guard against any shortcomings in quality, inspection was doubled and the standards raised. All through May and far into June the works ran early and late, until finally, when finished automobiles began to go on to the cars, a large board was erected, lighted by an arc lamp, and each auto loaded for shipment chalked up in great white figures. By midnight on the last day of the period set for June deliveries the quota had been exceeded, for just one thousand and eighteen complete cars were sent off to the sales agencies.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

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THE CROOKED DEAL

(Continued from Page 15)

its unawakened strings. Presently she picked up the bow and, with a movement indescribably graceful, stroked the strings so gently that they only purred.

"Ain't you gwine to play none, missy?" Doris shook her head and glanced round at the shaded lights through the crimson-and-gold silence of that deserted room. Outside the fog gathered like twilight—and when twilight settled in the valleys at home she always played her violin.

Unconsciously she lifted the bow and roused one long, low note—the sigh of a sleeper who begins to stir. Zack caught his breath, then begged: "Missy, play Ole Black Joe jes' a teeny bit."

Without dissent or volition, the violin responded, almost inaudibly, but distinctly when Zack bent closer. He could almost hear the murmured words: "I'm comin'—I'm comin'!" When it was quite done he whispered again: "Now, missy, play Swanee Ribber."

Miss Stanton forgot—forgot the ship and forgot these stranger people; forgot the dismal evening, the raucous foghorns—forgot everything. Out from her soul and the soul of her violin that tender melody ebbed and flowed, lapping like the waves at the vessel's side; it filled the room with shadowy music; creeping out into the mist, it floated along the deck, stopping men at their steady tramp, tramp, tramp—drawing them to the portholes and in at the door. The girl's figure swayed imperceptibly, like a slender column of smoke on a windless day. Zack stood silent, bowing his gray, bald head in unison with the old familiar song. His lips moved, but made no sound.

Their backs were to the door. They did not see man after man, woman after woman, slip in and sit upon the edges of the chairs. They did not see one glorious figure, standing erect in the center of the room, glittering in black and silver, with a scarlet rose in her hair—Aurora, dressed for dinner, one jeweled hand upon her bosom, the other commanding silence from those behind her. Reifenstein stopped midway in the room, half starting forward, like a blond giant from his North German forest, lips apart—listening. They did not see the groups of eyes that peered in at every porthole or the wall of faces massed at the door.

"Dar's whar my heart is turnin' ebber ——" the clear notes rose like a rocket and came back again in a shower of broken stars. Then something snapped. "Oh, I can't play it!" Doris stopped short, laid down the violin and flung herself across the table. Zack wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "Dar now, missy; dar now ——" Then Zack stared at all those people who came suddenly toward them like water rushing through a broken levee. Aurora ran forward, impetuously fell on one knee and put her arm round Miss Stanton's waist. The girl struggled to her feet amazed.

"Oh! I m so ashamed—so sorry—*I*—forgot!"

"Sorry? Ashamed? You glorious, glorious child! *Bellissima magnifica!*" The homesick girl broke down completely. Aurora looked up at the thronging passengers and waved them back. "Go away; *avanti!* Go ——" Reifenstein bent low, kissed the tiny brown hand that trembled so nervously on the table, then turned like a herder and cleared the room.

Aurora led Doris to a sofa and drew the brown head upon her breast. "*Piccina mia*—now tell me all about it." The self-contained and close-lipped Southerner could not have imagined herself talking so freely to a stranger—all about the homesickness, the loneliness, the going away to Milan for five long years.

"Your mother—she is with you?"

"No; at home."

"Your sister? Your ——"

Doris shook her head. "Nobody!"

"You're not alone? *Carissima bambina*, that will never do—never do. So young and alone!"

This same question had been so maddeningly discussed at home that Doris answered sharply—with all the confidence of a kitten spatting in a corner: "Yes, I'm alone—and quite able to take care of myself!"

The wiser woman only smiled and stroked the girl's arm. "And going to Milan for five years! Ah, but you Americans have so ridiculous much money and ——"

Doris shook her head. "I have very little—very little. I shall support myself while I study."

The great singer smiled and whispered: "*Carissima fanciulla*—impossible!"

Aurora was very practical. She knew what it was to support herself and study. She, like Doris, had been far too young and pretty for Milan, Vienna, Leipzig, Munich. So she held the girl very close, stroked her hair and talked of ways and means. Nobody could resist this woman; Doris told her exactly how much money there was in that scanty wallet which she had trusted to the purser—not the price of one song.

"Now, now! We shall mend that. I give you a benefit; I, Aurora Certosa I have promised. You shall play. Ah, so wonderful you play! I shall sing once, twice, three times. There! In Milan you will live like one little brown princess; and when I come to Milan—ah! when *I* come—we shall see what we shall see." With her arm about Doris, the singer led her newmade friend away.

The first dinner on shipboard is apt to be a keynote affair. Acquaintances may be formed—or not. Ultra fashionable ladies, crossing to be measured for gloves, make known their mission and their exclusiveness at this function. A stiff bow at the table sets no precedent for another bow on deck.

Mr. J. Blair Eaton and Joe Sloan sitting together was an accident of Joe's contrivance—one sovereign to the steward. Joe accounted for the presence of Colonel Spottiswoode at the same table upon precisely the same basis—another sovereign to the steward. Joe carried out his part of the program, nevertheless, by attracting Mr. Eaton's attention to his big partner, who sat in full view—the only man in the room without a dinner coat.

"There's that old lake captain over yonder; he knows your sister's brother-in-law in Chicago. Made a big fortune with his steamers from Detroit and Chicago to Duluth. Plays poker like a child."

"Ah, really!" observed Mr. Eaton.

Colonel Spottiswoode was no lady; neither did he feel the necessity for being exclusive. His manner of speaking directly to a fellow-being startled Mr. J. Blair Eaton out of his eyeglasses and into an approximately human reply. His frankly expressed ignorance as to Mr. J. Blair Eaton's family and fortune appealed to that gentleman's sense of humor.

"Really refreshing—don't you know?—refreshing!" Eaton afterward confided to Joe Sloan.

It did not refresh Cap Wright, however, when Joe darted into his cabin with the information that their fresh fish had taken up with Prince Jim and wouldn't play unless the Colonel were invited.

"I suspected something like that when I seen 'em settin' side and side."

In Cap's business it was necessary to think quickly—that is their job. "The joke's on us, Joe; we'll have to grin. Jim is square, and we had better get half than nothing. Invite him. If you don't he will give a poker party and leave us out. No, siree! Prince Jim don't associate with gamblers."

"Ain't that hell?" Joe burst out. "Here I have been nursing that Eaton chap for three months—went to Chicago and got acquainted with his sister—O. K. credentials like that; and he quits me for the first man that comes along. Ain't that hell?"

"Shut up, Joe. Hell ain't no argument—that's a cuss word, and don't buy you nothing. Go get 'em."

. . . . . .

They were playing eight-handed, which crowded the little cabin mightily; Cap could have got a bigger room and a more comfortable table, but that savored too much of professionalism. Cap detested professional sport; friendly games paid the best, anyhow—and there was less chance for a holler. Counting from Cap's left, the players were: Shields, Eaton, Spottiswoode, Castelleone, Joe Sloan, Torreale, and the Baron von Reifenstein. Each man had some banknotes in front of him, weighed down by a little stack of sovereigns that jingled merrily as they rolled on the table. Fortune swung back and forth coquettishly and there was not much difference in the stacks.

The jovial game ran on—the men talked of that wonderful little violinist and her

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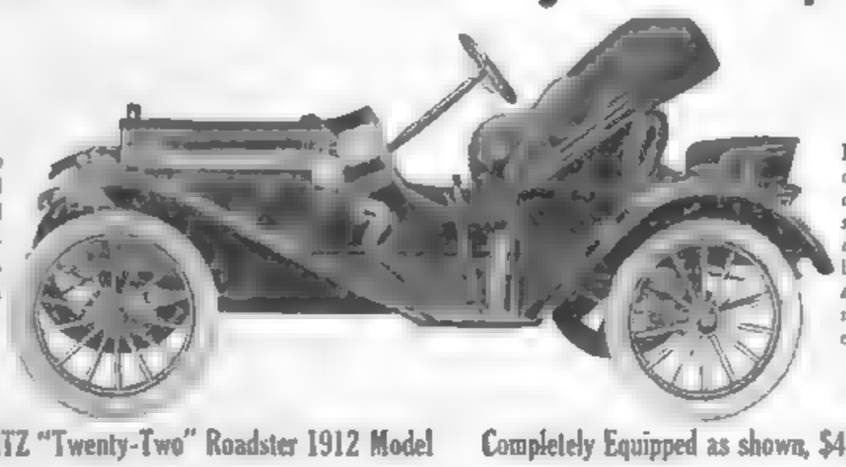

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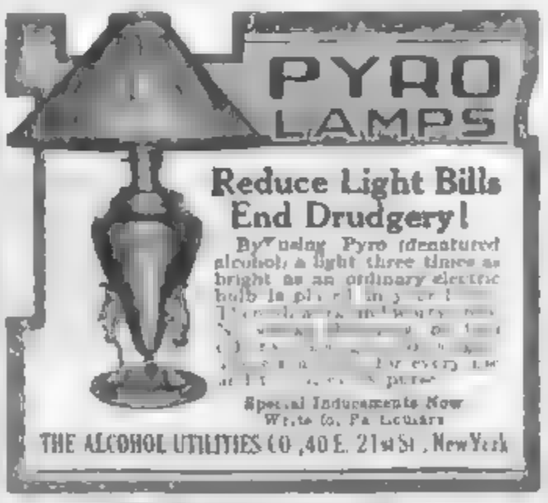

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luck in gaining the signorina's championship. A benefit by the signorina would amount to something. Being at the poker table they spoke with restraint and mentioned no names. Reifenstein seemed to understand music and was particularly generous in praising the newly discovered artiste. Cap Wright encouraged these pauses between deals for a story or a drink. They bred an amiable carelessness in his players—and also gave Joe a good chance at the cards.

Colonel Spottiswoode was not conscious of sizing up the men; he did that unconsciously. A student of character can tell more about a man in a single sitting at poker than by serving for a lifetime on the same vestry. The yellow streak will show through his clothes—especially in a loser. The Colonel himself was in fine fettle for genial moralizing. Luck set his way with a stream of gold clinging to her skirts. Twice, when Cap dealt, he raised 'em to a stand on prospects and made his hand. "Now, gentlemen, that's what I call breaking even." Torreale spread the second best hand and failed to appreciate the joke. Three times the Colonel held two pair against pat hands—and Wright was dealing; but he drew one card and filled.

"Captain Wright," he laughed, "I've got a hunch that you are my mascot."

Meanwhile Colonel Spottiswoode picked young Shields for a fine average American and liked Reifenstein better than the other foreigners. The Italians seemed too eager to win—their eyes followed a goldpiece so lustfully; they counted each pot as they stacked it and were contentious about trifles.

The Colonel's luck continued—it improved, got versatile and his stack grew taller; now and again he changed a banknote for some less fortunate player. "Chips have no home, gentlemen," he remarked, and tucked the note under his stack.

Although the cards were running his way, the Southerner did not quite enjoy the game. It was not his kind of game. He felt an undercurrent of hostility—vague as a chilly draft that creeps from nowhere. Once he had almost risen to quit when, in a big pot, he drew one card and caught the fourth seven, beating Castelleone's pat flush. The Italian wrangled until Reifenstein laughed. Then he kept mumbling to himself about "American luck." Being more than a thousand dollars winner, Colonel Spottiswoode hated to jump the game. He passed it off and played carelessly; it was his own carelessness that caused the final break. Every one remembered how the play came up.

Will Shields was dealing; he and the Colonel kept bantering each other about the story of a man who always drew one card. Cap, being on Shields' right, had cut the deck and handed them to him. Eaton sat in "the age" at the left of Shields, with Colonel Spottiswoode next—"under the gun," as he expressed it. Eaton had either grown reckless from drink or he felt absolutely certain of his hand. The pot had been raised and back-raised, and raised again, until everybody dropped except Eaton and the Colonel. Whenever the Colonel gave her another lift he made a jocular remark about that one-card story. "How many cards, gentlemen?" asked the dealer.

"I'll play these," said Eaton turning to the Colonel.

"One card," promptly announced the Colonel, and Shields flipped it off the deck.

"Hold on! Hold on!" Cap Wright forgot himself and interfered: "How many cards did you say, Colonel Spottiswoode?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," apologized the Colonel. "Mr. Dealer, I made a mistake—wasn't thinking. I don't want any cards. I'm pat."

Shields was already reaching out for the undesired card when Eaton stopped him, then spoke to the Colonel without meeting his eye: "The card's on the table—you've got to take it."

"Yes, yes!" Castelleone and Torreale chimed in eager chorus.

"Perfectly correct, gentlemen; perfectly correct." Colonel Spottiswoode took a card from his hand, buried it under his stack and picked up the one that Shields had dealt him. Then he spread his entire hand, face upward, on the table and nodded to Eaton: "You win, sir."

He showed three kings, a four and a nine spot. "I drew this"—tossing away the four; then, taking the buried card from under his stack he matched it with the other nine. "I had a king-full, pat; gentlemen, you may leave out my hand." And he pushed his chair from the table.

Colonel Spottiswoode thrust the handful of bills and gold into his trousers, then took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and sauntered out. "Good night, gentlemen."

Joe and Cap glanced at each other. Prince Jim had a peculiar way of doing business.

Colonel Spottiswoode strolled along the deck in very ill humor. "That's what I get for playing with strangers. Curious how luck runs! When that old ship captain was dealing I could make any hand I drew to."

The decklights shone upon deserted boards and empty chairs folded back against the cabins; a fog that was almost a drizzle shrouded the vessel and hid the sea. Spottiswoode stopped at the forward turn and stood gazing into leaden vacancy. A heavy step came round from the other deck and a hand tapped him on the shoulder. The Colonel turned. It was Cap Wright.

"Come, pardner," said Cap with pleasant assurance; "divide up."

"What do you mean?"

"You won seven hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"Maybe so; I didn't count it. What of that?"

"Half for me and Joe—three ninety-two fifty; quick settlement is our motto—because we don't keep no books."

Colonel Spottiswoode stared at the man. "I—I do not understand."

"Warn't it our room? Warn't they our suckers? Didn't Joe invite you there and didn't I deal you the hands?" Cap Wright slapped him jovially on the shoulder. "Prince, quit yer joshin'; you didn't think you got them hands fair, did you? Ef 'twarn't for my dealin' you'd 'a' been a thousand loser."

The Southerner's lips were beginning to move; it was coming time for him to speak.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HOW'S CROPS?

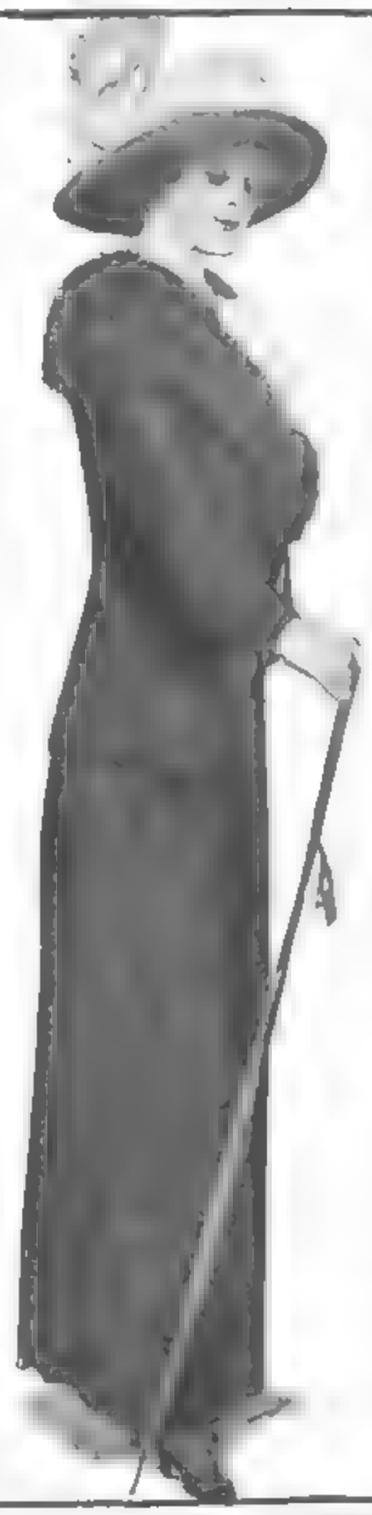
JED HICKS he drives up Main Street and he drops
In on Si Gregg; and Si Gregg says: "How's crops?"
And sometimes Jed says: "Si I never see
A crop like this one promises to be!"
And orders big—all kinds of farm supplies,
Till Si he gets real sunshine in his eyes
And says to Emmet Pew, the drummer: "Pew,
Make that one ton of sugar I said, two;
And tell them hullsale fellers I'll discount
Them bills of theirn and pay the hull amount."

And then Scrimp Short, the banker, he jest hops
Acrost the street and says to Jed: "How's crops?"
And Jed says to him: "Scrimp, she's goin' to be
A bumper crop, I tell you—now you see!"
And Scrimp he rubs his hands and feels his oats,
And tells his customers he'll take them notes
At nine per cent; and finds he's got about
Another fifty thousand to let out;
And thinks the notes can be renewed again
For mebbe eight per cent instead of ten.

And old Doc Blake he sees Jed Hicks and slops
Right through the mud and says to Jed: "How's crops?"
And Jed says: "Doc, I never see the beat
Of this here year for corn and oats and wheat!"
And Doc he smiles, because he's got about
Five thousand on his books astandin' out;
So he goes to the garage and says: "Green,
You better order me that new machine
We talked about the other day"—and goes
Into his tailor's for a suit of clothes.

Jed Hicks ain't much to look at, but his say
Is purty powerful in a business way;
And when he says the crop is hard to beat
You see folks perk up all along the street.
Si Gregg, he gives big orders for his store,
And Scrimp Short finds he's got aplenty more
Good money to lend out; and everywhere
You feel that easy-money-comin' air;
It has some meanin' when Scrimp Short he hops
Acrost the street and says to Jed: "How's crops?"

—*J. W. Foley.*



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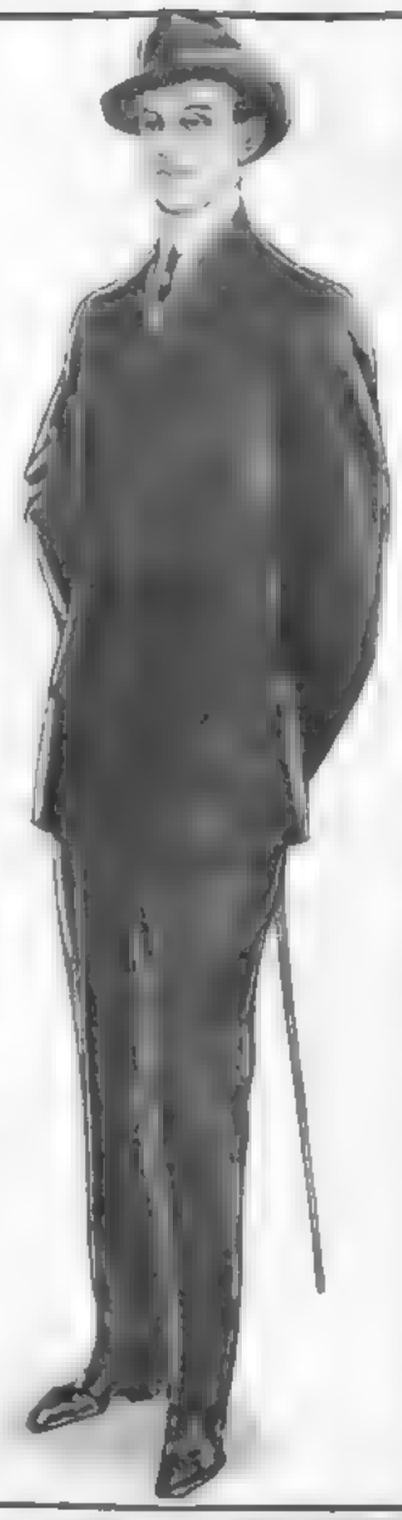

FOR WOMEN'S WEAR

1915 BROADCLOTH, an irreproachable fabric which, owing to our enormous output (the largest in the world), we can furnish at a most favorable price.

1915 Broadcloth is a fine worsted warp of choicest wool, and comes 54 to 56 inches wide (thus cutting to the best advantage) in lustrous raven black and other shades now in vogue.

Ask your Clothier, your Tailor or your Store for "American Woolen Company's **1915 Broadcloth.**" If not furnished readily write to us for samples, and on receipt of money-order or check we will see that you are supplied with **1915 Broadcloth** in the quantity desired, at $2.25 per yard.

FOR MEN'S WEAR

OSWEGO SERGE—The accepted style-fabric for the man who cares.—The weave that serves well both tailor and wearer. Of all good serges **Oswego Serge** is best.

Sixteen ounces of pure wool to every yard; a blue, rich in tone, that favors the boy of six to the man of sixty; a fabric that has body, quality and feel; that holds its shape, drape and appearance. Not only a style-fabric—but economical, because of its price and durability.

When ordering a custom-made or ready-to-wear suit, if unable to obtain **Oswego Serge,** send us the name of your tailor or clothier, accompanied by money-order or check for quantity desired at $3.00 per yard, and we will see that you are supplied. (3½ yards to a suit.)

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF NEW YORK

J. Clifford Woodhull, Selling Agent

American Woolen Building, 18th to 19th Street on 4th Avenue, New York

Have Girls Real Stories to Tell?

If So, Here is $825 They Can Have

EVERY girl has her own problems to meet, and *The Ladies' Home Journal* girls have asked us to publish some real experiences that will tell how others have faced the crucial situations that arise in a girl's life. So we are offering $825 in prizes for a contest open to any one that has a *real story to tell.* The story is to be told directly by the girl herself, and is to be called

My Greatest Experience as a Girl and How I Met It

Every girl has had one great experience, a significant experience which exerted a great influence on her future life. This is often, of course, a love problem, and sometimes an amusing one at that; but it may not be a love story at all—perhaps it is a struggle with illness or poverty, or even an entirely novel situation for which her early training had given her no preparation. Whatever it may be, humorous or serious, if you feel that you met it squarely we want you to write about it. If it happened some time ago so much the better: you will now be able to look back on it and realize its full significance better than at that time. What we want is a *real story well told.* It is to be *vigorous, interesting* and *straight to the point.* The prizes will be awarded as follows:

$250 for the First Best Story
200 for the Second Best Story
$150 for the Third Best Story
125 for the Fourth Best Story
$100 for the Fifth Best Story
$825 in All for the Contest

No story must exceed 2500 words in length; this limit must be kept.

In order that the stories may be read quickly and a prompt decision reached all manuscripts should be typewritten if possible. If that is out of the question they should be written in ink, neatly and clearly, that they may be easily read. The stories should be written on only one side of the paper, and sent flat or folded. Rolled manuscripts will not be considered. Manuscripts will not be returned under any circumstances.

We wish to award the prizes, for we want good stories; but we reserve the right to withhold any or all of them if in our judgment the material entered does not come up to the required standard of excellence. However, we feel sure that good stories will come in, and are hoping to have difficulty in choosing the best from the many excellent ones. The contest will be open till February 1 next, 1912. No stories received after that date can be considered. Address all manuscripts to

The Girls' Editor, The Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Traveling Salesmen

Don't waste an hour or two a day waiting for trains. Turn your spare time into money.

You can earn from Fifty to Two Hundred Dollars a month "on the side" by appointing agents to sell *The Saturday Evening Post* in towns of three thousand or less. Each appointment you make will net you a profit of fifty or seventy-five per cent.

Not a cent of expense to you. No house-to-house canvassing. No equipment to carry—not more than a pocketful at most. A big help with your regular line. Exclusive territory.

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Circulation Department

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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A Woman Justice of the Peace

(Concluded from Page 11)

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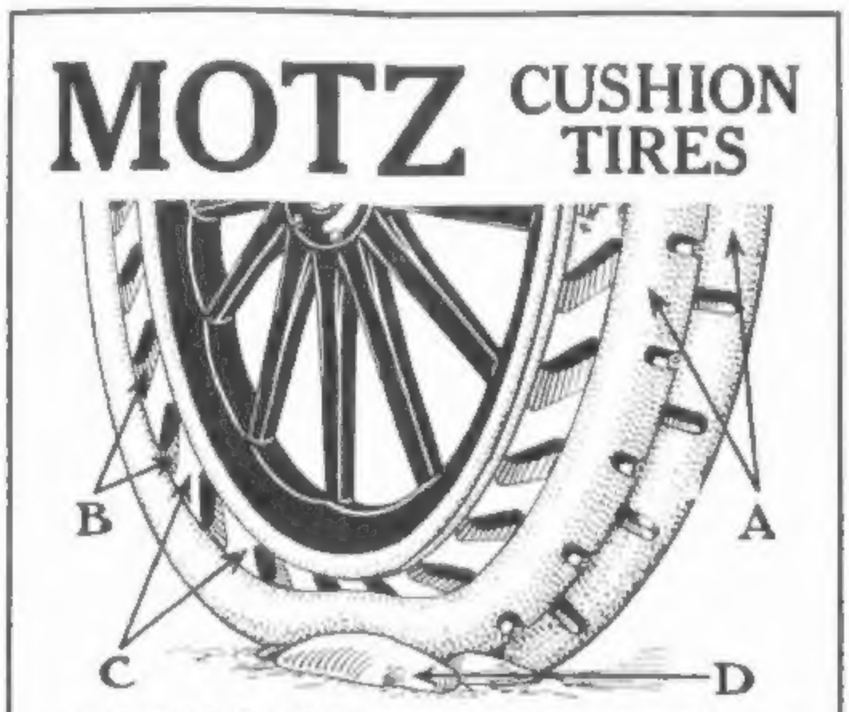
And the Motz Cushion Tire is *guaranteed, in writing,* 10,000 miles—two years. The *average* life of a Motz Cushion Tire is much longer—14,000 to 20,000 miles. A *pneumatic* tire does well to last 3,000 miles.

Moreover, the Motz Cushion Tire gives a greater efficiency than the *pneumatic.* For automobile makers have found that, on a given charge of fuel, their cars travel more miles when equipped with Motz Cushion Tires than with the highest grade pneumatics.



A—Notched *double treads* add to resilience of tire and eliminate dangerous skidding.

B—These are the *undercut sides.* They allow the bridges to "give" like the air in pneumatic tires, thus absorbing shocks and making the car easy-riding.

C—The *slantwise bridges.* They protect the undercut sides. Note they are *diagonal;* they stretch and are not compressed when tread above is *depressed.* This is an important feature.

D—Shows resilience of tire when passing over an obstruction (drawn from actual photograph). More than seven inches of the tire's circumference is in contact with the road, thus giving you the effect of larger wheels.

The *undercut sides, slantwise bridges* and new *notched double treads* are exclusive, patented features.

Due to this patented construction, you get better traction, less skidding, less waste of power, a larger wheel effect, better riding qualities, yet maintain a low center of gravity.

The *Popular* Tire

The sales of Motz Tires in 1910 increased 16-fold over 1909. And 1911 records show an increase of *500 per cent over 1910.*

Almost a score of pleasure car makers now equip their machines with these *trouble-proof tires.* These makers produce over 95 per cent of all American-built pleasure electrics. They use Motz Tires, notwithstanding the fact that, on the average, it would cost them $100 less to use *pneumatic* tires and $125 less for solid (motor truck) tires. Thus they make their cars *trouble-proof, easy-riding,* and less expensive to maintain.

The *Utility* Tire

This is the ideal tire for doctors, dentists, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers and other professional or business men, who own utility cars. For with Motz Cushion Tires, you reach your destination *on time.* And your car is *never laid up for tire repairs.*

The Easily-Applied Tire. All Motz Tires can be quickly applied to *any car* by anybody, for they fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

The Tire to *Investigate*

Don't subject yourself or your people to tire annoyances. Don't buy *tire worries* with a pleasure car. Don't pay four times as much for upkeep as is necessary. Eliminate *worry, trouble* and *expense* by investigating Motz Cushion Tires. No matter what kind of a car you own, or are expecting to buy, write us at once. Let us help you solve tire problems.

Send us your name and we will mail you our latest booklet, together with the names of automobile makers who equip their cars with Motz Cushion Tires—also, letters from pleasure car owners who are now using Motz Cushion Tires. Use coupon.

For Utility and Commercial Cars

Hard, solid rubber tires will quickly ruin the best built light-delivery car in existence. They fail to absorb the violent shocks of road contact. Every bump, rut, hole, jar, jerk, twist or strain to which a solid tire is subjected is transmitted to the delicate mechanical parts. This *crystallizes* the car's parts and soon ends its usefulness. Motz *Cushion* Tires *protect* the car. They are the ideal equipment for *light loads* and *speed.* They just about double the life of the average light-delivery car.

For heavy duty trucks, operated at low speed, we make an excellent **solid** tire. Motz *Solid* Tires, like Motz *Cushion* Tires, can now be had for *detachable* or *demountable rims,* thus saving you a great deal of time and expense when changing tires. (160)

To Dealers and Garage Men!

The demand for Motz Cushion Tires is increasing at an enormous rate. We have a splendid agency proposition for you. Write for Exclusive Agency Terms. Please address letters pertaining to agency to S. E. P., Main Offices, Motz Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

See our Exhibit at the New York and Chicago Auto Shows

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.

Main Offices and Factories: Akron, O.

BRANCHES:

New York, 1737 Broadway — Chicago, 2023 Michigan Ave.
Detroit, 999 Woodward Ave. — Kansas City, Mo., 409 E. 15th St.

FREE BOOK COUPON

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Please send me booklet 96 on Motz Cushion Tires and letters from users.

My automobile is a _____

My tires are _____

Name _____

Address _____

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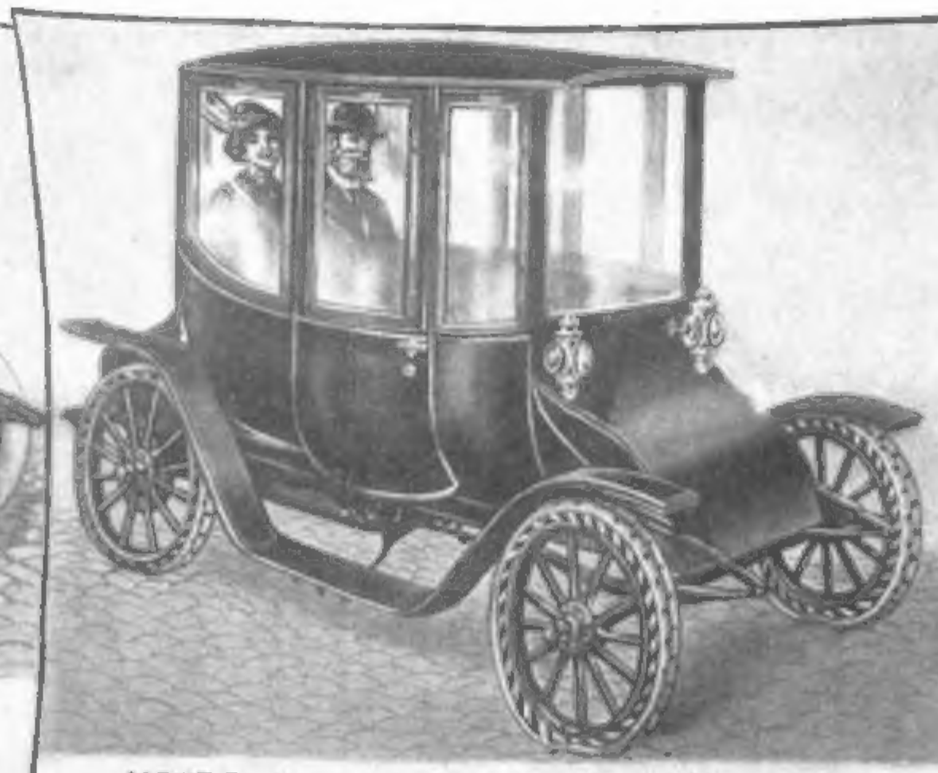

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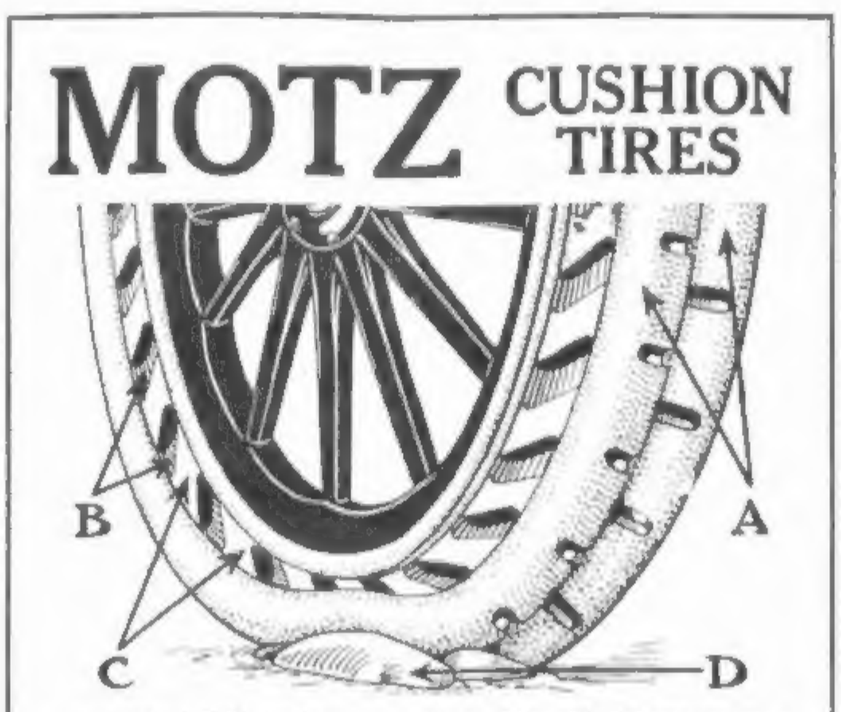
The *Economy* Tire

Upkeep expense on your tires is *wiped out* by the Motz Cushion Tire. No extra tires, no cement, no patches, no inner tubes, no jacks, no tire tools to buy or carry.

And the Motz Cushion Tire is *guaranteed, in writing,* 10,000 miles—two years. The *average* life of a Motz Cushion Tire is much longer—14,000 to 20,000 miles. A *pneumatic* tire does well to last 3,000 miles.

Moreover, the Motz Cushion Tire gives a greater efficiency than the *pneumatic.* For automobile makers have found that, on a given charge of fuel, their cars travel more miles when equipped with Motz Cushion Tires than with the highest grade pneumatics.



A—Notched *double treads* add to resilience of tire and eliminate dangerous skidding.

B—These are the *undercut sides.* They allow the bridges to "give" like the air in pneumatic tires, thus absorbing shocks and making the car easy-riding.

C—The *slantwise bridges.* They protect the undercut sides. Note they are *diagonal;* they stretch and are *not* compressed when tread above is *depressed.* This is an important feature.

D—Shows resilience of tire when passing over an obstruction (drawn from actual photograph). More than seven inches of the tire's circumference is in contact with the road, thus giving you the effect of larger wheels.

The *undercut sides, slantwise bridges* and *new notched double treads* are exclusive, patented features.

Due to this patented construction, you get better traction, less skidding, less waste of power, a larger wheel effect, better riding qualities, yet maintain a low center of gravity.

The *Popular* Tire

The sales of Motz Tires in 1910 increased 16-fold over 1909. And 1911 records show an increase of *500 per cent over 1910.*

Almost a score of pleasure car makers now equip their machines with these *trouble-proof tires.* These makers produce over 95 per cent of all American-built pleasure electrics. They use Motz Tires, notwithstanding the fact that, on the average, it would cost them $100 less to use *pneumatic* tires and $125 less for solid (motor truck) tires. Thus they make their cars *trouble-proof, easy-riding,* and less expensive to maintain.

The *Utility* Tire

This is the ideal tire for doctors, dentists, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers and other professional or business men, who own utility cars. For with Motz Cushion Tires, you reach your destination *on time.* And your car is *never laid up for tire repairs.*

The Easily-Applied Tire. All Motz Tires can be quickly applied to *any car* by anybody, for they fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

The Tire to *Investigate*

Don't subject yourself or your people to tire annoyances. Don't buy *tire worries* with a pleasure car. Don't pay four times as much for upkeep as is necessary. Eliminate *worry, trouble* and *expense* by investigating Motz Cushion Tires. No matter what kind of a car you own, or are expecting to buy, write us at once. Let us help you solve tire problems.

Send us your name and we will mail you our latest booklet, together with the names of automobile makers who equip their cars with Motz Cushion Tires—also, letters from pleasure car owners who are now using Motz Cushion Tires. Use coupon.

For Utility and Commercial Cars

Hard, solid rubber tires will quickly ruin the best built light-delivery car in existence. They fail to absorb the violent shocks of road contact. Every bump, rut, hole, jar, jerk, twist or strain to which a solid tire is subjected is transmitted to the delicate mechanical parts. This *crystallizes* the car's parts and soon ends its usefulness. Motz *Cushion* Tires *protect* the car. They are the ideal equipment for *light loads* and *speed.* They just about double the life of the average light-delivery car.

For heavy duty trucks, operated at low speed, we make an excellent **solid** tire. Motz *Solid* Tires, like Motz *Cushion* Tires, can now be had for *detachable* or *demountable rims,* thus saving you a great deal of time and expense when changing tires. (160)

To Dealers and Garage Men!

The demand for Motz Cushion Tires is increasing at an enormous rate. We have a splendid agency proposition for you. Write for Exclusive Agency Terms. Please address letters pertaining to agency to S. E. P., Main Offices, Motz Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

See our Exhibit at the New York and Chicago Auto Shows

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.

Main Offices and Factories: Akron, O.

BRANCHES:

New York, 1737 Broadway — Chicago, 2023 Michigan Ave.
Detroit, 999 Woodward Ave. — Kansas City, Mo., 409 E. 15th St.

FREE BOOK COUPON

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Please send me booklet 96 on Motz Cushion Tires and letters from users.

My automobile is a _____

My tires are _____

Name _____

Address _____

A Really *New* Limousine

The new closed bodies are worthy of the Oldsmobile power-plant and chassis. That is at once their highest and most deserved praise. All the structural lines are graceful. The minutest details of equipment and finish are pleasing to the eye and to the sense of fitness and harmony.

The Semi-Berline type body is mounted on the staunch Autocrat chassis, with its famous, long-stroke, silent engine.

The roof is agreeably arched or crowned—a relief from the box-type which has been prevalent among limousines.

The windows are unusually wide.

The plate-glass panels, on each side of the forward seats, are arched to meet the roof.

Control is inside of the fore-doors.

The wheels are equipped with easy-riding 39 by 5 inch tires.

Six passengers and the chauffeur may be carried without crowding.

The car as a whole satisfies because it admirably expresses and fulfills its purpose.

The price, with complete equipment, is $4700. A seven-passenger Autocrat Touring body, with all parts necessary to change from the closed to the open car, will be furnished with this Limousine—two magnificent cars—for $5000.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

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